

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Easter Joy

Alleluia! He is risen!

**Past is Calvary, tragic, gory.
Conquering death, from sin He leads
us
On to grace, from grace to glory.**

Indeed He has truly risen!

**Does it not seem that on this day
Of Our Savior's Resurrection
God has torn the veil away?**

**Don't you catch a glimpse of Heaven?
Hear Angels sing in thrilling voice
"Alleluia!" while hearts echo,
"Queen of Heav'n, rejoice, rejoice!"**

**After we have, with Jesus, risen,
Easter Joy will never cease
When in triumph we're united
To our King, the Prince of Peace.**

SISTER CAROL

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

April 1962

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Victory Noll Press



COVER

Sister Eileen Therese lights the Paschal Candle, symbol of our Risen-Lord.

CREDITS

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Pat and Elizabeth discover that difficult tasks are easy when they do them for Jesus.

Lent With a Smile

Dear Sister Grace

Pat, Elizabeth and all of us hope you had a joyous Easter, especially because you have helped us have one.

Your little papers for points to bring the children closer to Jesus have done us some good.

Pat always made a fuss when

he had to gather the eggs. Now he goes without being told and "smiles" as he does.

Elizabeth had an awful time when I combed her hair. All the snarls brought such yells and sobs. Now she says nothing and "smiles" too. All this because of the little "difficult task done with a smile" — and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

We have no TV so the children didn't get points for NOT watching. I feel you should know, as it always made their points low; but they did try to do the other things on the list.

Thankfully yours
Jane Herron

* * * *

The grateful mother who wrote this letter to Sister Grace was referring to the Lenten practices that Sister had recommended to the children in her class.

At the beginning of Lent Sister gave each child a mimeographed sheet with the words LIVING OUR LENT WITH JESUS across the top. Underneath were the following directions:

"Practice these penances to make your body and soul strong! Accept your cross as Jesus did on Good Friday, and then share in His *Victory* on Easter Sunday! Instructions: Mark your points in the proper column each time you do one of the penances. At the end of each week, total your column and make a report of your total

points at class. Your total points will be added to that of the other boys and girls to make one great act of love of God from all of us. (Notice that some penances earn one point, others more, each time you do them. Also, some can be done more than once a day.)"

In the first column were the number of points earned. Then came the list of penances or practices, followed by six columns, one for each week of Lent. Below was a space to total the points for each week.

Heading the list was the penance Mrs. Herron referred to explicitly: "A difficult task done with a smile." Then followed practices that most boys and girls the age of Pat and Elizabeth could observe: TV—only one hour a day; No candy, gum, pop, or potato chips; Rising as soon as called; Devout morning prayers; Going to bed when told; Devout night prayers and examination of conscience; Devout visit to the Blessed Sacrament; An extra five minutes of study a day; Extra prayers before my Crucifix at home; Devout prayers before *and* after a meal; Rosary; Devout Holy Communion; A Weekday Mass; Stations of the Cross; Lenten Devotions.

Jim Moseley of Detroit is an apostolic young man. An English major at the University of Detroit, Jim is on the staff of one of our schools of religion. Sister Marie tells us more about him in this

Interview With Jim

by SISTER MARIE

Q. How long have you been teaching in the CCD School of Religion?

A. I have been teaching for five years.

Q. What grades have you taught?

A. I taught the first grade for three years. Then I graduated to fifth grade. I've been working with fifth graders for two years.

Q. How did you get started in this work?

A. I substituted for one of my friends—now a young sister—and I've been here ever since. I haven't missed a *single class* either!

Q. Who are in the picture with you?

A. Richard Wandzel and Belinda Turrin, two of my twenty-nine fifth grade students.

Q. What are you describing?

A. I am explaining to the class how the sacrifice of the Mass is the same as the sacrifice of the cross.

Q. What do you find most re-

warding about teaching religion?

A. Being able to hand on to boys and girls the priceless heritage of their Faith.

Q. Why do you want to continue this work?

A. If, in my years of effort, one soul is saved, my work will have been successful.

Q. What have you done to promote the catechetical apostolate?

A. I have gotten two of my friends interested in the work. One is now teaching a fourth grade class; the other, a sixth.

Q. What is the one question adults most frequently ask about your work?

A. "Do you get paid for the work?" is the "all-important" question. To this I answer "Yes," but then I clarify it by explaining that I get paid spiritually, not materially.

