

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 38

FEBRUARY 1962

Number 3





Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes made by the sisters on grounds of our convent, Redlands, California.

# THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Member, Catholic Press Association

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published with ecclesiastical approval by Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters, a Pontifical Institute dedicated to religious education and social service work.

Entered as second class matter on December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879. Issued monthly from September to June. Subscriptions one dollar a year.

# Mightier Than the Sword

by SISTER MARIE

SOMEWHERE I read that when Harriet Beecher Stowe (the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*) was presented to Abraham Lincoln, the big man looked down at her and said, "So you're the little lady who started the Civil War."



Back in 1848 Karl Marx, a morose and disgruntled man, paradoxically living off the profit of his capitalistic friend, Frederich Engles, wrote the *Communist Manifesto*. This thin little volume was the fuse that sparked the cruelest and coldest war of all time: Communism versus the World. Already, over one billion human beings have become slaves of this great evil.

The destinies of millions have been decided, not by the sword, not by the might of nations, but by the pen. And it is so logical that it should be thus, because we creatures of free will are influenced and motivated by what we read.

Did you ever stop to consider how influential your reading is in *your life*? The Communists have. They think it is so important that between Soviet Russia and Red China, they produce about three billion, six hundred million books a year. That's more than one book for every person on earth.

These propaganda masters have seen to it that until April, 1961, our U.S. mailmen delivered, *postage free*, over ten million pieces of Communist propaganda to American homes. And since April, 1961, the postmen have an added fifteen million pieces of Communist literature to carry to your home at the expense of the U.S. government. Why? Because the Post Office and Customs Bureau revoked the 13-year ban on Red propaganda. Before last year you could not get it unless you requested it. Now you can have it without request, but at the expense of your own tax money. (This bit of information is included among other incredible statistics in a Cardinal Minds-

zenty Foundation press release for July, 1961.)

Just as the health of the body depends on the type of food we feed it, the health of the mind depends on the right mental vitamins, also. If we "are what we eat," then much more are we what we read.



By this time you are probably thinking, "Here we go again! Another plug for the Catholic Press because this is Catholic Press Month!"

No. This is not a commercial. It is a question — one to which I have never been able to find a satisfactory answer.

Why is it that so many people are content with drippings, leftovers, and hash — even poison — for their mental food? Why is it that so few people are as fastidious about their mental diet as they are about their physical intake?

Murderers, rapists, thieves, and crooks of all types have confessed, "I got the idea from a book." On the lovelier side of the coin, saints have said the

same thing. To become more Christlike, to learn more about Christ, they got the idea from a book — the Holy Bible. As Thomas Merton puts it so pithily, "The Word of God is full of the Word of God." That is his slogan for why we should read the Bible.

Could it be that one of the reasons the evil instigated by the *Communist Manifesto* is making such headway is that people are not reading the biggest best seller in the world? Or, if they are reading it, they are not putting into practice what they read? Could it be that we are so blinded by the smog of verbal garbage that we cannot see to read about the Light of the World? Could it be that we are so busy with our noses to the ground sniffing out the foul scent of the enemy that we have become earthy and animal-like and now find it difficult to stand erect to breathe the pure air of Christ's message of love and sacrifice?



I have not found the answer. Have you? I will listen to your answer IF you tell me that you put aside some time every day to read prayerfully and thoughtfully and gratefully God's love story for us — the Holy Bible — and that you do

not compromise with the brilliant truth you find there.

I have a feeling that the answers to the world's problems can be found in Christ's Sermon

on the Mount as reported by St. Matthew in his chapters five through seven. But the sermon must be read — and then lived.

What do you think?

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## Yards by the Gallon

by SISTER CHARLENE

illustrated by Sister Mary George

OUR NEW CONVENT was finished and ready for occupancy. We were delighted with everything, especially with the chapel. Our pastor had himself

supervised all the work. Now that we had moved in, he told us that we could landscape the grounds as we wished.

"You will need quite a bit of fill dirt," Father suggested.

Fill dirt! Where do you get fill dirt? Rather than admit my ignorance, I sought help from the yellow pages of the telephone directory and looked under "Dirt" with something less than hope. But there it was! Fill dirt!

Happily I called the number and asked for an estimate. The man who answered asked how much we would need. I looked out the window at the hole which was our front yard and tried to imagine truck loads of dirt being poured into it. "About five loads," I concluded.



