

THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST

Volume 37

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Number 9



Our Newly Professed Sisters



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Colorado Springs



Sr. Victorann
Colorado Springs



Sr. Maria Clarita
El Rito, N. Mex.



Sr. Barbara Ann
Fayette, Mich.



Sr. Janice
Waterloo, Ill.



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Cascade, Iowa



Sr. Maria Dominga
Azusa, Calif.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 37, Number 9
October 1961

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters
Huntington, Indiana

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COVER: Brother and sister dressed as Little Indians. On Hallowe'en the Missionary Sisters are used to having a room full of children dressed in assorted costumes. They come to the catechetical centers from the school Hallowe'en parties.

CREDITS: Cover and pages 10 and 11, W. Wesley Kloefer, Azusa, Calif. Other pictures by our own sisters.

Member, Catholic



Press Association

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THE work of the new teaching year was grace-fully proceeding and the ninety-nine healthier members of the Mystical Body were being taken care of. We now found ourselves in possession of that delightful commodity, time, so necessary to go in quest of the stray one.

Statistically it was not ninety-nine, but rather 2,000. Likewise it was a distressingly

of even a semblance of welcome. For several minutes we sat back and listened. We had no choice. Tim's mother did not give us a chance to say a word.

Why had we come here after Tim? Why didn't we go across the street and get Joe to come? Ha! If we went there, Joe's mother would not so much as open the door for us. We did not try to tell Tim's

Miracles?

They're Common!

by SISTER JEAN MARIE

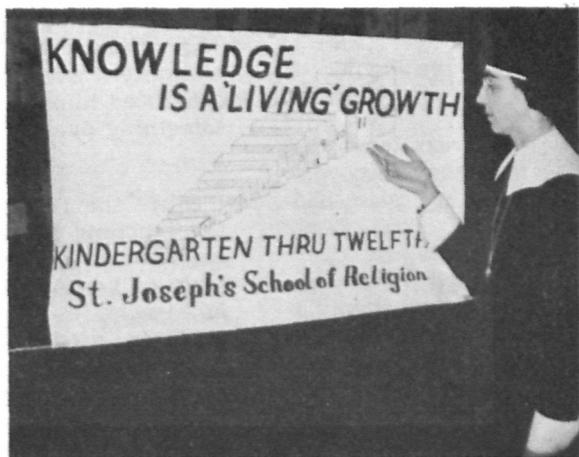
higher number of strays than one per hundred.

Tim was among the latter. He had not attended religion class since he had been confirmed in the sixth grade. A month of his eighth grade had already been recorded in eternity.

When we called at Tim's home his mother opened the door and invited us in, but her bearing was completely devoid

mother that Joe had not missed a class since September. She did not pause long enough for us to volunteer this information. Besides, we refrained from pouring oil on decidedly troubled waters.

Tim's father was in jail. Tim, an only son, had been in trouble with the police, charged with stealing. He had been with Bill and it was all Bill's fault. If he would just stay away from Bill he would be a good boy.



Sister Mary Barbara, Ogdan, Utah, points out, with the aid of a graphic chart, the need of the continued attendance of the public school child at the parish school of religion. Unfortunately, like the mother in Sister Jean Marie's story, not all parents realize the importance of CCD classes.

When leaving, our natural thought was "We'll never see Tim in religion class," but nevertheless we prayed for him and asked God to bless this family.

Next class day Tim appeared, middleman in a group of boys spilling into the classroom. He threw a glance in my direction, accompanying it with a friendly "Good afternoon, Sister."

His look seemed a challenge: "You think you can teach me something I don't know?"

There was an unassigned chair-minus-desk at the far

corner of the room and Tim headed for it, not waiting to be assigned to a seat. I left him in peace throughout the class in his self-sitting, half-reclining position.