Q. What is the most frequent problem you experience each week?



Jim Moseley, Detroit, is teaching CCD classes for the fifth consecutive year — and with a perfect attendance record!

- A. Discipline is the most common problem. But we must always remember that we get the students after school when they'd rather be playing baseball or watching television.
- Q. How is the problem remedied?
- A. It's really very simple: Make the class interesting, tell a story, use visual aids. Above all, **BE PREPARED.**
- Q. What are your plans for the future?
- A. I am an English major at the University of Detroit. I am going to teach on the secondary level.
- Q. What suggestions have you to give to people who may be interested in teaching religion?
- A. Each week we are called upon to bring Christ into our pupils' lives. It is a spiritually rewarding experience. We read in the Book of Daniel: "They that instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity." We are doing Christ's work. Good teachers are needed. Your pupils will learn from your example. Live a good life and the boys and girls will see Christ in you.

Our Deer Friend

by SISTER RITA THERESE

IT WAS a warm, sunny California day as Sister Christopher and I drove down the highway between the coastal mountain ranges. We were returning from Monterey to our convent in Solvang.

We made a slight detour from our usual route and after nearly a half-hour drive through the quiet country-side, arrived at Mission San Antonio de Padua. It is the third of the

famous missions founded by Father Junipero Serra. I was immediately awed by the peacefulness of this lovely mission nestled against the picturesque Santa Lucia Mountains.

A Franciscan Brother took us on a tour through the mission. It has been restored as far as possible and looks now, much as it did when the Padres did such wonderful work there



Sister Rita Therese feeds Bambi while Sister Christopher waits her turn.

among the Indians. After the tour Brother told us how to reach the picnic grounds in the rear of the mission. And so we took our lunch and hurried off to satisfy "Brother Body."

We found a bench, said our prayers, and settled down with the lunch-bag between us. Suddenly we were startled by the rushing patter of little feet — four to be exact! Then we found ourselves looking into the *biggest, softest, brownest* eyes we had ever seen. They literally loomed out of a most doleful, pleading face.

Where "Bambi" came from neither of us knew. Perhaps he had been standing in the shade of one of the nearby trees, quietly observing our arrival. Undoubtedly it was the aroma from the lunch-bag that brought him on the run.

Sister Christopher reached into the bag for the sandwiches only to have a warm, moist nose plunge in with her. We got him out and closed the bag. In the midst of our laughter we contemplated our next move.

We could go back to the car, but the idea of eating in a hot car immediately met with "thumbs down" from both of us. We decided to continue our merry game with Bambi, the object being, of course, to get the food to our mouths before our deer friend took it from our hands or the lunch-bag. We

realized that this would call for a bit of strategy. Mine consisted in standing up with my back to Bambi. But while I guarded the approach from my right, he would appear at my left elbow. And vice versa! So after each bite of my sandwich I held it above my head until I was ready for the next bite.

Then Sister Christopher tried *her* strategy. We had more than enough lettuce so she tossed him a nice piece. He sniffed and poked his nose up at it. A piece of meat dropped out of my sandwich. He would have none of that either! The tea and the fruit brought a couple more lunge, but after a sniff of each he turned away from them, too.

By this time he seemed to become interested again in the lettuce and in the leaves of the surrounding trees, so we relaxed and ate in peace. That is — until Sister Christopher reached into the bag for the cookies. In the moment that Sister and I were off guard, Bambi dashed for the bag like a streak of lightning. So THAT was what he wanted! Well, neither of us could be *that* heartless! Besides, there were those *big, soft, pleading brown eyes!* So we shared our cookies with him, taking turns feeding him.

Lunch finished, it was with a tinge of regret that we said goodbye to Bambi and were on our way again.

Sister Ann Therese, O.L.V.M., is Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Supervisor of Secondary Education in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles.

What Kind of Sister?

by SISTER ANN THERESE



Sister Ann Therese with Mrs. Mary Maher, retired school principal who is not only teaching freshmen girls in PHSR in Redondo Beach, but is also giving a teacher training course to adults.

IN MY MANY contacts with Catholics throughout the archdiocese, I am often asked about the work of our Congregation. Of all the inquirers, none was ever so persistent as Tom.

"Sister," he asked rather confidentially, "are you a *real* sister?"

This was not a new question. I had heard it before. I responded with a bright and emphatic, "Why, of course."

