

THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST

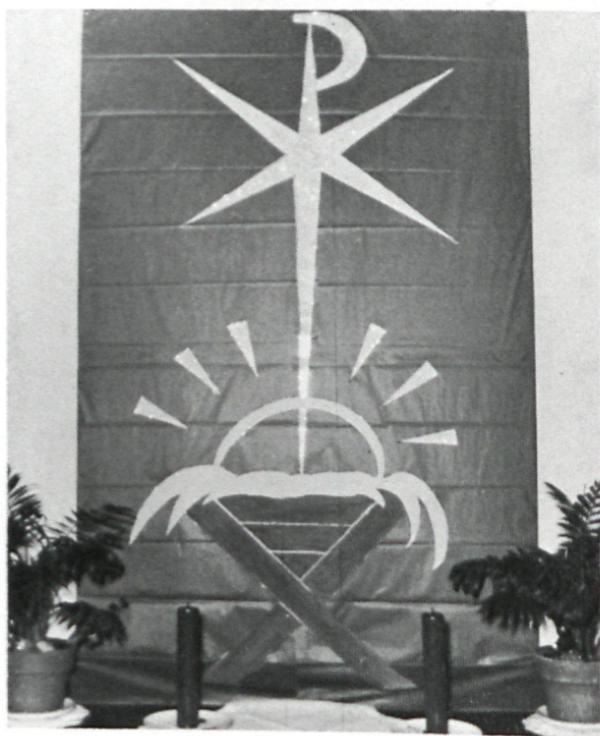
Volume 38

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Number 1



Christmas Joy



*Celestial Word, proceeding from the Eternal Father's breast,
And in the end of ages come to aid a world distressed;
Enlighten, Lord, and set on fire our spirits with Thy love,
That dead to earth, they may aspire and live to joys above.*

Roman Breviary

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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COVER

California Santa. The Azusa Sisters discovered him going down the chimney of their cookout, but no amount of coaxing would persuade him to let them take his picture; that is, not until someone got the idea of equipping him with a Santa hat and bag.

CREDITS

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CHRIST WAS BORN

I and
I was there
and
The animals were there



by

STEVE WOLFE

Sister Sophia gave her sixth grade class in the Parish School of Religion, LaGrange, Indiana, the following assignment: Write a playlet, radio, or TV script telling the Christmas Story. We are publishing one of the papers exactly as it was submitted. Steve decorated his title page with a Christmas card and tied the pages together with red cord.

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen this is station N-O-E-L in Bethlehem. There's been lots of excitement around here last week. It was over a little baby that was born to a carpenter and his wife. We've heard from all the people involved but we think we're the first program to hear from the animals. First we have a very tired donkey that was with Mary and Joseph when the baby was born. What can you tell us, Mr. Donkey?

DONKEY: I carried Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem. It was many, many miles. Joseph looked all over town for a place to stay. During the night the baby was born.

ANNOUNCER: Now we shall hear from some sheep that graze near here.

SHEEP: That night a beautiful star appeared and our shepherds got excited and scared. Soon an angel came and told them what happened and not to be afraid. They decided that we would go and see the baby. And so we did.

ANNOUNCER: Now we have a kind cow who moved over so that Mary and Joseph could sleep in comfort.

Cow: I was honored to share my stable with Mary and Joseph and I was proud that the baby was born there.

ANNOUNCER: Now we have a shy little dog and I wonder what he knows about it.

DOG: I heard Mary say to Joseph, "Isn't the baby sweet, let's call him Jesus." "We shall dear," said Joseph.

ANNOUNCER: Now we have three camels let's see what they know about it.

CAMELS: We brought the wise men from the East to Bethlehem to worship the baby king. They brought many fine gifts for him.

ANNOUNCER: Our time is up and you've been unusual guests and thank you for being on our program.

Los Pastores

Medieval Mystery Play

by SISTER BLANCHE MARIE

S P A N I S H-SPEAKING AMERICANS value the medieval mystery play, *Los Pastores*, brought to the new world by padres who accompanied the colonists from Spain and who settled first in Mexico and later in our Southwest.