In the yellow pages maybe . . . let's see . . . DIRT . . .



### Would the dirt come past our windows?

ed, hoping it would not reach the windows.

In due time the dirt arrived, and after the fifth truck load I congratulated myself on my foresight. It seemed to be exactly the right amount. Then the first rain came and the ground sank several inches. After that we added one or two loads weekly until I lost count, but the yard finally became firm and even.

By this time we began to look around for some professional help. Our friend, Mr. Van Moos who had cut our grass (gratis) at the old convent, came to our aid. He had a friend in Pasadena, a retired landscape gardener, Mr. Jacober. He would advise us. It was welcome aid, for we had mental pictures of bushes dying in the shade when they should have been planted on the sunny side and vice versa.

After consultation and much planning Mr. Van Moos and Mr. Jacober presented us with the yard on paper. It looked beautiful—that drawing of our yard. It looked scholarly too. Most of the names of bushes and trees I did not recognize, for they were in Latin.

“Now,” said Mr. Jacober getting down to business, “do you want five-gallon bushes or one-gallon ones?”

We looked at him in amazement. Did bushes come by the gallon? This time it would be best to admit our ignorance or heaven knows what we might wind up with. Mr. Jacober explained patiently that the size of the can in which they are delivered determines the size of the bush and its cost. We settled for five-gallon bushes in front, one-gallon in back.

I had been under the impression that to plant bushes, all you did was dig a little hole and bury the roots, but on planting day we were further enlightened.

Early that morning the two men arrived and set up an old card table on the driveway. On this they unrolled the plan and held it firmly in place with two rocks. They carefully set each



**What IS a gallon bush anyway?**

bush near its intended spot and double checked it with the plan. Then they began to dig.

We went out later to inspect



**Our good friends, Mr. Jacober (left) and Mr. Van Moos.**

the work and found mammoth holes. It almost looked as if they intended to bury the six of us.

“What are those for?” we gasped, wondering whether they had decided to plant six trees beneath our windows.

“Rosebushes,” Mr. Jacober said. At our inquiring look, he explained that you have to bury “food” with each bush.

Food for the rosebushes meant fertilizer of various types which the men stamped

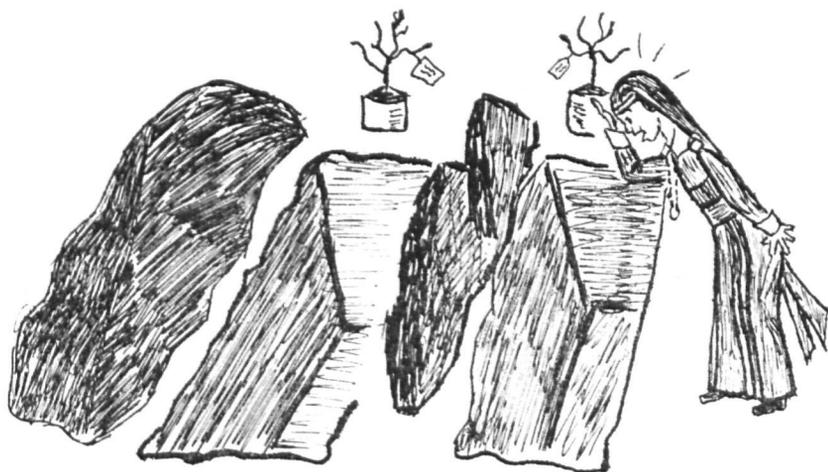
into the holes until they were small enough to receive the bushes themselves. I might add here that the well-fed rose-bushes have not stopped blooming since they were planted over a year ago.

After the bushes and trees were in, the grass was sown. I can still see Mr. Jacober spreading it on the lawn. He would have nothing to do with those ineffective spreaders. He used his own hands, looking exactly like a picture of the sower in the parable.

We watered the lawn faithfully. Every day we stooped to

watch for the tiny green sprouts to come up. It seemed long, and then almost overnight the whole lawn took on a faint green hue as thousands of blades of grass burst forth at once.

Now our grass is the greenest in Montclair and the bushes have grown to ten-gallon size. Everyone is pleased especially on hot summer evenings when we can have a picnic supper on the green carpet of our backyard. We find here the relaxation necessary to restore our lost energy and begin a new day in a different sort of sowing and planting in the Lord's vineyard.



