

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 37

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Number 8



## SILENCE

Silence, freely chosen, why the shout?  
Why the clamor? Why the clang about  
The catacombs of my noisy mind?  
Where is your peace? Where can I find  
Your *raison d'être* for my choosing you?  
Ah! Mute reply! Pierce my eardrums through!

*Oh! Suddenly I hear, at last, your sound—  
The sound of silence muting all the noise around.  
Pacific, gentle, dulcet melody:  
Your secret is now whispered — finally!*

“I cannot be a freely chosen thing  
Until your mind be rid of all the ring  
And chatter, clatter, clamor of the world.  
Until from you, these things are truly hurled.  
Then, only then, may I slip in  
And reign supreme *sans* presence of all din.  
You are *not* free to have my peace until  
The harsh, the rasping sounds and shrill  
Calls of the siren flesh, and worldly cries  
Make tumult 'til your soul in misery sighs  
For swift relief and the joy I give  
To those who choose me *truly* and who live  
Contentedly with me each hour until  
They learn of Him Who once said, ‘Peace — be still.’”

*Sister Marie*

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 37, Number 8  
September 1961

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters  
Huntington, Indiana

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COVER: Bishop Pursley elevates the chalice at the Dedication Mass in the new chapel at Victory Noll.

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# Pupils at Night

by SISTER MARTIN

IS it possible to train Confraternity of Christian Doctrine teachers and have a successful religious vacation school at the same time? Although it puts an extra load on the teachers and requires much work, it can be done. At least it was done in Roma, Texas, where generous lay people were teachers during the day and pupils at night.

During the previous school year the zealous pastor had instructed the children alone. He was anxious to have a religious vacation school for all the children of the parish. How could it be done? One person cannot handle eight grades in a summer school.

Father sent out a call for volunteer teachers and twenty responded. Then he asked for our sisters to give them the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Course in Methods. Two of us were appointed and we spent three happy weeks working with these generous people.

Since it was impossible to give the course *before* summer

# Teachers by Day

school, we had to begin it on the evening before the first day of class. Every night those who were taking the methods course — busy housewives, working girls, and college students — had an hour and a half of class. Then we explained the lessons for the following day so that each teacher received special help on how to teach her particular class.

At the beginning of the second week we asked each teacher to hand in a lesson plan for a specified day. After checking it and returning it, we would supervise that class. We spent recess time pointing out helpful hints and improvements. It turned out to be an excellent way to put into immediate practice the material studied the night before.

The children's attendance was very good. In preparation for the summer school Father had organized a house-to-house canvas to register all school age children. The parents signed a registration slip and kept a dup-

licate copy as a reminder. Every family knew about the school and cooperated generously.

Fortunately each teacher had her own class room. Two rooms of the rectory had to be used, but Father overlooked any inconvenience this caused him.

Besides those who actually taught in the summer school, others attended the methods course. They gave their services during the project period. Still others came to supervise games at recess.

One day I saw a youngster carrying four ice cream cones toward the classroom after the

bell had rung. I remarked, "This is a little late to buy your ice cream. Why didn't you get it sooner?"

"But, Sister," he said, "our team won the game and this is our treat!"

Four teachers taught high school classes each afternoon. These teachers followed the same procedure as the grade school instructors with Sister Michael Marie helping them.

We admit all this involved a great amount of work but the parish now has Confraternity of Christian Doctrine teachers to staff its School of Religion through the year and in future summers.



Mrs. George Guerra, left, and Mrs. Felix R. Garza, right, with fourth graders who attended RVS in Our Lady of Refuge parish, Roma, Texas.



**Emma in her First Communion outfit, worthy of Sacks, Fifth Avenue.**

SALVADOR, nine years old and in the third grade, one day told me he had a big sister fourteen who had not received Holy Communion.

"Tell her to come to class on Wednesday with you," I said.

"But, Sister," he objected,

## Emma's First Communion

by SISTER M. DE PORRES

"she cannot talk or hear."

"That is all right; bring her with you next week."

Salvador brought Emma, and proud of himself he was. For the next two years he faithfully carried out this responsibility. During this time nearly all of the sisters in this mission had some contact with Emma. She lived too far from our convent to come to us. The best we could do was to instruct her before and after regular classes.

Salvador remained patiently

at his sister's side to act as interpreter. He was the only one she could understand or who could understand her. They had a kind of private system of communication — part Spanish, part English, accompanied by signs and gestures.