There are a number of versions of the play, but the theme—the story of the first Christmas—and the characters remain essentially the same. By comparing many extant manuscripts, the late Father Tranchese, a Jesuit who worked for years in San Antonio, Texas, edited an excellent version of *Los Pastores*. Under Father's direction, it was produced each year in his parish.

The actors take their parts very seriously. For them it is something more than mere acting. It is a devotion to be performed.

If given in its entirety, the play might last for several hours. Sometimes it is given in a hall; often it is performed outdoors under a canopy of stars, with no other lighting effects

than those produced by lanterns and torches. As the night wears on, the spectators become fewer. Weariness or biting cold drives them indoors. Not so the actors. Their "devotions" must be completed before they withdraw.

During the Christmas season two years ago this play was presented at Victory Noll by a group of Mexican-Americans from the area. Knowing how long the play lasted, we suggested that a condensed version of it be given. We also asked for a copy of the script. Happily, it was Father Tranchese's Spanish-English edition. We mimeographed it so that all could follow the parts without difficulty.

The actors asked us to provide an image of the Divine Infant placed in a manger of straw. This was in the center of the auditorium, for the play was to be given not on the stage but on a level with the audience. Around the manger we constructed a bower of evergreen branches. We placed a small rug before the manger and focused a spotlight on it.

The cast consisted of the Archangel Michael, a hermit, twelve shepherds, a young shepherdess, Lucifer, and seven companion devils. No actor ever portrays Our Blessed Mother or St. Joseph. These characters are not to be found in any of the versions of the play, being omitted, no doubt, out of reverence.

When the players arrived at Victory Noll we were happy to learn that the parts they had

chosen for dramatization were rendered in song. It turned out to be a sacred operetta.

The plot centered around strange portents accompanying the Savior's birth and involving men, angels, and devils. The shepherds entered the auditorium from the rear. They moved forward slowly, singing as they moved, until they stood in parallel rows in front of the manger. They wore costumes of satins



Unfortunately we have no picture of Los Pastores as it was presented by an adult cast at Victory Noll. These young children enacted it in Cimarron, New Mexico, under the direction of Sister Carmelita.

and silks, rich in color. Each carried a shepherd's crook, wrapped around with gay crepe paper and topped with a tiny bell that tinkled with the swaying movements of the actor.

Preceding the shepherds was a hermit who scanned the horizon as if looking for something. Bringing up the rear of the strange procession and shrouded in black, gloomy costumes replete with tails, were the devils.

If the hermit was looking for trouble, he found plenty of it. He would address a few words to the shepherds and then, spying the devils, would go to them, twisting the tail of first one and then another. They responded by chasing him. At one time three devils had hold of him, but he would break away and repeat the performance.

All this was done in pantomime, for any noise or spoken word would have distracted the audience from the song of the shepherds who, balancing forward and backward in graceful, swaying motions, occupied the greater part of the space.

The shepherds sang of the stars which "embroidered" the skies the night Christ was born. They sang of the beautiful

Maiden, of the new Light which had come into the world, of the angels who announced the birth of the Savior. In song they invited one another to go over to Bethlehem and they decided which gifts they would bring the Child. One by one they then approached the manger and laid their gifts before it, always apologizing for its smallness and apparent worthlessness for so great a King.

A touch of humor is added to the play by Bartolo, a shepherd so incurably lazy that he would not go to Bethlehem. The other shepherds plead, cajole, and urge him to come with them. At one point they address him in song: "In Bethlehem is the glory; dear Bartolo, let us go there." But to this, Bartolo responds: "If the glory wishes to see me, let the glory come here." Finding that argument is useless, several shepherds pick him up and carry him to the manger.

The most touching parts of the entire performance are the *arrullos* (lullabies) that the shepherds sing to the Christ Child. After singing several verses, the shepherds, still singing, slowly walk backward until they disappear from the scene.

At this point, a very unusual thing took place at the Victory

Noll performance. Lucifer and his seven devils (so fascinating to the medievalists and found in most of the mystery plays), had stood haughtily with backs to the Child throughout the entire performance except when they were chasing the hermit. But now they enacted something that was not in the script.