It looked as if they wanted to bury all six of us!

*Good Catholic families like the Remleys make real sacrifices to accommodate religion classes for public school children. Finding a place to teach is always a problem for catechetical sisters.*



**Mrs. Lightbody's class has an interested visitor, the pastor, Father Duggan.**

WE NEEDED a released time teaching center for two of our religion classes of Mountain View School, Azusa, California. The center would have to be very close to the public school so that we would not lose precious time going and coming. Besides, it would have to accommodate two groups, for the fourth and fifth graders were released from Mountain View at the same period.

## IDEAL CENTER

by SISTER MARY MONICA

Convinced that the Catholic families nearest to school did not have the facilities, Sister Rita Ann and I tried the next street — Duell. Arriving at 704 Duell, we approached the mother of a Catholic family of six, Mrs. Remley, and told her our needs. She listened sympathetically and said, "I would be more than happy to let you use what we have, Sister, but I don't think it is adequate."

It was with little hope, then, that we accompanied Mrs. Remley on a tour of her grounds.

"What a lovely patio," I exclaimed. (And in the patio were six desks which, Mrs. Remley explained, had been given to the children so that they could play school.) "This would make an ideal classroom."

The patio was sheltered by a roof and three side walls. Just

the thing for one of our classes! Then, glancing in the rear of the yard, I could see the garage.

"Could we possibly use the garage for the other class, Mrs. Remley?" I asked.

She was somewhat reluctant to give an answer. Her husband did not use the garage for the car, but as a storage place.

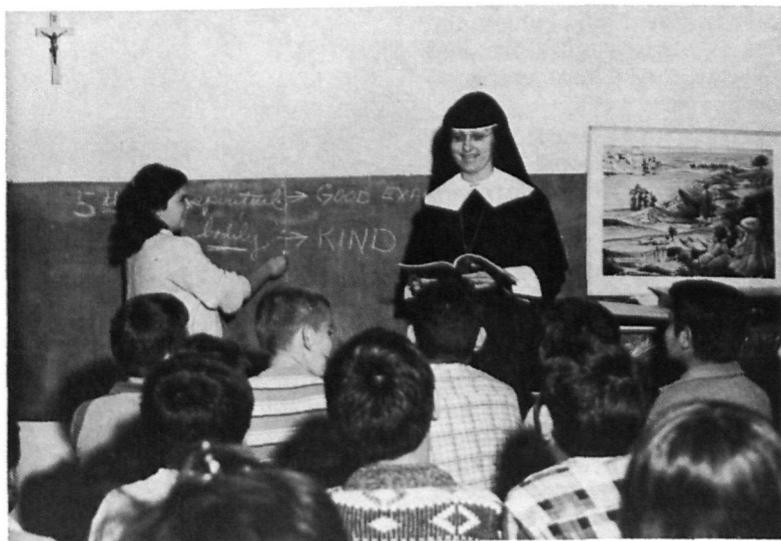
"I will have to talk to my husband about it and then I will let you know."

How happy we were when we received a call that same evening telling us that we might use the garage provided we could hold off for a couple of weeks while Mr. Remley cleaned it out.

On the first day of school I taught on the lawn while one of our lay teachers, Mrs. Lightbody, taught in the patio. Each week we watched the progress of the garage classroom.

Then on the third week Mrs. Remley told us that everything was ready. And what a classroom it was! Mr. Remley had not only cleaned it out, but had put up plyboard walls and painted them white. Moreover, he had painted the whole middle section of the front wall with blackboard paint, making it an ideal chalkboard.

The problem of a teaching center had been solved by the self-sacrificing generosity of the Remley family.



See what Sister Mary Monica means when she says the Remley garage makes a perfect classroom?

AN EXTRA

An assignment in the second grade text book is: "Draw a picture of yourself going to religion class." As I looked over the pictures I noticed on one of them an extra boy — way out at the edge of the picture.

"And who is this?" I inquired of the artist.

"Oh," replied the owner of the book, "that is a bad boy who doesn't want to go to catechism class."

SISTER CARMEN

\* \* \*

EVICTED WEEKLY

Do you like surprises? Does the unknown future challenge you? If you do and it does, then come to one of our catechetical centers in San Pedro where the future is always unknown and you are in for at least one good surprise every week.