During class I stressed the fact that weekly Christ extended a personal invitation to each of them individually to partake of His grace. Anyone who ignored this invitation was rejecting Christ. If we constantly give the cold shoulder to a companion, we would not be so naive as to go to his home and expect him joyously to open the door in friendly welcome, would we? Can we fool our-

selves into thinking that heaven will be ours if we spend a lifetime ignoring the Owner?

The following week when the students arrived they discovered that the seating plan had been rearranged and name cards were on each desk to facilitate rapid placement. Though unknown to them, it was, of course, solely for the benefit of Tim whose desk was now directly in front of mine. He would be by close proximity to observe, listen, and, please God, absorb.

During the following weeks he was most attentive and, to my utter amazement, brought in his written assignments. One homework essay on MY DAY—A MASS was climaxed with this: "If you offer the things you do from the time you get up till you go to bed, and if you take the things you get like smart-aleck remarks and snide slams and offer them with Christ to God, then God knows you want to be better and you're not just sloughing along and trying to put something over on Him."

Tim may not be a classicist but he seems to have "latched on" to the kernel of the doctrine. He has succumbed to grace and honored the religion class with his presence since his initial acceptance of Christ's

invitation. And this after a two-year absence during which his encounters with the police had convinced him not to try to put something over on *them* either.

Since the religion teacher is the Teaching Christ, not in Palestine, but in New York, Detroit, or Los Angeles, she prays and teaches in the hope that her students produce not perfect memory work, recitation, or understanding, but rather perfect imitation. Consequently a catechist cannot even begin to evaluate the success of her teaching until a lapse of ten years or more, and she is rarely around then.

In the meantime, like the popular song of yesteryear, "I'm Just a Dreamer," what's to prevent us from being Just a Visioner with prayer-full, grace-full reveries visualizing boys like Tim living a Christ-like life in 1970.

FIRST COME . . .

I told my little ones that God always hears the prayers of little children, that He answers them first. One bright child knew why. "Sister," he said, "it is because the children go to bed first and say their night prayers first."

SISTER MARGUERITE

They Like Our Grass

by SISTER MARY EVA

“**C**OME on, kids, let's go over to the sisters' house. They've got grass.”

Our convent yard at Indiana Harbor, with its few rods of weed-be-sprinkled grass and scraggly shrubbery is a source of perennial attraction to the youngsters of the congested slum neighborhood in which we live. They not only have no grass, but neither do they have yards of any kind. The soot-and-sand-covered streets and the dirty alleys are their playground. So once in a while we allow them to have fun on our lawn.

The payoff comes in October when the leaves of a few tall trees begin their autumnal descent. The children love to shuffle through the fallen leaves and tumble about. After the fun they use rake and broom to gather them up.

Duvito came one day, full of pep and good will, to rake leaves, but nature got the best of his ambition. We found him curled up for a snooze in an overturned bench, with lots of leaves still to be picked up.



Ho, hum, life is hard.



SIDEWALK CLASS

by
SR. MARIA GORETTI

Sisters are always an attraction for the children on the street.

WE were enjoying the lovely October day. It was the kind of weather that draws children out to play, regardless of TV or school books. Decorating the front yard of almost every home was a gay little patch of autumn flowers. A few young maple trees in golden red added their beauty to the scene.

Sister Marie and I were making home visits to the families of children who for unknown

reasons had not yet enrolled in the parish school of religion.

As we approached one of the homes on the list, we knew we would be lucky this time. The lady was on the lawn and we would save the time spent waiting at the door.

While Sister Marie engaged her in conversation I turned my attention to a little group of seven children playing on the sidewalk. The sight of two sisters on the street near the

front of their homes interrupted their game. Slowly, seven pairs of little feet and curious eyes made their way toward me.

"Hi," said the bravest.

"Good afternoon, children," I responded.

"Hi," came in chorus from the other six.

"Do you wear them gowns all the time?"

"How come you wear them gowns?"

Smiling I answered, "Yes, we always dress like this. Just as a soldier wears a uniform to show he is in the army, so we wear these clothes to show we are working for God. It's like being in God's army."