Looking incongruous because

they were still garbed in their devil costumes, they fell to the floor, approached the manger *on their knees*, and reverently kissed the image of the Infant. It was as if they would make up for their assigned parts and show that their wills had no place therein. They were no longer devils, but poor, simple Mexicans with a great love for the Christ Child in their hearts.



Breaking the pinata is a game of Mexican origin that is especially popular at Christmas time though it might be "played" any time of year. All children whether of Mexican descent or not, love to have the pinata at parties. Pinatas may be made in any shape. They are filled with candies, nuts, etc., and hung in the middle of a room. The participants are blindfolded, given a stick, turned around a couple of times and then told to swing away. When the pinata finally breaks, its contents are scattered in all directions and everyone scrambles for a share of the spoils. Sister Jane Frances and several members of the junior choir in Willows, California, are filling a camel pinata that will be broken at their Christmas party.

Mary and Jerry

by SISTER MELITA



Usually a girl baptizes Mary; a boy, Jerry.

MARY AND JERRY are twins. With a number of other presents they were waiting under the Christmas tree for me after Midnight Mass on the feast of Our Lord's Nativity.

How did they get there? Well, on December 6, the feast of St. Nicholas, we were reminded that our annual letter to Santa Claus was due. Ordinarily I am a firm believer in promptness, but for some inexcusable reason I "promptly" forgot about writing my letter.

This neglect made things rather difficult for Santa, for he had only a limited amount of time for Christmas shopping. Recalling, however, that I had at one time expressed the desire

to have a rubber doll to use in practicing emergency baptism in class, he decided to act on this information.

Then suddenly, about a week before Christmas, I remembered my unwritten letter. I sat down and hastily dashed off a request for a rubber doll, suggesting that I had two uses for it — in class for practicing baptism and as the Infant in Nativity scenes either in Christmas plays or in dramatizations in the classroom.

Poor Santa! Now his problem was bigger than before. The doll he had already obtained for me was a little girl doll with a cute pony tail and a colorful pinafore. How could even a

child's most fantastic imagination picture such a doll as the Infant Jesus in the crib?

Santa's great big, generous heart overcame the difficulty. The little girl doll moved over in her box to share the space with a boy doll. They are exactly the same size and their features are similar enough to pass for fraternal twins.

Naming them was an enjoyable experience. Naturally, on Christmas one's thoughts center around our newborn Savior, the God-Man, Jesus, and His Mother Mary. The girl, of course, became "Mary." Since "Jerry" was closer to the name of Jesus than anything else we could find to rhyme with Mary, we soon reached our decision. Mary and Jerry they have been ever since.

The twins have been kept busy since their arrival. Most of their experience so far has had to do with baptism. The children greatly enjoy having the twins come to class. Usually the girls baptize Mary and the boys baptize Jerry.

One minor tragedy has already happened. Jerry can no longer cry. No doubt it is because some of the little fellows are so eager to have the water

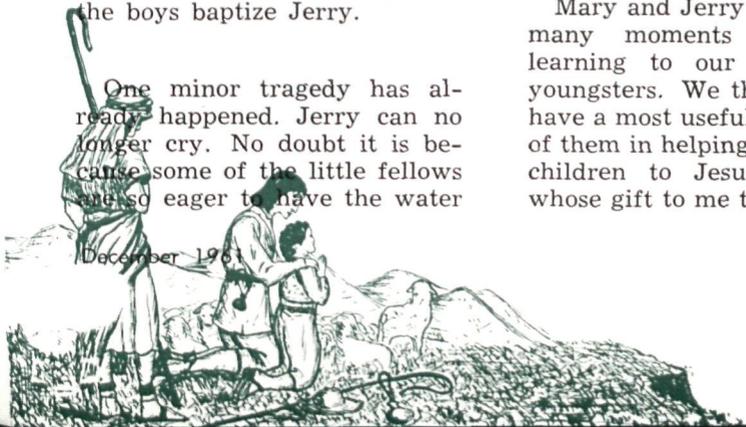
really flow over his forehead that they are too generous with the amount they use. Some of the excess water was absorbed internally by poor Jerry. His cry-box must be rusted.

Since Jerry's mishap, I do not let him out of my sight when I take him to class. I fear some inquisitive little mechanic or future scientist will take Jerry apart to find out why his crier does not cry.