When we go to school to meet the children, they come running and shouting, "Where are we going to have class today, Sister?"

To be truthful, sometimes even Sister does not know the answer. Keeping the same teaching center in this district is a difficulty. Lumber crowded us out of a hall. Muddy feet moved us out of a few living rooms. (There are no garage classrooms here.) Now many of the apartments are being moved to make way for a big shopping center.

# In the Home Field

Our motto has become "Keep smiling and keep hunting." The two sisters and two lay teachers who staff this center have organized an "Evicted Weekly Club," with themselves charter members.

SISTER MARIE CELINE

## LIKE MOTHER'S

I had been showing the class a picture of the Holy Family. Mary was grinding wheat. When I called on Gloria to explain the picture, she said, "Mary is making tortillas."

SISTER ROSE ZITA



Sister Agatha Marie with Ralph and Clifford on their First Communion Day. Los Banos, Calif.

## ADVICE FOR MOTHER

Marsha was happy to learn that Mother was going to go to catechism too. (Mother had just enrolled in the CCD adult education training course.) The little girl thought it best to give her mother some practical advice before she attended Sister's class.

"The first thing Sister will tell you is to put your dress over your knees."

SISTER ANGELICA

\* \* \*

## MISSION TRIP

We are now teaching the children in Eureka, Nevada, one of the missions formerly cared for by our sisters when they were still in Ely — before the Catholic school was established there. We can go only twice a month. It means a round trip of 230 miles from our convent in Elko.

SISTER AGATHA

\* \* \*

## WHAT ELSE?

Sister to first graders: God gave Adam a body. His body could do many wonderful things. What could Adam do with his eyes?

Johnny: See things.

Sister: Right, Johnny. What could Adam do with his ears?

Susan: Hear.

Sister: And what could Adam do with his nose?

David: Blow it.

SISTER STEPHEN

# *Around Victory Noll*

WHAT'S the matter, hasn't anything happened Around Victory Noll lately? Yes, but after we settled down to the regular school year routine, the time slipped by and we did not realize how long it was since we had reported Victory Noll happenings.

## **CCD Congress**

One of the biggest events last fall did not take place Around Victory Noll but it involved Victory Noll very much. It took place in the Big State of Texas. We mean the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Congress in Dallas. Mother Cecilia and over fifty of our sisters attended it. Several had prominent parts in the program.

Besides Mother, Sister Mary Lucille and Sister Joseph Adele went from Victory Noll. Texas, of course, had the largest representation of OLVMS, but sisters were there, also, from Michigan, Colorado, California, and Oklahoma.

## **Welcome Home Program**

When Mother returned from her visitation of some of our missions, the novices presented a welcome home program that everyone enjoyed very much.

Its main feature was a series of tableaux on the apparition of Our Lady of Guadalupe. We know now that the novices not only have a flare for dramatics, but are going to have no trouble making themselves understood in Spanish when they leave Victory Noll for the missions.

Besides the tableaux, we had some very delightful music, the postulants joining the novices in several songs. Now our biggest worry Around Victory Noll is who is going to furnish the accordion music when Sister Rose Angela and Sister Marie Elizabeth are professed next summer. It just happens that our two accordion-playing novices are in the same class.

The evening ended with a pinata. It came from Mexico and was in the shape of a bull's head. He looked vicious enough but proved to be not invulnerable. Josephine, our youngest postulant, gave him a resounding whack almost on the first try. Very soon the goodies fell out and there was a scramble for them.

## **Trade Stamps**

If we have not mentioned trade stamps lately, it isn't that we have enough. Sister Mary

does have all we need for a refrigerator but she still needs 110 Gold Bond books for the freezer she would like to get for the infirmary. Notice they have to be Gold Bond. If they give these stamps where you live and you can spare any, we will be deeply grateful for them. Lest you think we want *only* Gold Bond, let us hasten to add that we can use all kinds of stamps and coupons.

### Capuchins' Gift

One of our nicest Christmas gifts was, as always, the Mass the Capuchin Fathers from St. Felix Friary in Huntington offered for us in our own chapel. Father Hilary was the celebrant and gave the sermon.

Father Kurt was deacon, Father Baldwin, sub-deacon, and the novices, minor officers. The other novices sang the Mass.