However, matters were not to be settled that readily for nine-year-old Tommy.

"I mean, Sister, are you a sister that takes vows?"

Here was a lad who knew something about sisters! I was on the witness stand. I told Tom that we did take vows.

"But, Sister, if you take vows and are a real sister, why don't you dress like our Sisters of Mercy?" came his next query.

Evidently this little chap was not to be put off easily. I explained then that the time in which a religious community was founded, the kind of work it did, all had an influence on the style of a sister's habit. As I recounted some of the thrilling experiences that are ours in our work with souls, the fleeting thought came, "Oh, would that this were a girl!"

As I turned to leave my little friend, I was stopped by a final query. "Just one more question, Sister," Tom pleaded with real

earnestness. "Are there any priests who do work like you do?"

His question recalled another talk I had had with a boy. This one was an eighth grader who helped me carry supplies at one of our district meetings. He also had been inquisitive.

"Sister, what kind of sister are you?"

I told him I was a Missionary Sister and added, "We teach ONLY religion."

Awe-struck, he looked at me in amazement. "Gee," he said softly, "you must be close to God, Sister."

My puzzled expression called for an explanation. Slightly embarrassed at the audacity of the implication, he hesitatingly explained, "Well . . . I mean . . . all sisters are close to God, but you talk about Him all day!"

The following letter was addressed: Sisters of Our Lady of Victory, Information Div., Huntington, Indiana.

Dear Sisters

I read in Our Sunday Visitor where it said your order—order of the Sisters of Our Lady of Victory—do the work I like too. But I am a boy, not a girl. It said: The sisters teach religion to Catholic children who attend public schools.

I know a place in the state of Illinois. It is: St. Edward,, Ill. Can you go there to do the work for God that you do in other places?

George

TEAM WORK

We have been having a social hour for our high school boys and girls twice a month. Trying to get them to substitute other kinds of dancing for rock and roll is a problem. They do admit that once you know what you are doing, square dancing is a lot of fun.

Only those who are faithful in attending PHSR are eligible for the socials. One evening several boys tried hard to crash the party. After receiving the same refusal from three sisters, they left with the comment, "You guys sure do stick together!"

SISTER MARY EVELYN

* * * *

OBEDIENT

Sister Mary Kathleen's attention to the Sunday sermon was distracted by the commotion among the boys a few seats

In the Home Field

ahead. Neil was the worst culprit, and she determined to remove him to a safer seat beside her.

As soon as the congregation stood for the Creed, Sister approached the trouble spot and called in a firm whisper, "Neil!"

Three rows of boys fell to their knees in startled obedience, and all Sister could say was, "Stand up — and keep quiet, young man."

There must be some other way to correct Neil.

SISTER MIRIAM

* * * *

LOVE NOTE

The mother of one of my second graders was just about to leave home for Mass one morning when she noticed a piece of paper sticking out from

the crucifix on the wall. She investigated and found a note in her little boy's handwriting. "I love you, Jesus," he had written.

Johnny, having no idea that his mother had seen the note and reported it to me, told me very confidentially what he had done, adding, "I hope Jesus got the note."

SISTER DENNIS ROSE

* * * *

VANITY OF WOMEN

Maryanne came to the preschool class very faithfully but said never a word. Her mother assured me she could speak. In vain I tried to make her answer a question or speak or pray. She was absolutely mute.

One day as the children were leaving the room, I noticed that

Maryanne had left her little purse on her desk. I called after her and as I handed her the purse I said, "What a pretty little purse you have, Maryanne."

She stopped, took the purse and then said clearly and distinctly, "Yes, it is pretty, and I have a hat to match and it looks nice on me too."

It was I who was speechless this time. Maryanne has been talking ever since.

SISTER MARY GABRIELLE

* * * *

TOO MUCH NOISE

"Let me hear you say the Hail Mary, Debra," I said.

"Hail Mary, full of grace; there is so much noise at home."

The prayer and Debra's reason for not knowing it were all rolled into one.

SISTER CONSTANCE



In the middle of California's vast cotton fields, at a place called Ora Loma, you will see a row of vacated (or so they look to the passerby) cabins. For two Missionary Sisters from Los Banos, these cabins are classrooms for sixty children. Here is Sister Agatha Marie with one of her groups.

Sister Leo with some of the children who come to the Gary-Alerding Settlement House in Gary, Ind., for playtime after school.