This fear is based on a sad incident in my own childhood. My brothers took apart my brand new doll to see what made it cry. Needless to say, it never cried again. But I did, for not even Daddy could fix it.

Though Jerry cannot cry, Mary makes up for him. The children delight in this, for no matter where they touch her, she cries. This gives the boys an excellent opportunity to tease the girls about being touchy cry-babies, while they (like Jerry) are supposedly too tough to cry.

Mary and Jerry have brought many moments of pleasant learning to our hundreds of youngsters. We think they still have a most useful career ahead of them in helping to lead many children to Jesus and Mary, whose gift to me they were.



December 1961

PROMISE KEPT

Among the casualties of an explosion late in September was Maynard, a young man about twenty. He was in critical condition for weeks and today the doctor cannot understand how he can be alive, much less back on construction work.

Shortly after his recovery we received a phone call from Maynard asking when he could take instructions for First Communion. He told us that he had promised Our Blessed Mother that if he recovered he would take instructions and live as a good Catholic. He had been baptized as a child but had re-



Sister Mary Barbara lights the candles on the Advent Wreath, while Sister Janet (left) and Sister Mary Joan look on. Sister Evelyn Marie, who took the picture, is the fourth sister at Christ the King convent, Ogden.

In the Home Field

ceived no other sacrament.

Maynard is making his First Communion Christmas but he wants to continue instruction so that he can better fulfill the second part of his promise. When anything especially nice happens to him, he comes racing up the front steps and his first words are, "Gee, Sister, God sure was good to me . . ." And then he tells his good luck story. We hope he will always see God's providence in all the events of life.

SISTER MARIE HELENE

CHRISTMAS TREASURE

Although most of the Florida residents we meet have moved here recently, we still come across the oldtimers. The Kinsells, for instance, came around the turn of the century. Their first home was a little cabin near the railroad.

Both Mr. Kinsell and his wife love to reminisce about the old days. Life was not dull, nor was neighborliness wanting. Their roof frequently caught fire from the sparks of a passing train, but a quickly formed

bucket brigade put out the fire before too much damage was done.

Mr. Kinsell tells us that lots of gold was buried in these parts of Florida during the early days of our country — treasures still waiting to be discovered. Now in his ninety-third year, he recovered a greater treasure at Christmas when he returned to the Sacraments after a lapse of more than sixty years.

SISTER JOSEPHA

* * *

Sister: Who is the divinely appointed guardian of the "deposit of faith"?

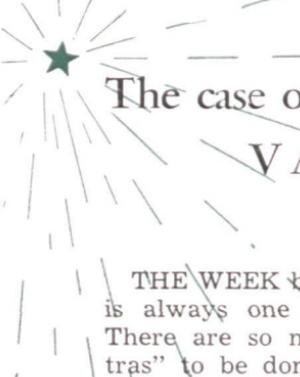
Freshman: The Jesuits.



Fascinated by the crib under the Christmas tree, Cathy Rembly gets into position for a better look. The Azusa, California, Sisters use the Rembly garage for one of their religion classes.



Nicky Herrera, Ogden, shows Sodalist Antonia Gallegos one of the Christmas cards he and the other Knights of the Altar plan to sell and makes a friendly bet that he will sell more than she. Gavina Garcia enjoys the banter. Who won? Nicky!



The case of the VANISHING STABLE

by SISTER M. DE PAUL

THE WEEK before Christmas is always one of preparation. There are so many, little "extras" to be done and so many little surprises to be prepared.

For the first time we were going to have an outdoor stable in front of our Calexico, California convent. And of course, that called for a little *more* preparation than usual.

It was a warm and sunny day, typical of Christmas Eve in Southern California. Sister Benedict Joseph donned her apron and armed herself with hammer and nails. Behind the garage were some boards and large cardboard pieces—the makings of an excellent stable.

Inside, I busied myself in the community room. The sound of the hammer blended with the familiar carols and the morning passed quickly.

Led by kindness or curiosity, I went outside shortly before lunch to see how the stable was progressing. It was all finished!

"Beautiful, Sister. It's perfect!"

Picturing to ourselves our first outdoor stable, we headed for the convent and lunch. We were hungry.