Afterward we served them breakfast and then they entertained us with a most enjoyable musical program. The morning ended with an inspirational talk by Father Hilary and the Blessing of St. Francis — first in song and then in reality as we knelt for the simultaneous blessing given by the three Capuchin Fathers.

This brings events Around Victory Noll pretty much up to date — that is, up to mid-year exams. When they are over, postulants and novices will breathe a little easier.



Victory Noll patio at this time of year.

# Adventures in Visiting

by SISTER MARION



It doesn't look as if anyone lives here, but Sister Mary Gabrielle (left) and Sister Mary Evelyn are not taking a chance.

**T**AKING CENSUS in rural districts is always more exciting, it seems to me, than in cities. It is often a real challenge to find the right roads. In many of our missions winter brings its special problems. Extra caution is necessary on country roads.

One day we had taken a road

that seemed little used. It led to a small house that to all appearances was empty and forsaken. It seemed useless to knock at the door. We went all around the house to see whether there were any signs of life, but could find none. We were thinking of returning to our car when I suggested to the sister with me, "Let's look in

the window just to make sure no one lives here."

To my surprise and embarrassment three pairs of eyes met mine. Caught in the act, we knocked at the door and explained the purpose of our visit.

Another time we met an elderly woman who admitted she was a Catholic but had not practiced her religion for over fifty years. She had been married outside the Church but her husband was now dead. She was crippled with arthritis and had other infirmities.

We spoke to her about making her peace with God in order to prepare to meet Him. "Oh no," she said, "I am not afraid to die. I've led a good clean life."

We gave her a green scapular and some prayer leaflets and asked her to say the prayers. The following Friday we happened to be at the rectory talking over with the pastor some of the persons we had recently visited when the telephone rang. It was the prior of the Benedictine Monastery who called to tell Father that the woman we had visited was very ill and had called him. (The monastery is near her home.) He went to her and administered the sacraments. She died a few weeks later.

One morning we set out to find a Catholic family living at the end of a trail, far away

from the lonely country road. Our visit caused much excitement, for they seldom had any company at all, much less sisters.

The boy was helping his father at the barn and when he saw us he shouted, "The sisters are here!"

In his excitement he slammed the door and locked his father in the barn. Unaware of what he had done, he raced to the house to greet us.

We were ready to leave when the boy's father arrived and apologized for his tardiness, explaining what had happened. He had had to take the hinges off the barn door in order to get out.

Then the mother confided that the boy had made a bet with his father that we would not be able to find their house, tucked away as it was behind the hills.

Another time, when we were out visiting in the country, we came across a little shack on a hill. An elderly man answered our knock. We told him we were looking for Catholic families and asked him whether he had been baptized a Catholic.

"Well now," he drawled, "I wasn't fetched up that way."

Though it is often hard to find them and some roads seem to lead nowhere, we keep on looking for those who were "fetched up that way."

Please tell me what the initials PHSR stand for? You use them frequently in your magazine, but I confess they are beyond me.

Parish High School of Religion. It is the "official" name for CCD high school classes and we would like to see it more widely used. Likewise, it is better to say Parish School of Religion to designate the religion classes.

This term, of course, would include all the grades from first through senior high, but it is better to distinguish the high school classes by PHSR. The high schoolers themselves like it and in most cases, their classes are held at different times from the lower grades.

Above all, do not refer to the religion classes as "Catechism" or "Sunday School." Need we tell you that in this day and age?

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In a recent issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST Sister Marie wrote of creative homework. Her emphasis was especially on the artistic side. Here she elaborates still more and includes other types as well. We believe all catechists will find her suggestions useful.

We have found that once the written homework pattern is established, "creative assignments" are entered into with more enthusiasm and are more fruitful than the type of home-

## Your CCD Question

work that requires the mere answering of the questions and problems in the catechism text. The "creative homework assignments" give each individual an opportunity for self-expression by which the teacher obtains insights into the child's thinking, capabilities, interests, and talents.

Here are a few examples of "creative homework assignments" that have brought gratifying results.

1. (7th grade) Write a short story including in it the form for emergency baptism.
2. (7th and 8th grades) Draw a chart showing the various degrees of life, including sanctifying grace.
3. (2nd grade) See who can make the longest list of gifts we have received from our Father in heaven.
4. (3rd grade) Draw a picture of your family praying the Family Rosary.
5. (8th grade) Write an essay on what you learned in today's class.