Finally it was decided that Emma was sufficiently instructed to receive with a small class of First Communicants. But now more troubles developed though they were far less serious than those involved in her spiritual preparation. We called them concentrated troubles because it all took place between two o'clock in the afternoon and nine at night — the day before First Communion.

At two, the time the children were to go to confession, Salvador informed us that his parents could not get a dress and veil for Emma. We keep lovely dresses and veils on hand for just such an emergency but none of them were size 14.

If only we had known this sooner! Because it was a holiday, the stores were closed. We called various teenagers but most of them were either at a parade or had no dress suitable. A few did say they would bring over what they could find.

Two hours passed while Emma sweetly and patiently tried on one dress after the other, some too small, some too large. If we could only put two together — or something.

Then it was that Sister Mary Joachim thought of calling Mrs. C., a CCD member of the neighboring parish. We had heard that she had been a fitter at Morris B. Sacks in Chicago. She came right over with wrist pin cushion and measuring tape, eager to do what she could even though time and material were at a premium. Cutting a pattern from newspaper she fitted and pinned while Emma was in and out for confession and practice.

It was nine o'clock that evening that our good friend and her husband drove up to Emma's home. The girl, she said, ran to meet them, took the dress in her arms, and hugged it to show her gratitude.

Salvador and Emma's generous benefactor and her husband were in church the next day to see the young girl make her First Communion. The exhaustion and harrassment of the day before vanished for all of us when we saw Emma's joy as she received Our Lord.

**G**ETTING the vital statistics of a first grader calls for much ingenuity and sometimes downright detective work.

When a child first comes to religion class we, of course, write down his name, or what we think he says his name is. Then we try to get the rest of the information needed—his address, parents' names, etc. For various reasons the registration blanks we send home with the children have a way of disappearing. It is only after weeks of repeated effort that we get all the information we want. Meanwhile, from those who are

in another way, then it serves no purpose to write it down, for it is sure to be incorrect.

When the child answers right off, we go on to the next question: "What is the name of the street you live on?"

Some children, although they do not bring back the registration blank, do bring the address. Papers that come in with addresses on them are most fascinating — in regard to paper, that is. For a while we made a collection of these papers, a collection that proved both unique and humorous.

## Number, Please ?

by SISTER LORETTA MARIE

slow at bringing in their filled-in slips, we try at least to get the home address.

A sister soon learns not to ask, "Where do you live?" for more often than not the answer will be "MocAln." And of course that is right, for this IS McAllen, Texas.

It is better to put the question this way: "What is the number on the house you live in?"

If the child answers without hesitating, then he is probably sure of his address; but if he hesitates or repeats the number

Paper must be a scarce commodity in the homes of our first graders. At any rate, few turn in their addresses on ordinary paper. Once in a great while a child will bring us his address written on a whole sheet of paper or on a piece of paper from a tablet or notebook. Usually, however, his parents write the address on the first piece of paper within reach.

High on the list are envelope flaps or a tiny piece of a flap. Pieces of paper cut or torn from a paper bag are also common.



Usually only the number of the house and name of the street are written on the paper. If Sister does not quickly write the child's name on the paper when he hands it to her, she is no better off than she was before.

One day a boy handed me a folded paper. It was dark in color. When I unfolded it I discovered it was a label from a can of vegetables — Texas brand. Written on the reverse side of the label I noticed more than one name but did not take the time to check it. I presumed that the parents had given more information and had written their names also.

At roll call time I picked up the paper and called the first name I saw. The boy who had handed me the paper said, "He

is in the next room." I re-folded the paper and put it aside, thinking how happy the sister in the next room would be to have another address straightened out.

I asked the children whose names were not called to remain in the room. Among them was this child who had given me the label. When I asked him his name he answered, "It is on the paper I gave you."

"When I called that name," I told him, "you said he was in the next room."

"Yes," he answered, "but my name is there too."

Why hadn't he told me it was his brother's name I called?

Another time a six-year-old

boy handed me a tiny piece of paper measuring one inch by two and a half. It was torn from a sales slip from a store and was already yellow with age and ready to crumble away.

I looked at the address and read 14 Sur (South). I glanced at the little boy and saw that he was watching intently to see whether or not I was satisfied with the paper handed in.