"I love God," voiced the second oldest in the group.

"Me, too," chimed in the others.

"Oh, how wonderful," I said, and so our little conversation began. We talked about the wonderful things God has given us — parents, home, toys — and about praying. I could see that some were Catholic children and some were not.

Then, spying a jack-o-lantern on the front porch, I said, "Pretty soon there will come a day that all children like."

Expecting them to shout "Hallowe'en," it was a surprise to hear them say "Christmas."

I seized the opportunity and said, "Yes, it won't be long till Christmas. When the weather gets cold and it starts to snow, then it will be close to Christmas time. Can you tell me what Christmas means?" I asked in the tone of a teacher.

"Santa Claus comes!"

"When you get toys!"

"Presents! Oh boy!"

"Oh yes, but Christmas is something much more important than that. Do you know what Christmas **really** is?"

Briefly and simply I told them about the birth of Jesus, the Son of God, and why He came on this earth.

Their eyes were shining more now than a moment ago when we talked about toys. Before I knew it Sister Marie had rejoined me.

"Now, children, can you tell the other sister what Christmas means?" I asked.

"It's God's birthday!" they shouted.

After an exchange of happy goodbyes, we continued on our way, but we were not alone now. Seven children were trailing after us.

What goes into a successful RVS?



Careful planning is necessary. Father Cavanaugh, CCD Director of St. Joseph Parish, Pomona, California, discusses RVS with teachers and helpers.



Lay teachers and seminarians conducted classes for most of the grades.



Sister Juanita, who supervised the vacation school, gives texts to lay teacher.





A well organized recess is an important part of every religious vacation school.



Pupils went into church for Mass the last period in the morning.



Parents took care of transportation.



Janet's responses might sound unintelligible to the rest of us, but she knows what to do when the Rosary is broadcast over the local station.

INTO OUTER SPACE

Flannel boards are fine visual aids, but not in an open, windy garage. One strong gust of wind is capable of blowing Adam and Eve into outer space. The fall that follows is into a neighbor's yard about four houses away.

Now there are two alternatives: Send Johnny for our fallen parents and take a chance that he will resist the temptation not to return to class; or wait until class is dismissed and take a chance that Adam and Eve will still be in the neighbor's yard.

I decided on the former solution. Fortunately, Adam and Eve waited for Johnny and all three returned safely to class.

SISTER SHARON

In the Home Field

FIRST GRADE DILEMMAS

First graders have their troubles. Everything is so very new to them. *Sister Mary Barbara* tells of the visit of the new assistant pastor — right from Ireland — who told the children to kneel and he would give them his blessing.

As Father raised his hand in blessing, the children did exactly as he did. They gave him their blessing. It did not take *Sister* long to teach them how to receive a blessing rather than to give it.

The next story comes from *Sister Therese Ann*.

"Goodbye, goodbye, Present Sister!" called a little first grader as she left the room after religious instruction.

Puzzled, I asked, "What did you call me?"

"Present Sister," she answered unhesitatingly.

After she left I continued to ponder the odd name. Where did she learn that one? Then it dawned on me. When I called the roll, each child answered, "Present, Sister." For this little girl my name was "Present Sister."

CENSUS QUERIES

Some of the replies we receive in our census visits are interesting, to say the least. One man loudly declared, "I don't discuss religion or politics with nobody."

More than once, to our inquiry whether the family is Catholic, the answer will be, "No, but we voted for Kennedy."

SISTER CLARA

* * *

Sister: What did Jesus do to the water at the wedding feast?

Diana, recently baptized: Jesus changed it into beer.



Louis Martinez, Ogden, praying the Rosary in the convent chapel.

SELF-MADE KNIGHTS

Twin boys, newcomers this year, are working hard to become Knights of the Altar. They are learning their prayers much more rapidly than any of the other candidates. Their formula? They practice at meals and say the Confiteor for their night prayers. If the family can stand it long enough, we will soon have two new self-made Knights of the Altar.