This last assignment helps the catechist to see what points were learned and **how** they were understood. It also indicates what might need more clarification in a future class.

## BOOKS



*Come, Let Us Worship* by Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B. Benedictine Studies. Helicon Press, Baltimore 27, Md. \$4.50

Except for the last chapter (a reprint of an article published originally in the *Association of American Colleges Bulletin*), this book is made up of addresses Father Godfrey delivered at Liturgical Weeks. They are not arranged chronologically but rather in an order that leads to a better understanding of each subject.

Appropriately, the first chapter is called "Popular Participation and the History of Christian Piety," a lecture delivered in 1959. In explaining the reasons for the decline of participation and the obscuring of the real spirit of the liturgy, Father Godfrey avoids over-simplifying the issue by putting all the blame on the Reformation or, as others have done, on the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Rather, he goes back to the reaction against the Arian heresy and the resultant attitude to-

ward Christ who was no longer looked upon as our Elder Brother who offers sacrifice for us.

Today, thanks to the patient efforts of men like Father Godfrey, holy Mass is again being understood as a common action of the people of God, with and through their priests, and especially with and through their High Priest, Jesus Christ. Though we still have a long way to go, much progress has been made.

In other lectures Father Godfrey treats of the sacraments in general, of baptism in particular, and of the meaning of Sunday. He comments on the Church Year, on Mary as model of our worship, and on the role of the bishop, our high priest. There is a truly magnificent chapter titled "The Marriage of Christ and the Church." Every lecture, of course, centers around the Holy Eucharist, which is the very heart of the liturgy.

One of the addresses was first given as long ago as 1940. Two others were delivered before *Mediator Dei*. No doubt some readers will wish that all had been brought "up to date." We believe that it was wiser to leave them just as they are. Father Reinhold did just that when he published his essays that had

appeared in various periodicals over the years. Subsequent developments and pronouncements prove the accuracy of what we might call the unerring instinct of Father Reinhold and Father Diekmann in matters concerning the liturgy. We should be thankful that we have liturgists of their caliber right here in our own country.

The Most Rev. Edward D. Howard, D.D., Archbishop of Portland in Oregon, has written an interesting foreword to this book. There is a bibliography given at the end of the first chapter. According to the table of contents, a bibliography was intended to be placed between the last chapter and the index. This is not there. If this is a defect in the publishing, it should be remedied, for such a bibliography would be valuable.

*Meditations on the Old Testament: Wisdom* by Gaston Brillet, C.Or., translated by Jane Wynne Saul, R.S.C.J. Desclée Co., Inc., New York 7, N. Y. \$3.75

This is the fourth and last of the series of excellent meditations by Father Brillet which we have reviewed on these pages. The author follows the same pattern he did when treating the Narratives, Psalms, and Prophecies.

Besides the short meditations on the Wisdom Books, this volume contains thirty-one meditations on feasts of the Church Year emphasizing their connection with Israel. These are especially commendable and help us to realize what we might call our Jewish spiritual heritage.

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## In Memoriam

Sister Dora, O.L.V.M., Victory Noll

Louis Wilbers, Jefferson City, Mo., father of Sister Louise, O.L.V.M., and Sister Eloise, O.L.V.M.

Rev. Daniel Linfert, O.F.M., Cincinnati, Ohio

Rev. Matthew Miller, O.F.M., Brookline, Mass.

Sister M. Augusta, P.H.J.C., Donaldson, Ind.

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

Mrs. Ruth Mehring, Huntington, Ind.

Dennis Dennihan, Elkhart, Ind.

Andrew Bernedt, Hammond, Ind.

John J. Schmidt, Cincinnati, Ohio

Catherine Reeb, Columbus, Ohio

Quentin Sweigart, Philadelphia, Pa.

Louis Bruhnke, Chicago

## *Sister Dora Wilke, O.L.V.M.*

Sister Dora, O.L.V.M., the former Dorothy Wilke, died at Victory Noll Thursday, December 14, at 7:55 p.m.

Although Sister Dora was ill for a year, she was not confined to bed until a month before her death. Always ready to give herself unselfishly to helping her sisters, she was reluctant to put others to what she considered the trouble of waiting on her.