An hour later we retraced our steps to the dusty patch be-

hind the garage. Imagine our surprise when we found—NO STABLE!

"But Sister, it was here before lunch. It must be here . . . somewhere," Sister began.

"Well, it isn't here now. Come on, Sister, let's start looking!"

We searched everywhere: around the convent, in the garage, in the back yard, and then back again. It was useless. The stable had vanished.

I think we both got the "inspiration" at the same moment, because all of the sudden we stopped short, exchanged *very* knowing glances, and headed down the street.

We were expected! Five little friends of ours—all below the age of seven—were playing in the front yard. Their usual smiles and "Hi, Madrecitas" were not forthcoming that December day. The oldest boy knew a little English, and we knew a little Spanish, so we got along just fine. A few moments later, two mischievous brown eyes were looking up into ours and in one playsoiled hand was part of what clearly used to be our stable! We looked at it questioningly. "Where is the rest?"

The parade started to the back yard.

We followed the sad parade and watched as they gathered the pieces of our would-be-stable. That they knew they had done wrong was clear. That they were sorry was equally clear. Not only did they offer to take the pieces back to the convent, but they wanted to help rebuild the stable.

Happily, their sadness did not last long. As the afternoon stretched into evening the stable was not only rebuilt, but peopled too! St. Joseph was

there, and Our Blessed Mother holding the newborn child. But there were *others* there too—five little friends who had not been there for the first Christmas, but who were very happy to be there for this one.

Christmas and the days following brought many people to our stable, but of them all, I think those five little boys were its most frequent visitors. And why not? After all, if it had not been for *them*, there might not have been a stable at all!



When the little boys of Sister DePaul's story grow up, we hope they will be like George and Max. After delivering 35 large boxes of clothing, toys, and food prepared by our East Chicago Sisters for poor families, they set up the small crib in the convent chapel. With awe and reverence they carefully put each small figure in place. Sister Mary Eva, who took the picture, commented on the glow of happiness in the eyes of the teenagers as they stood back to admire their handiwork.

LAS POSADAS

by SISTER MARY EVA



What child wouldn't love the dainty wooden statues?

SISTER JOHN was explaining to solemn-eyed children how Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph went from door to door on Christmas night seeking shelter. The little ones listened attentively, their eyes fixed on the tiny wooden statues.

It was the first evening of the traditional *Las Posadas* Novena and the images had just been returned to their places after having been carried in procession through the church and outdoors where the drama of the quest for shelter had been enacted by the parishioners of

Our Lady of Guadalupe parish, East Chicago.

For nine evenings the procession takes place to the accompaniment of the chanting of the Litany of Loretto and the lovely, lilting Spanish hymns which retell the story of the journey to Bethlehem.

A choir sings Mary and Joseph's plea for shelter, while the congregation, from behind closed doors, responds with the

innkeeper's refusal. At the third request the procession returns to the church where the doors are flung wide open and all enter to the singing of a triumphal hymn of welcome.

The children are some of the best devotees of the novena. They love the small statues and are fascinated by Joseph's staff, by Mary's lunch basket, and especially by the donkey. They know too that once in a while we surprise them by a little treat of sweets after the service.



At Sacred Heart Church, Big Spring, Texas, the children who arrive first are the fortunate ones. They are permitted to carry the little statues during the procession.



It is bewildering, the number of religion textbooks published these days. What do you recommend for me to use for fifth grade CCD class?

If you had signed your name and address, we would have been glad to write to you about textbooks. Obviously we do not recommend any one particular text in this department.

One reason is that in many dioceses now there is an "official" textbook for use in parochial schools and in Confraternity classes. If the diocese has not ordered one or recommended one, then the pastor does so. But no matter what text you are obliged to use, you are certainly free to use ideas and material from other books.

So much re-thinking has been done in the catechetical field recently that books become obsolete as fast as do nuclear weapons.

Your CCD Question

Be wary in what you choose. Some texts claim to follow the new approach in catechesis, but on close examination, one finds that this is merely superimposed here and there, as it were. Look for the text that puts Christ at the very center of its teaching — the Christ of the Gospels with His attractive and dynamic personality. Around Him — in relation to Him — should be presented the privileges and obligations of His followers, the members of His Mystical Body.