SISTER MARY EVELYN

* * *

MODERN EXCUSE

"Why are you late?" I asked my students.

"Sister, we were tranquilizing some mice and we couldn't leave them."

SISTER ROSE ZITA

* * *

A sister had to return to her mission without dentures. A few weeks later she got them. Her first graders were somewhat puzzled at first. "How come we have a new sister?" one wanted to know. Another asked, "Where did the other sister go?"

After a slight pause, light dawned for some of them. "Oh, you're not a new sister. You just got your teeth. We liked you better without them."

After class a little diplomat came up and explained, "Sister, I thought I liked you better without your teeth, but now I like you better with your teeth."



Whether the children are blonds, brunettes, or red heads, nearly all are Mexican descent.

Nogales on the Border

by SISTER ANNA MARGARET

THE little first grade boy with blond hair and blue eyes came running down the hill from school. He slowed up and came to a stop when he saw the children gathered around the sisters.

"Here is a note for your mother," I said to him smiling, "to tell her when you should come to religion class."

"*No entiendo ingles,*" he replied, so I switched to Spanish.

To his little dark haired friend I asked, "*Come te llamas?*"

"My name is Johnnie Jones," came the reply in perfect English.

That's the way it goes down here in Nogales, Arizona. Names like Thompson, Smith, Gordon, Doyle may belong to blonds, brunettes, or red heads, but all are proud to say they are Mexicans.

Part of Nogales is in the United States, but the larger part is in Mexico, with only a wire fence in the middle of the downtown section to mark the border. Through the border gates pass a steady stream of workers, students, shoppers, and tourists every day.

Although practically everyone feels at home in the Spanish language, English is also understood and spoken by those who have lived on this side for a while. Little first graders learn English in school, but sometimes their sentences puzzle and amuse us. One will



Sacred Heart Church, Nogales. Below it is the catechetical center.

say, for instance, "I can't go to catechism today, Sister. I have to go to the dentist to get a hair cut."

The U.S.A. Nogales, with a population of a little over 5,000 boasts of its low juvenile delinquency rate. We are sure that the deep religious spirit of the people is a major factor.

We have over 1,000 enrolled in our school of religion. We three sisters are assisted by a dozen Confraternity of Christian Doctrine teachers and a couple dozen helpers. We are also fortunate in having sixty-four associate members of the CCD who offer a day of their prayers, works, and sufferings each week or each month for the success of the catechetical program.



Sisters look across the border into Mexico.

Room for ONE More

by
SR. GABRIEL MARIE



Sister Gabriel Marie stands at the door of the little house and wonders how they'll ever fit in it.

IT was our first day of religion class in Calipatria, one of our out-missions from Brawley, California.

In the morning we teach first grade through high school. After this we eat a quick lunch. Then it is time to pack our things in the car and travel a short distance to another school where we teach the first four grades.

I might explain here that we cannot teach IN the school. The children come out of the building and we teach them elsewhere.

The sisters had said to me,

“Wait till you see the *little house* you will teach in. But don't worry. Your second grade class will be very small — only eight or nine children at most.”

When I saw the little house I could hardly believe my eyes. Just what it was built for, I have yet to learn — probably to store tools. I think that nowadays some doll houses are almost the size of the little house.

I set up my chalkboard and pictures and then it was time to meet the children. As they came running to us enthusiastic and excited at starting religion classes again, I told the sec-

ond graders to line up in front of me.

The line grew and grew until there were at least twenty children. I turned to smile at the other sisters. Finally we began our walk to the little house. After some squeezing and a good bit of shifting we were in at last.

We prayed and began our lesson. I found myself marveling how the children seemed contented though we were so terribly crowded. All bench space was taken and most of the floor space besides. The temperature was 115 degrees and perspiration was pouring down little faces. Yet no one complained.