I expressed my disappointment. "But that is only the number," I said regretfully.

It was all he wanted to know. Since I needed more information he took from his pocket another piece of paper the same size and color. On this one was written Sixteenth Street. The address was now completed. Evidently it had easily torn in two because of age. If I had been

satisfied with the first piece, the little boy would not have had to admit he had torn the paper.

The prize-winner was a small scrap of paper cut from a bag or a manila envelope. It was irregular in shape and measured only one and a fourth square inches. On it were squeezed the house number and street.

If a sister has been stationed in the same mission for two or more years she will recognize family resemblances. She can save much valuable time by asking, "Is Juan (or Juana) your brother (or sister)?"

However, all first graders do not have older brothers and sisters. Besides, the sisters are not all "old timers." The only thing we can do, then, is to keep on trying. Sometimes it is the end of the year before the records are complete.

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## *Safe Within the Fold*

by SISTER MERCED

WE found them in a routine census call. There were twelve in the family — mother, father, and ten children. They had come from Puerto Rico so of course they called themselves Catholic.

The parents and five of the children had been baptized. The four youngest had not. None of them had made their First Communion — neither father, mother, nor the children who were of age. The marriage was a civil one only.



**We took the picture of the family on the day the four youngest children were baptized.**

When we met them they told us that they were being imprompted to go to a Protestant church, but as yet they could not make up their minds to do so. They said we had come just in time to help them.

We arranged for the instruction of all, including, of course, the parents. Now they have made their First Communion

and the marriage is validated. The four little ones were baptized and the older children are being instructed for their First Communion.

This family has truly responded with the graces offered them and are deeply grateful to us for helping them become healthy members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Who doesn't want a drink of cold water on a hot summer day?

The first period of summer school had hardly begun when a child asked, "Sister, please, can I get a drink?"

Then up went another hand, "Can I too, Sister?"

If I said, "Yes," the exodus would not stop until all forty first graders had made the trip



It's recess time now and Corrine can enjoy a drink of cool water at the Fountain of Sacrifice.

to the drinking fountain. We could not afford to cut short our valuable class time.

"Boys and girls," I said, "Would you like to do something very pleasing to Jesus right now? Will you wait until class is over to get your drink of water? Do you think you can do that for Jesus?"

## In the Home Field

Children are generous and it is never too hard to persuade them to do what is difficult. We named our drinking fountain, "Fountain of Sacrifice."

SISTER TERESITA

\* \* \*

### EDGAR CHOOSES WISELY

At one of our centers we have a little boy in class who is not a Catholic but who has his parents' written permission to attend our released time classes. For a few weeks we were puzzled when we saw this child kiss the teacher of one of the Protestant groups and walk over to join the Catholic children.

Then the teacher introduced herself as Edgar's mother! "I am letting Edgar choose his own religion," she explained. "He can be a Catholic, make his First Holy Communion, and even go on to be a priest if he wants to."

She had in mind Billy King, now Father King; for she told us that they were friends of the King family. Before the Kings became Catholics they all went to the same church.

SISTER MARY GABRIELLE

\* \* \*

Sister: Who committed the first sin on earth?

Small boy: Atom.

### IT CAN'T BE NEVADA

Everything has been so dry here in Nevada that even the sagebrush has shrunk. In kindergarten class one day Johnny picked out a special intention card which read: "Pray for your country." Below the words was a picture of beautiful green mountains, grass, trees, and a large body of water. Says Johnny: "Boy, this sure ain't Nevada! Why there ain't even any water in the rivers here!"

SISTER THOMAS

\* \* \*

### STAMP FEVER

Even the younger generation has the trading stamp fever. I gave my second graders red stars for correctly answered questions. One little boy counted the red stars pasted in his book and asked, "And when I get this book filled, Sister, what can I get with it?"

SISTER MARITA

\* \* \*

While reviewing the meaning of the Paschal Solemnities, Sister asked, "What comes to your mind when you think of the Easter Vigil Services?"

With a moan, a Knight of the Altar replied: "Altar boy practice!"



Sister Damien shares an examination paper (and it must have been hilarious) with Mrs. Murphey, one of her CCD pupils in Freer, Texas.

\* \* \*

### FROM HOT TO COLD

One of the marvels down here in the Imperial Valley is the sudden change from winter to summer and summer to winter. The other two seasons sneak in and out so quickly that we soon forget they exist.