The CCD Fishers' exhibit drew favorable comment at a Catechetical Day in St. Joseph's parish, Ogden. The name of the chairman of Fishers who prepared the display? Richard FISHER!

BOOKS



The Search for St. Therese
by Peter-Thomas Rohrbach,
O.C.D. Hanover House, New
York 22, N.Y. \$3.95

Few saints have had so many followers as St. Therese of Lisieux. Few saints have been the subject of so many books.

For a long time most of the authors who wrote about Therese struck a note of admiration. Then something happened. It was acknowledged by the Carmelites of Lisieux that the autobiography had been edited before publication, that all the photographs had been retouched.

As a result, books of another kind began to appear. Two of them were especially harsh in their treatment of Therese. Moreover, they were translated into English and circulated widely in this country. They left a distorted image of the saint.

Was it all a fraud? Father Rohrbach, among many others, does not think so. He has written *The Search for St. Therese* to counteract the harm that was

done by recent books and to show us the saint as she really was.

Every unprejudiced reader will acknowledge that Father Rohrbach has done his work well. One might be tempted to think that the very fact that he is a Discalced Carmelite disqualifies him from writing objectively, but that is not the case. His being a Carmelite no doubt worked in his favor in that he was more readily given cooperation in his research, but surely he is not carried away with every facet of Therese's life.

For one thing he has what almost amounts to scorn for the late nineteenth century, the milieu in which Therese lived. He dislikes her style, admits it is sentimental, but acknowledges that Therese was a child of her times.

Father Rohrbach is not afraid to discuss the charges that St. Therese was neurotic. He first proves—from various statements, one of them by the late Pope Pius XII—that a neurotic person cannot become a canonized saint. Then he evaluates Therese in this light.

The Search for St. Therese will not be the last word on the saint, but it is a brilliant study of a fascinating subject. We might add that the book is illustrated by *untouched* photographs.

La Seccion de Padres Educadores de la Cofradia de la Doctrina Cristiana (Serie I). Confraternity Publications, 508 Marshall Street, Paterson 3, N.J. 50 cents.

This is a translation of the leaflets in Series I of the Parent-Educator Section of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Sister Mary Eileen, O.L.V.M. has translated these leaflets into simple Spanish such as is spoken and understood by the average Spanish-American.

The first leaflet explains the Parent-Educator Section: *Lo que es la Seccion de Padres Educadores*. Twelve other leaflets contain subjects of interest to mothers and fathers of preschool children together with practical suggestions for religious instruction in the home. Those familiar with the Parent-Educator Section of the CCD are aware that these are given to the parents every three months by a parish visitor. Series I covers the period from birth to three years.

The leaflets are attractively illustrated and will be welcomed by parishes in Spanish-speaking communities where work in the Parent-Educator Section has been impeded by the lack of material printed in Spanish. SC

Go in Peace by Charles Hugo Doyle. Hanover House, New York 22, N.Y. \$2.95

Perhaps this book could best be described as a series of instructions on the sacrament of penance.

Beginning with Adam and Eve's avowal of guilt in Paradise down to modern man's confession of sin in the sacrament of penance, Monsignor Doyle traces a rich historical background.

The chapter on contrition is by far the most important and, we think, the best. God will at times forgive sin without confession, but never without sorrow. The firm purpose of amendment is also given its prominent position.

Although the book has much to recommend it, we were disappointed in the moralistic—almost legalistic—treatment of the actual confession of sin. Perhaps if this part had been preceded by the chapter on God's mercy, we would have been better prepared for it. As it is, however, only after the reader has learned the cold hard facts of sin, its divisions and punishments, does he come face to face with the *Person* whom sin offends. Isn't it true that if we really knew Christ, there would be far less sin?

Teaching All Nations. A Symposium on Modern Catechetics. Edited by Johannes Hofinger, S.J. English version revised and partly translated by Clifford Howell, S.J. Herder and Herder, New York 22, N.Y. \$6.95

Herder and Herder probably had more pre-publication orders for *Teaching All Nations* than it had for any other recent book. Certainly it was worth waiting for.