We had not gone far with our class when there was a faint knock at the door. I opened it



There's more room in the car port but what will happen when the rains come?



Victory Noll Sisters will always find room for one more.

and what should I see but ten eager little faces!

"Sister," said the spokesman, "the first grade sister sent us to you. We make a mistake. We passed to second. Do you have room for ONE more?"

One more! Each one thought of himself as one more!

I smiled to myself. The day would never come when a Missionary Sister would not have room for one more of God's little ones. The more we can bring to a knowledge and love of Him, the happier we are.

By the next class we had moved to a new location — a car port where there is room for not just one, but several more.

Your CCD Question

Is it a good idea to have future CCD teachers observe actual classes even though they have not yet reached that stage of their training? This might seem an odd question, but I have some college students in my class who are anxious to see an actual religion class in progress.

Of course you can let them observe a class. Remember, the techniques recommended in the textbooks are not all hard and fast rules. Conditions vary from place to place. Let us relate an experience one of our own sisters wrote with regard to observing classes.

"My teacher training class is small—twelve women. We have class for an hour and a half every Thursday morning in an ideal place — the faculty room of a Catholic school. The women volunteered their time on Thursday afternoon to help with my two classes of public school children on the other side of town. I have second graders and then the fifth and sixth together. I teach in the choir loft of the church.

"I told the women I would be glad to have them come over and observe, and help the chil-

dren before and after class with their prayers. I thought they could at least get the feel of a class and see the conditions under which we teach. Of course only one woman comes at a time. Four have come so far and they say they not only enjoy it but feel they have profited very much from the experience.

"In our CCD classes we discuss points which the women have observed and explain why certain methods were used with a particular class on that particular day — emphasizing that no two classes are taught in exactly the same way.

"We do not have to **tell** them how much we need CCD teachers when they see the fifth and sixth graders crowding into the choir loft and reaching from one end of it to the other.

"Incidentally the women learn that when they teach under conditions such as we often do, there is more to it than just 'teaching.' Last week, for instance, a huge hound followed little Janita up into the choir loft. There was great commotion and of course the class was disrupted. I asked Mrs. L. if she would please lead the dog out of the church. Smiling, she cornered the animal, and before shoeing him downstairs, whispered to me, 'I'll be back with one leg.'"

BOOKS



The Maryknoll Fathers by Glenn D. Kittler. The World Publishing Company, Cleveland 2, Ohio \$5.00

Glenn Kittler, author of *The White Fathers* and several other books, has proved himself a writer par excellence of mission stories. The priests of Maryknoll are fortunate indeed to have him write of their first fifty years.

While it is true that Maryknoll has many capable and talented writers, it is also possible that they might not have viewed their heroes with the objectivity of Mr. Kittler. Heroes indeed these men were and are.

The story of Maryknoll from its foundation in 1911 by Father Walsh and Father Price is a story of which every American Catholic can be proud. Fifty years ago the United States had scarcely emerged from its status as a missionary country. Priests were needed here as never before. It was only natural, then, that even members of the hierarchy were loath to see young men sent to the Orient. The argument of the founders, however, — that by sending personnel to the missions we

would be blest with more vocations at home — has been vindicated.

Moreover, Maryknoll, whose priests, brothers, and sisters are laboring so heroically in all parts of the world today, has proved that American youth can meet the challenge of the missions.

The Maryknoll Fathers is a book the reader cannot put down until he finishes it.

* * *

The Liturgy of the Roman Rite by Joseph Lechner and Ludwig Eisenhofer, translated by A. J. and E. F. Peeler and edited by H. E. Winstone. Herder and Herder, New York 36. \$8.50

The comprehensive and long-used work of Dr. Eisenhofer, revised by his successor at Eichstaett, Dr. Lechner, and published in 1950 and again in 1953, has now been translated into English and brought up to date by Father Winstone.

It is a monumental work and a valuable addition to the seminary and convent library. The bibliographies are extensive and are listed after every new division of a chapter. These lists include not only standard works in German and French, but English as well.