Shepherd- of-the- Hills- Country

by SISTER CLARE MARIE



Sister Clare Marie giving the religious articles to the man who lives in the trailer.

HOME VISITING and census work fill our days with many new and interesting incidents. A few days ago we visited a man who is in his eighties and lives alone in an old trailer. His daughter, who lives in a distant city, had called the pastor to ask him to look after her father for he had been sick and she was worried about him.

Father asked us to visit the man. We found him in remarkably good physical health, but spiritually not so good. He had not been to Mass and the sacraments for a long time. It took a bit of talking but we finally convinced him of the import-

ance of getting back to the Church and he promised that he would. We gave him a rosary, a Sacred Heart badge, and a green scapular. We left, entrusting him to the care of the Sacred Heart and His Immaculate Mother. Of course we intend to return again and we know too that Father will visit him.

There are still many places in the Ozarks where sisters have never been before, much less have they been seen knocking on doors. We realize this when we see people stand perfectly still as we pass them on the street just to have the chance to "look." We knock on

a door and hear such exclamations as "Oh-h-h-h-h" when it is opened.

Children may say, "Mommy! There's . . . somebody here!"

"Who is it, darling?" comes from a back room.

"I-I-I . . . don't know! Hurry! Come and see!"

At times we hear something like this:

"Sister, you're not from Missouri, are you?"

"No, I'm from Minnesota. Why?"

"You all just don't talk like we do."

"I don't? Well, how do I talk?"

"Well, I don't know, but you all just don't talk like we do."

This is what they mean. If it is necessary to ask directions to get to someone's house, this is how they will give them:

"Ya go as fur as ya can down that road. Then ya go down that ether road a piece. Ya come to a turn; then go sauth until ya come to a condemned bridge. Maybe it's washed out by nau, but it's not safe anyway, so we just leave the car and cross the river a-foot. It's safer thataway. The other day I had to take a tractor over to

my neighbor and that was the only way to cross and I couldn't take a chance on having my tractor go down with the bridge, so I just pulled my tractor through the water . . ."

One day — a free day — we went high up into the hill country. The trip was truly as advertized: "A showcase of Ozark scenery and traditions."

The "Shepherd of the Hills" farm is famous as the authentic setting of Harold Bell Wright's best seller. At certain times of year the story is dramatized here by local talent in an outdoor setting. We were unable to attend the play, since it is held in the evening, but we were invited to stay for at least part of the rehearsal which was being held in the afternoon. Needless to say, we enjoyed it very much.

The play is advertized like this: "You will find yourself an eye-witness to the horse back rides of the vigilante-like Bald-Knobbers who made their own laws and enforced them with fearful vigor. You will stare in disbelief at the burning of the Shepherd's cabin and watch with horror the vicious fight of Young Matt and Wash Gibbs."

Incidentally, we had a lengthy chat with the man who plays Wash Gibbs. He truly

resembles a character out of the Wild West. His hair is long and when we saw him, he was well-armed. We came upon him as he sat next to the corral waiting for riders for his horses and mules. We asked him many questions and he politely answered them all. Pointing to a long, narrow box close by I asked, "What is that?" I was curious, for it looked suspiciously like a coffin.

Seriously Wash's counterpart answered, "Oh, that? Sister, I made that for my coffin but then discovered it wasn't big enough so I decided to use it for the feed box for my horses and mules."

He introduced us to his friends who were in the play as the "sisters we have seen on TV"!

Co-Missioners

by SISTER MARY REGIS

BOBBY AND GENE were brothers. They were united in Faith and in suffering. For ten years muscular dystrophy had been crippling their limbs; yet their spirits were undaunted.

Although they had no Catholic background, the boys wanted very much to join the Church. Their Protestant parents permitted us to instruct their invalid sons in their home.

Bobby and Gene looked forward eagerly to our weekly visit. They learned to suffer joyfully for God. We called them our co-missioners and asked them to offer their sufferings for the conversion of sinners.

After the boys made their First Communion we contin-

ued their religious instruction. Several months passed and one day when we went to the house we discovered that Bobby could not talk. His throat was affected. A short time afterward Gene's throat too suffered from the disease. Both boys, however, wanted us to continue teaching them. We could tell from their smiles and from their eyes that they were eager to learn all they could of God's love.