Here are the papers delivered at the First International Study Week for Mission Catechetics held in Eichstatt, Germany, a year ago last summer. So important was this meeting that the name Eichstatt has already become meaningful for modern catechesis.

A glance at the list of those who contributed their opinions

and conclusions will readily convince anyone what a treasure the book contains: names like Tilmann, Grasso, Goldbrunner, Hofinger, Fischer, Spae, Delcuve, and others. Cardinal Gracias of Bombay presided at the Study Week and contributed the opening and closing addresses.

This is the kind of book one would like to quote from extensively. Suffice it to say that if anyone wants to know just what is meant by the catechetical renewal which is taking place today, he will learn it from *Teaching All Nations*. Every catechist should read it.

It is interesting to Americans to note how many times the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine as it is organized here in the United States is commended and held up as a model for other countries.

In Memoriam

Gus Meister, Chicago, brother of Sister Caroline, O.L.V.M.
Most Rev. John J. Mitty, D.D., Archbishop of San Francisco
Sister Mary Esther Malone, R.S.M., Titusville, Pa.
Mrs. Bertha Wandstrat, Cheviot, Ohio
Mrs. Agnes Drahos, Chicago
Mrs. Matthew A. Curran, Chicago
Mrs. Margaret Cortilet, Chicago
Thomas Russell, ACM, Chicago
Mrs. Elizabeth Lauer, ACM, Fort Wayne
Mrs. Rose Wagner, ACM, Fort Wayne

Editor's By-Line

Every editor experiences a sense of satisfaction, of well-being, when the copy is at long last in the hands of the compositor. It is a feeling something like that of a cook's when she has made something special or has a good meal on the table.

But alas, like the cook, the editor is soon back where she started. Another magazine is due. What I would do if I were responsible for a weekly publication—much less a daily—I have no idea.

Meeting a deadline is good discipline, but sometimes it is harrowing. During my first term as editor of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST (I use the word "term" only for convenience; unlike that of the President of the United States and of a religious superior, it is not fixed) a sister worked with me who was responsible for about four pages of material.

When it was very close to the time for sending the copy to *Our Sunday Visitor* (in those days OSV not only set it up as now, but printed it also), I would find a note on my desk from Sister informing me that she was leaving on a trip to Mars.

That was a safe enough destination then, but today it would not be so fantastic. I might be able to take off after

her or at least establish communication.

The world travels at such a speed now that it is easy for us to be aware of the second coming—as the Advent liturgy bids us—when the universe will be transformed, when we will need not even the fastest rockets for traveling.

During this holy season of the year, the Church wants us to think not just of the first coming of Our Lord which took place 2000 years ago, but especially of His second coming, His coming in glory. In the Christmas liturgy we *commemorate* Christ's first coming. It is very different from the feast of Easter, for instance, when we *celebrate* our own actual passing from death to life.

These are the words of St. Augustine: "Easter is a mystery, a sacrament, because in it we not only *commemorate* the death and resurrection of Our Lord, but we also *celebrate* our own actual passage from death to life, from a mortal life to life everlasting. But the feast of Christmas, insofar as it *recalls* Christ's Nativity, is only a commemoration, an anniversary."

In this light the texts of the Christmas liturgy become more meaningful to us as we sing with the Church: "The King of peace is exalted, and the whole world desires to see His face." (1st Vespers, feast of the Nativity) SEA



The children in our schools of religion everywhere look forward to their Christmas parties and these Cape Codders are no exception.

Choosing your own gift according to a merit system is part of the fun.



Mrs. Russell Collinge, CCD teacher from Harwichport, Mass., puts the last symbol in place on the Jesse Tree.

Blessing of the Christmas Crib

The father of the family reads the principal prayers. All present answer them.

Father: O Lord, hear my prayer.

All: And let my cry come to You.

Father: Let us pray: O God, who was pleased that Your dearly beloved Son, having become man in order to give us an example of humility,

should be born in a humble stable, bless this crib, a representation of the scene of His birth, and make it to be for us a means of sanctification, that imitating His humility, our souls may be a worthy dwelling place for His re-birth, Jesus Christ, Your Son, Our Lord.

All: Amen.

All sing "O Come All Ye Faithful" or "Silent Night."