The value of this book as a ready reference lies in the fact that the history of the liturgy is treated not period by period, but rather by subject. For in-

stance, there are sections on the words and the actions of the liturgy, on church furnishings, vestments, sacred vessels, the various seasons, the Mass itself, the sacraments, sacramentals, and the Divine Office.

The title of the book does not preclude its many references to Eastern Rites. That, of course, is expected in any text which treats of the history of the liturgy. Emphasis, however, is on the Roman Rite.

Though the most recent changes have been incorporated in this edition, there are still a few "slips." The typical edition of the Roman Ritual, for instance, is 1953, not 1925. Masses of the angels no longer have a creed (p. 294). The feast of St. Joseph the Workman is celebrated May 1 and the Solemnity of St. Joseph has been abrogated (p. 235).

The religion teacher will find this book informative and most useful. There is a complete index.

* * *

My Catholic Faith by the Most Rev. Louis LaRavoire Morrow, D.D., Bishop of Krishnagar. My Mission House, Kenosha, Wis. \$4.95

Bishop Morrow's book, first published in 1936, is subtitled *A Manual of Religion*. This is a handsomely printed silver jubilee edition. It follows the Creed, Commandments, Sacraments and Prayer sequence and

incorporates material from the Baltimore Catechism, but treats everything much more comprehensively than the catechism.

Each lesson has an interesting and up to date illustration. The section on the Church is extensive. There is a list of the principal religious sects in the United States, with the year and place of origin and the name of the founder. There is a short summary of Church History and also a fine explanation of the Eastern Rites. Several pages are given over to the government of the Church, the Vatican, etc. There are even a diocesan map of the United States and a chart explaining the workings of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

All these features — and more besides — make *My Catholic Faith* a handy reference for the teacher of religion. It is, moreover, the kind of book that should be in a Catholic home.

* * *

Liturgy and Doctrine by Charles Davis. Sheed and Ward, New York. \$2.50

The liturgical, biblical, and catechetical revivals are concerned with doctrinal matters. And rightly so, for this is the source of their strength and a guarantee of their enduring influence.

To appreciate the liturgy and realize its importance in our spiritual life, we must be per-

meated with the sense of the history of salvation. We must understand the significance of Our Lord's resurrection and the role of His glorified humanity.

Happily, many books and articles are now being published with this end in view. Outstanding among them is this little book by Father Davis. Small it is in size, but the author has the happy faculty of saying much in a few words. He also has the gift of writing of doctrinal matters in a manner the layman can easily grasp. For example, his explanation of Dom Casel's theory concerning the theology of mysteries is one of the clearest we have yet read.

Father Davis describes the liturgical movement, emphasizing that its inner directing force has always been the pastoral concern of the Church. He then carefully explains the doctrinal aspects of the liturgy, treating of the resurrection, the role of the Old Testament, the Church, Mass, the sacraments, and eschatology.

Fortunately, the idea that liturgy is concerned only with externals, is not so prevalent today as formerly. If anyone should think that, he certainly will be aware of how wrong he is after he reads this book. We recommend *Liturgy and Doctrine* especially to catechists.

In Memoriam

- Guadalupe Romo, Los Angeles, father of
Sister M. Rita Ann, O.L.V.M.
Ezequiel Perez, Puerto Rico, brother of Sister Merced, O.L.V.M.
Walter Dietz, Chicago, brother of
Sister Mary Genevieve, O.L.V.M.
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph J. Schweich, V.G., P.A.,
Lancaster, Pa.
Rev. John E. Dillon, Lafayette, Ind.
Rev. Aloysius J. Heeg, S.J., St. Louis, Mo.
Rev. Joseph Vaughn, S.J., Azusa, Calif.
Sister M. Lawrence, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister M. Marcelline, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister M. Anastacia, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Frank Reiling, Auburn, Iowa
George Brady, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
William Decker, Galveston, Texas
Mr. and Mrs. Steven Moody and James, Cleveland, Ohio
Paul J. Myers, Wabash, Ind.
Wanda M. Wendzonka, South Bend, Ind.
Mrs. Catherine Bakeman, Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.
Mrs. John Nytes, San Antonio, Texas
John Samsa, Kingsford, Mich.