It was not long, though, before God called them to their reward. Bobby died first, at the age of sixteen. Gene longed to be with his brother. He died the day Bobby was buried.

It was a privilege to teach these boys. We learned from them the joy found in suffering.

God's Little Whistler

by SISTER M. DE PAUL

IT WAS UNIQUE; positively unique. It was shrill. It was clear. It was even melodious. But most of all it was loud. Benny had a whistle that was Benny's very own.

Eleven summers had passed in Benny's life; eleven years of the colloquial "three strikes against him." To get him to come to religion class was something just this side of miraculous. Benny was a likeable lad, and a good one too, considering his environment.

One day we met Benny on the corner. Sitting on an old orange crate, he was watching the endless flow of traffic, and of course he was whistling.

"That's quite a whistle you have, Benny. I've never heard anyone who could do it so well," I began.

"Gosh, Sister, do you *really* like it?"

As if an electric current had gone through the orange crate, Benny was on his feet looking excitedly at us with a funny grin.

"Of course I like it, Benny. I've heard you whistle before, but I never had the chance to tell you about it."

Then it was *our* turn to be surprised. Benny took our brief cases and escorted us across the street to the convent, talking all the way.

That was the beginning. Class the next day brought one surprise after another. First, Benny appeared. Besides, he actually took part in class; AND, he stayed after class to help "clean up." Incidentally, he whistled while he cleaned.

The climax came not long afterward when we had a General Communion for all the children. Father was to offer Mass at eight-thirty, and Benny had promised to be there. Eight-thirty came, but no Benny. The Offertory was over; still no Benny. Finally the tinkle of the bell announced the coming of our Eucharistic King into our midst, but *still* no Benny.

Then I heard it. Far away, yet clear and distinct, Benny's whistle announced *his* coming. He marched up the aisle with a look of triumph on his face.

Now whenever I hear someone whistle, I think of Benny. I secretly styled him "God's Little Whistler."



In my class there are a number who manifest a knowledge of the weekly lessons through the tests that have been given them. There are others in the class who seem to be lagging a good distance behind. Do you think it would be a good idea at times to dismiss those who are the "brains" fifteen or twenty minutes earlier in order to review the material with the slow learners?

If I remember correctly, you are teaching seventh and eighth graders. Boys and girls of this age are very sensitive and it would not do to brand the slow ones by keeping them after you have dismissed the "brains."

We are always going to have the bright ones and the not-so-bright in our Confraternity classes. Some schools are trying to separate them, but the system is anything but widespread. Even if it is adopted, it will be a long time before it

Your CCD Question

will take hold in our schools of religion.

It is difficult to set a pace that is not too slow for the bright ones and not too fast for the dull students. An individual talk with each of the laggards might help. Perhaps some of these have had little or no instruction before this year. If you can make them understand that they are not doing eighth grade work in their religion class and tell them they might have to be put into a lower grade, they might wake up and apply themselves more seriously.

I am sorry I cannot give you more helpful advice, but I feel that I am on safe ground when I tell you not to dismiss the bright ones early and keep the others.

* * *

Please send us your change of address if you are planning to move. It might be a good idea to check your address on this magazine and see whether it is correct. For every notice we receive from the post office now we must pay ten cents. It used to be five, but it has doubled since the first of the year.

BOOKS



Miracles on Tap by Frank Duff and edited by Denis McAuliffe, O.P., S.T.Lr., Ph. D. Montfort Publications, Bay Shore, N.Y. \$3.50

If this were fiction, we would dismiss it as impossible. Things just don't work out that way. But it is not fiction. It is truth, and the truth is that things *did* work out that way. What we might call real miracles — miracles of grace — took place; and not just now and then, but consistently.

Miracles on Tap is the story of the Legion of Mary Hostels. Early in its history the Legion undertook the rescue of "street girls." So successful were the Legionaries that eventually they brought about the "clean-up" of an entire district of ill fame in Dublin. Not only was it cleaned up, but the whole place was solemnly blessed and on the door of each former brothel, a picture of the Sacred Heart was nailed!

The story makes thrilling—even breathless—reading. It is a story of faith and perseverance—perseverance in the face of every odd, not the least of which was the belief by more "prudent" persons that nothing could be done about the situation.

To most readers, the title of the book will at first seem an unfortunate one, but it evidently suggested itself from Mr. Duff's own words to the editor: "I am in contact with these Hostels, and what goes on cannot be accounted for by natural or even by ordinary supernatural ingredients. The spirit of the Legionaries, their dedicated efforts, are able to press the tap and miracles come pouring out, almost, you might say, by the barrel."