One chilly morning we turned on the heaters to warm up. The very next day we turned on the cooler to cool off — for summer had arrived. Hot tea changed to iced tea by supper, and very soon the mercury was hitting the 100 mark.

SISTER ROSE ANTHONY

# Michael Alexander Mercy

by SISTER THERESE MARTIN

“WHAT’S your name?”

“Sister Therese Martin.  
What’s *your* name?”

“Michael Alexander Mercy.”

He had the same question every time we saw him. He knew the answer. He just liked to ask the question. He knew not only

our names, but the names of the one hundred employees and all the sisters at Mercy Hospital in Springfield, Missouri.

This hospital is really for chronically ill elderly patients, but three-year-old Mikie came to spend his last days there just as many of the old folks did. He has a disease which greatly lim-

Sister Angelica holds the bucket for Mikie to dip the sponge.



its his life expectancy. The Sisters of Mercy graciously took him in, and since they have in a sense adopted him, they have added "Mercy" to his name.

Five of us Missionary Sisters stayed at Mercy Hospital while taking a summer census. Mikie was our respite from the heat and strain of a day's work.

In the morning when we were leaving the hospital he would call to us in his little piping voice from his perch on the side of the bed near a third floor window: "Hi, Sisters! Going in the car?"

And up the three floors of the building rang the chorus of sisters' voices: "Good morning, Mikie. Did you sleep well?"

The little invalid's activities are limited. He has to spend his days in bed or in a wheel chair. In the evening when we came back to the hospital, Mikie looked forward to our wheeling him around the building. It was a welcome change in the day's routine.

One of his favorite games was racing toy cars; so, if we did not get enough exercise from knocking on doors all day long, we could race toy cars on the sidewalk in the evening. "Race it! Race it!" Michael would scream delightedly.



**And Mikie adds a deft, professional touch to the car wash.**

On the Fourth of July I took Mikie for a ride in front of the hospital. Suddenly he looked up at the flag pole and called out, "Hey, Sister! Is that my shirt up there?" Mikie has a red and white striped pullover shirt the design of which very closely resembles the American flag.

Saturday afternoons when we washed the car, guess who helped us? Mikie delights in playing with sponges and water. Of course it delayed matters somewhat having to hold up the bucket for the little boy to dip into, but Mikie's finishing touch on the car was worth it.

The whole summer census was worth it just to be able to make friends with Mikie.

## *Around Victory Noll*

FROM shortly after Christmas until the middle of June visitors Around Victory Noll noticed not just the familiar blue habits of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, but also habits brown and black. It was our privilege to have with us four Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Rock Island, Illinois, and two Cuban refugee Sisters.

The Franciscan Sisters came to Victory Noll to study the catechetical apostolate. This

fall they will staff a catechetical center in Phoenix, Arizona. We wish them much success in this work.

The Cuban Sisters left us to work among their own people in this country. Our prayers accompany them and we hope that in God's good time they will be permitted to return to their beloved homeland.

Our dedication and days of open house came and went joyously and without too many mishaps. For a time it looked as



A recent and welcome visitor was the Most Rev. Remy Augustin, S.M.M., D.D., exiled Auxiliary Bishop of Port au Prince, Haiti. B'shop Augustin addressed the community at Victory Noll. With him here are Monsignor Conroy, our chaplain, and the Rev. Eugene Mulligan, S.M.M., pastor of St. Andrew Church, Fort Wayne.



**Part of the dedication crowd, ready to go into the chapel after Bishop Pursley blessed the outside walls.**

if we could show our guests only empty rooms on the third floor of our infirmary. The furniture was such a long time coming.

First the mattresses arrived. Weeks went by and no beds

came to put under the mattresses. Then only a short time before the dedication date the beds came. The desk-dressers were still enroute or being made or something. They never did get here for the first "inspec-

tion," but came in time for the later open house dates.

In a way it did not matter too much. If you see one room you see them all—so far as furnishings go. If you are going to live in the rooms, that is a different matter, and you do need some drawers in which to

put your belongings.

Every room and every available bed Around Victory Noll is being used in July and August. By the time this appears, however, the sisters will have left for the missions and Victory Noll will be getting ready for a new class of postulants.



Bishop Pursley blesses the interior of the chapel. On the Bishop's left is Msgr. Crowley; at his right, Msgr. MacDonald. Behind Msgr. Crowley is Mr. Ben Webster, one of the Knights of Columbus who served at the ceremonies.