Sister Dora was born in Rotterdam, Holland, November 13, 1904, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Wilke. The family moved to the United States when Sister Dora was ten years old.

Sister entered Victory Noll from Chicago in April, 1927, and made her first profession of vows on August 15, 1929. For the last fourteen years she was stationed at Victory Noll. Before that she did mission work in the Southwest.

Two other members of Sister Dora's family are religious: Sister M. Alphonso and Sister M. Julien, both Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana. She is survived also by a brother, Walter C. Wilke, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; and two sisters from Michigan City, Indiana: Mrs. F. W. Regan and Mrs. Johanna Willard.

Sister Dora's sisters, her brother-in-law, Mr. Regan, and a number of nieces and nephews attended her funeral. The services were held at Victory Noll Saturday, December 16, at 10:30 a.m.

The Very Rev. Msgr. James P. Conroy, chaplain, was celebrant of the Mass and conducted the burial service. Deacon of the Mass was the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph R. Crowley, editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*, who resides at Victory Noll. The Rev. Father Francis, O.F.M.Cap., St. Felix Friary, Huntington, was sub-deacon; and the Rev. Father Baldwin, O.F.M.Cap., master of ceremonies. Brother Bede, O.F.M.Cap., and Brother Melchior, O.F.M.Cap., were minor officers of the Mass. Acolytes were John Moran and Louis Stoffel of the Knights of Columbus Servers Club. Present also were the Rev. Edward A. Miller, pastor of St. Mary's church, Huntington; the Rev. Raymond Balzer, assistant pastor; and the Rev. John J. Sigstein, our Founder.

We beg you to keep Sister in your prayers together with the other Victory Noll Sisters who have preceded her in death. May her soul and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

## *Editor's By-Line*

Yesterday was our regular day of recollection — the first Sunday of the month. It was a glorious day, cold but sunny. Victory Noll was still buried beneath last week's heavy snowfall.

I put on boots and tramped around in all the woody places where only the rabbits had been. Their tracks were everywhere. I had not noticed before how funny they were—as if they were wearing some kind of bunny-regulation snow shoes.

The tracks I left were funny, too, and the rabbit world must still be puzzling over them. The snow was deep in places and I found myself stepping in over my boots. Here and there my habit brushed across the top of the snow.

It was hard to distinguish the boundaries of the lake. A stranger would not know a lake was there. Everything was one vast field of snow. The novices and postulants will have to do some work before they can skate again.

All the crosses and the towers of the buildings were weighted with snow. The branches of the tall evergreens were decorated

as no human hand could decorate them. The smaller, round trees looked like giant snowballs.

Closer to the house were the figures of the snow family the postulants made. They were still holding their own in the cold, brisk air.

I love snow. If I were a poet I would sing its praises. If I were an artist, I would paint snow scenes. I like the kind the late Grandma Moses used to paint—scenes such as a child would draw.

It is nicest to see the snow come down, swirling lazily, every exquisite flake a story of God's omnipotence. If St. Teresa of Avila had lived in a northern climate, I sometimes think she would have been fascinated by snow and would have loved to use it as a figure as much as she loved and used water as a symbol.

Snow covers winter's barrenness and makes everything white and innocent. It transforms dark, drab patches of ground and changes it into something bright and dazzling. Though it would not do to push the analogy too far, it makes me think of God's grace which transforms the soul and makes it shining and beautiful. SEA

# It *Could* Happen

by SISTER PAUL MARIE

"BUT, SISTER, it can't happen here," was the opinion of most of the high school religion class after they had read **The Red Iceberg**.

All were not so sure. At least they felt that they could and



The CCD needs zealous teenagers like Lydia and Lupe.



Lydia (seated) and Lupe with Sister Anne Veronica, their teacher in FHSR.

should do something to stem the tide of Communism. Among the latter were Lydia Perez and Lupe Delgado who reasoned that if Catholic children were well instructed in their religion, they would not fall so easily for Communist propaganda. They offered their services in the parish school of religion.

For over a year Lydia and Lupe have been faithful helpers at St. Marcellinus Center, Los Angeles, every Saturday morning. Too, they helped us during religious vacation school. They are looking forward to attending CCD teacher training so that they can teach also.

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