Editor's By-Line

"What are you doing here?" the priest asked accusingly.

It was the summer of 1934 and two of our sisters were on their way to the cafeteria on the campus at Notre Dame. They were somewhat taken aback by the question, to say the least. Didn't they have as much right to attend summer school as the other sisters all around them? From the expression on the face of their questioner, it would hardly seem so.

The sisters explained meekly that they were attending journalism classes. At that, the priest was a little more cordial and said, "Oh, that's all right. I thought you were coming here for more education and would be teaching in parochial schools. Your Founder knows what he is doing. Don't let them make you teach school!"

With that admonition, the priest continued on his way. It was only later that the sisters learned he was president of a well known university in the West.

Perhaps it was only natural that in the early years of our community we were being importuned by pastors and bishops to "teach school." Even ten or fifteen years ago when we went to a new place, someone would ask, "Of course they'll build a school one of these days

and you'll teach there, won't you?"

Fortunately for us, there is no longer any likelihood that we will be persuaded to deviate from our purpose of conducting only schools of religion, for Rome has put its stamp of approval on the work of our Congregation and it will hardly be changed.

Besides, catechetical work is looked on with favor today. It is no secret to say that it was — not so long ago — regarded as rather "second class." Sisters who did not teach in parish schools where somewhat of an oddity.

We hardly think that our priest inquisitor of many years ago wished to imply that the "mere" teaching of religion did not require higher education. Whether or not he thought so then, he certainly would not think so today.

On the campus of Notre Dame and of other universities it is now very different. Priests, brothers, and sisters are vitally interested in religious education. Everyone wants to learn all he can about the teaching of religion. Our sisters who attend summer classes are always being sought out by those who are looking for help with all phases of Confraternity of Christian Doctrine work.

Truly, the CCD has come of age, and, we may add with pardonable pride, so have catechetical communities. SEA

SISTERS WHO MADE PERPETUAL VOWS

Sister Therese Martin Hurlburt, Cincinnati

Sister Maria Goretti Miller, Mandan, S. Dak.

Sister Joan Louise Rowney, Kokomo, Ind.

Sister Emmanuel Waters, Arcadia, Wis.

Sister Antoinette Golabowski, South Bend, Ind.

Sister Therese Ann Doran, Ludlow, Ky.

Sister John Joseph Descourouez, St. Charles, Ill.

NEWLY RECEIVED NOVICES

Sister M. Rose Annette (Rose Ann Kaiser)
Jefferson City, Mo.

Sister M. Kateri (Mary Jane Francisco)
Tohatchi, N. Mex.

Sister M. Paula James (Loretta Levins)
Sea Cliff, N. Y.

Sister M. Raquel (Rachel Jaquez)
Blanco, N. Mex.

Sister M. Melan.e (Melanie Persche)
Three Bridges, N. J.

Sister M. Palmira (Palmira Perez)
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Sister Virginia Marie (Mary Bannantine)
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sister M. Judith Ann (Judith Turnock)
Edwardsburg, Mich.

Sister M. Rosalinda (Rosalind Garcia)
LaJunta, Colo.

Sister Judith Marie (Barbara Kahley)
Dundee, Mich.

Sister M. Carolyn Francis (Carolyn Schwind)
Breckenridge, Texas

Sister Mary Andrew (Judith Allard)
Punta Gorda, Fla.

Sister Joan Marie (Joanne Karnitz)
Milwaukee, Wis.

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Brother Peter Vogel, O.F.M. Conv.

Subscription price: \$1.00 a year.

Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, Box 109, Huntington, Ind.

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