## Your CCD Question

**Suppose that I have completed the required hours of doctrine and methods in my own diocese, received a Confraternity of Christian Doctrine certificate, and then go to reside in another diocese which has the very same requirements as the previous one. Would my CCD certificate be good in this diocese or would I have to take the course again?**

We hardly think you would be required to take the course again since you have fulfilled the requirements the new diocese demands. It seems only reasonable that your certificate would entitle you to teach, provided, of course, that the proper authorities grant you the permission.

It is even possible that if you moved to a diocese that had a more extended curriculum than you had had, you would be permitted to make up the work rather than go over the same ground again.

Incidentally, so far as we know, there is no uniformity in the requirements. Perhaps some day there will be. We know of some dioceses that do not in-

clude much instruction in doctrine in their program. Certainly this is to be deplored, for the catechist needs a solid background in doctrine if he is to teach the Good News of Salvation.

On the other hand, the teacher must also be well grounded in methods. A sane balance between doctrine and methods is the ideal.

In the Diocese of Fort Wayne-South Bend teacher-training covers a period of three years. Probationary certificates are given at the end of the two-year course of sixty hours in doctrine and forty hours in methods. One year of successful teaching is required before the catechist receives a diploma.

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Stories of our many lay teachers continue to edify us. For instance, here is one from our San Pierre, Indiana, Sisters.

Mrs. Edward Volk, a CCD teacher in Wanatah, was unable to engage the services of her regular baby-sitter on class day. Unperturbed, Mrs. Volk bundled up her six-months-old baby and brought her to class on one of the coldest days of the year. Baby Mary sat in her high chair in front of class while Mother went right ahead as if there were no extra pupil present.

## BOOKS



Book 1, *CCD Training Courses for the Lay Apostolate*, by Sister Michael, O.L.V.M. Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 50 cents.

Two courses are included in this book, the first of a series on instructions for Confraternity of Christian Doctrine personnel. The first course covers the Executive Board; the second combines Parent-Educators and Religious Discussion Club Leaders.

The book contains lesson plans for these classes: four for the Executive Board and five for the Parent-Educators and Discussion Club Leaders. The latter can easily be combined since both use the discussion club technique.

Whether the instructor wishes to use these lesson plans exactly as they are given or augment them with his own, he will welcome this book as a guide. Sister Michael herself has used the plans successfully with different groups. Likewise, Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters in various parts of the

United States have used these courses. Since they were first issued in mimeographed form, they have been used also by other CCD instructors. They are not merely theoretical, then, but have been tested and have proved their worth.

As its number implies, this book is the first of a series. It is really a paper covered booklet the size of this magazine but covering sixty-four pages. Several blank pages are provided for notes. The book is illustrated. Its attractive cover is the work of John O'Brien, Our Sunday Visitor staff artist.

Book 2 will contain two courses: Training Course for Fishers and Apostles of Good Will (combined since they have some techniques in common) and Training Course for Helpers.

The format for Book 3 will necessarily be larger since it will cover the Training Course for CCD Elementary Teachers.

Production on the series has been interrupted to accelerate publication of Sister Michael's text for CCD Secondary Teachers. The supply of mimeographed copies of this book, *Readings in Christian Education*, has been exhausted. Increasing demand for it makes it practical to advance the publication date.

The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is growing rapidly. In every diocese leaders are needed to train CCD lay apostles. To help them conduct these courses is Sister Michael's reason for making available her own lesson plans.

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*Life of Christ* by Rev. Herbert McDevitt, C.P. St. Paul Publications, Derby, N.Y. \$1.00

This life of Our Lord has two special features to commend it: Father McDevitt's close adherence to the Scriptural account

and the illustrations. These are from plastic models by Domenico Mastroienni.

There is a picture opposite each page of text. These illustrations are excellent but might have been better if reproduced in black or in a darker shade of ink than that used. This is a kind of sepia, and since the engravings are all halftones, some are very light.

Father McDevitt concludes his *Life of Christ* not with the Ascension, but with brief accounts of the Church on Earth and the Church in Heaven.