Mr. Duff, founder of the Legion of Mary, published the story of this special work in the Legion magazine twenty years ago. Father McAuliffe, in order to make the Hostels better known and help to establish them in all parts of the world, edited the account so that it might reach a wider audience.

The writing is far from polished. There are passages that would make professional writers wince—the use of clichés, shifts of tenses, etc. And yet the entire book holds one's at-

tention from beginning to end. Beneath the simple story one catches a glimpse of the spirit of the Legion and of the man who, more than anyone else, is responsible for that spirit — Frank Duff. Though he writes of himself as self-effacingly as possible, the reader cannot help but be impressed by his tremendous faith, his generosity, his complete dedication to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

There is humor in this book, too, for what Irishman can write without humor? It turns up in the most unexpected places and in the most unheard of situations.

This is a book to fire our young people with zeal for the apostolate. It is a book that proves that Our Blessed Mother is a powerful help for those who dedicate their lives to her.

* * *

Good Tidings edited by the East Asian Pastoral Institute, Box 1815, Manila. Published 6 times a year. Rates for U.S. 60 cents. Subscriptions for this country may be sent to the CCD Office, 443 Church St., San Francisco 14, Calif.

Since the well known authority on catechetics, Father

Hofinger, S.J., is director of the East Asian Pastoral Institute, which publishes *Good Tidings*, we can be sure that its contents will always be informative and interesting.

The catechetical renewal is spreading rapidly throughout the world. To keep the modern teacher of religion in touch with the latest findings of catechetical science is the object of *Good Tidings*.

In its subtitle the new review promises to provide Aids for Teaching Religion. Its first issue presents a complete lesson. For future issues the publishers promise sample lessons, lesson plans, information on catechetical literature and audio-visual aids, and other helps. In short, the review should be a valuable aid to those whose privilege it is to announce the Good Tidings of Salvation.

* * *

The Splendor of Pentecost by E. Flicoteaux, O.S.B. Helicon Press, Baltimore 27, Md. \$3.50

The true meaning of the Paschal Mystery is being more and more explored. It is the subject of some excellent recent books and it is to be the theme of this year's Liturgical Week in the United States.

In these considerations we must not forget that Pentecost is a part of the Paschal Mystery. It is the completion of the work of Redemption. This is the theme of Dom Flicoteaux's book. The author begins with the historical facts of Easter and Ascension and then points out the significance of the liturgical texts.

The next part of the book is devoted to Pentecost, the mystery of Christ, while the last section is a brief consideration of the Holy Spirit, the life of the Church.

Although this book was not specifically intended to be used for meditation, it seems to offer just such a possibility. The chapters are short and filled with fruitful reflections on the liturgy of Paschaltide.

Sister: Wouldn't you like to be a saint, Terry?

Terry: Sure. Then I could have one of those zeroes around my head.

In Memoriam

Matthias Konrad, Buffalo, N. Y., father of Sister Joseph Marie, O.L.V.M.
Gaetano, Cardinal Cicognani, Rome, Italy
Aloisius, Cardinal Muench, Rome, Italy
Most Rev. William D. O'Brien, Chicago
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Bartholomew O'Brien, Amarillo, Texas
Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan, Los Angeles, Calif.
Mother M. Borgia, R.S.M., Titusville, Pa.
Sister M. Dominic, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister Mary Luciana, C.S.S.F., Dearborn, Mich.
Mrs. Anna Meister, Chicago
William Byrne, Pasadena, Calif.
Mrs. Anna Sedlak, Sebring, Fla.
Mrs. James Thomas, Wheaton, Ill.
James J. Kaufmann, Newton, Ill.
Mrs. Margaret Kindley, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Andrew Kloss, Hammond, Ind.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Franz, Hammond, Ind.
George J. Hesting, Huntington, Ind.
Dominic Pignataro, Lagro, Ind.
Louis Troski, Grand Rapids, Mich.
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Louise M. Wolff, ACM, St. Louis, Mo.
Bernard Comte, Toledo, Ohio
Mrs. Mary Adler, ACM, Marshfield, Wis.
Joseph Roesing, Waterford, Wis.

Editor's By-Line

If I were to make a list of all the things I cannot do, it would be long enough to fill this page. Among my un-accomplishments are the inability to fix anything that breaks or falls down or won't go, a mental block where mathematics are concerned, and the complete absence of a green thumb.

Much as I like plants and flowers, I haven't the knack of growing them. I have not kept a record of how many African violets that have died in my office, but the number would be impressive. At the present time I have one lone one left. It was blooming when it was given to me. It not only stopped blooming shortly after I got it, but I don't think it has added even a least bit to its stature. It is barely holding its own.

To be honest, however, I do have two plants that not only continue to live, but thrive and multiply themselves. I am sharing this information with you just in case there may be others like myself. If a plant grows for me, it is a guarantee that it will grow anywhere, under any circumstances.

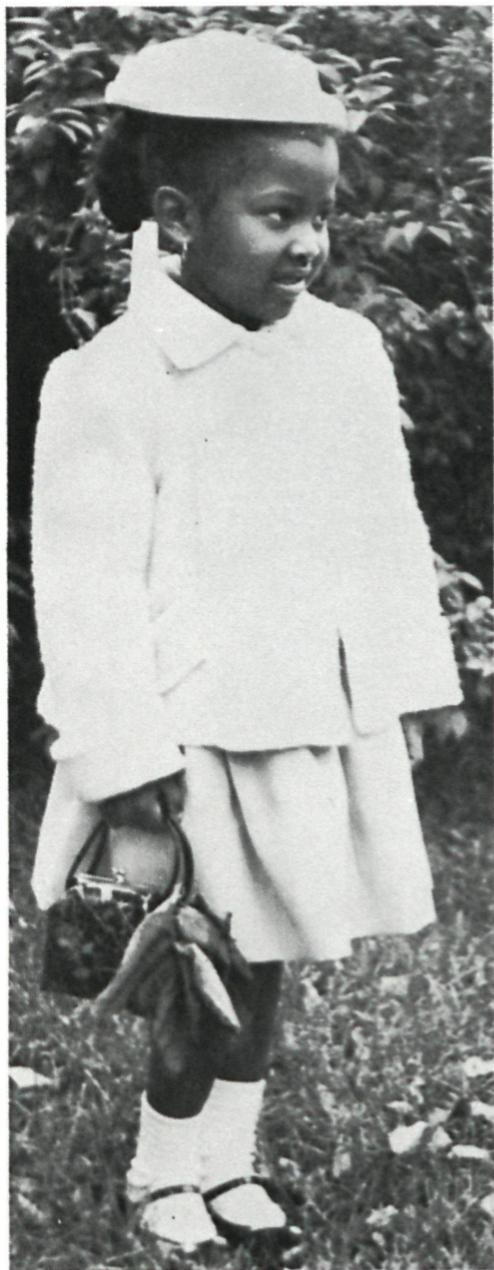
Unfortunately, I do not know the names of either of these species. One of them has two popular names, but I don't like either one and hesitate to use

them: snake plant, or (and this is much worse), mother-in-law-tongue. If I knew its Latin name, I would call it that.

My other successful plant is a vine, very graceful. The planter in which it grows is a well-like affair with St. Francis of Assisi sitting on the side of the well with, of course, a bird in his hand and another perched on his shoulder. The vine is so copious now that the good saint is almost completely camouflaged; which is all right with me because I don't think St. Francis looked like that at all. I strongly suspect, however, that he has something to do with the luxuriant growth of the vine.

Even those of us who are inept at raising plants, like to see them grow. They remind us of another kind of life, infinitely above every natural life—the eternal life which is ours in the Risen Christ. With it are all life's wealth, life's power, life's glory, and life's joy.

This eternal life which we enjoy by faith in this twilight world of ours, will be revealed in all its splendor when our bodies are made like the body of our Risen Lord. May our Alleluias during this holy Paschal Time be a witness of that life which we now have and which we will one day enjoy in its fullness. SEA



Looking every bit the little lady that she is, Karen was on her way to Mass on Easter Sunday when Sister Mary Eva asked her to come into the yard and have her picture taken. Karen had just begun to come to religion class at Indiana Harbor and this was the first time she was going to Sunday Mass. It was a great occasion for her and she was full of subdued and shy excitement.

*Christ our Pasch
is immolated, alleluia.
Therefore, let us feast
with the unleavened
bread of sincerity and truth,
alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.*

Easter Liturgy