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## In Memoriam

Mrs. Eleonora Witt, Belleville, Ill. mother  
of Sister Barbara Marie, O.L.V.M.  
Mrs. Marie Banet, Fort Wayne,  
mother of Sister Ruth, O.L.V.M.  
Rev. Mario B. Cordeiro, Monterey, Calif.  
Sister M. Olga, C.P.P.S., Dayton, Ohio  
Sister M. Petronilla, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Sister Clare, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Sister Veronica, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Sister Carola, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Sister John, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Mrs. Barbara Francis, Austin, Texas  
Mrs. Victoria Lyons, Lagro, Indiana  
Joseph Street, Huntington, Indiana  
Alfred Bergman, Peru, Indiana  
Antonio Campos, Fort Wayne  
Helen Katulski, Detroit  
August Plotzke, Detroit  
Francisco Aillo, Detroit  
William E. Langley, Los Angeles  
William Ley, Braddock, Pa.  
Mrs. Anna Hogan, ACM, Chicago  
Hubert F. Staley, Chicago  
Mary Ellen Kelly, Marcus, Iowa

## Editor's By-Line

"Well, if that isn't good!" said the priest editor when he saw our press room. "We send our stuff all the way up from Texas to Huntington to be printed. Here you are, living in Huntington, and you do your own printing!"

Father was one of the editors of the many editions of *Our Sunday Visitor* published here in Huntington. This fall the *Visitor* will dedicate its new plant, the largest religious publishing house in the world.

Of all the congratulations and good wishes that will be offered on the occasion of the dedication, none can be so heartfelt as that of Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters. The debt we owe *Our Sunday Visitor* is tremendous.

Almost since the very beginning of our community we have been privileged to be identified with the *VISITOR*. It was by appealing to its readers that the late Archbishop Noll, its Founding Editor, was able to build our motherhouse at Huntington. It was—and still is—through publicity in the *VISITOR* that our Congregation has increased through the years. It is no exaggeration to say that two

thirds of our sisters first heard of the work of the community through *Our Sunday Visitor*.

From the very beginning there has been a wonderful family spirit among OSV employees, a spirit that even casual visitors recognize though now the number of workers has increased enormously. We here at Victory Noll feel that we are a part of OSV Family.

And so, while it is true we do our own printing, we have our type set at OSV and what is more, the *Visitor's* staff is most generous with their professional help. We can and do often call on them.

Our congratulations to all on the dedication of the truly magnificent new plant: to our Most Reverend Bishop Pursley, President; Monsignor Crowley, Vice-President and Editor, whom it is our privilege to have live here at Victory Noll; Monsignor Conroy, Associate Editor, and our Chaplain; Mr. Fink, Mr. Greven, Mr. Wonderly, Mr. Scheiber, Mr. McBride, Mr. Manoski, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Broderick, Mr. Satterthwaite . . . The list would be too long were we to name everyone to whom we are indebted, but our prayers and best wishes extend to every employee of *Our Sunday Visitor*.

—SEA

## Our Holy Angels

by SISTER MARY EVA



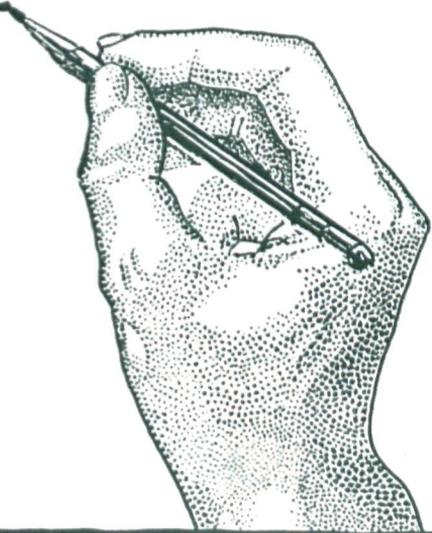
Caught in the act of entertaining the sisters on the convent porch with their own special rendition of "Holy Angel Watch Over Me," our little neighbors got distracted from their vocal efforts for a moment by the camera flash.—*Indiana Harbor.*

THEY are gifted little performers and used to enjoy nothing more than to put on a "show" for company. They wanted to sing "Holy Angel Watch Over Me" every time they saw us. It was really their theme song. In fact we heard it so often that we nicknamed them the Holy Angels.

The four little girls are sisters. They lived so close to us that it was the matter of but a moment for them to run to greet us every time we left the house or arrived home.

It is more than a year now since they moved away, but we still miss them and their winning ways.

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