

THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST

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The procession winds its way up the mountain road.

WHEN OUR PASTOR, Monsignor Poole, suggested it would be nice to have a Corpus Christi procession at our mountain mission of St. Therese near Beattyville, Kentucky, we sisters and the parishioners, too, were delighted. That was almost four years ago and before we could attempt a real procession, a road had to be cut through the woods.

For many weeks we were not sure the road would be cut, but the work was done, finally, the day before the procession was to take place. Every year since then we have had threatening weather to try our faith, but still we have had our procession.

It will soon be Corpus Christi time again and we feel sure that once more we will be walking through the woods with Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, praying and singing hymns.

Corpus Christi in the Mountains of Kentucky

by **SISTER DORIS**



Father Werner, who has charge of the mission, raises the Sacred Host in benediction.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

June 1962

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Victory Noll Press



COVER

Many of the sisters return to Victory Noll in the summer for a retreat and refresher courses. Sister Mary Edna (left) and Sister Siena, enjoy the view of the Wabash Valley.

CREDITS

Cover, Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette photo; p. 15, Our Sunday Visitor photo by Frank Lodge.

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Father Albert is the pen name of a priest who wishes to remain anonymous. Now that the "migrant season" is here, others might profit from the experience of this parish in the Midwest.

Our Oneness With the Migrants

by **FATHER ALBERT**

"**B**E SURE to say hello to Mr. Baker for us."

The message came in a letter from Texas, from one of the migrant families who spend their summers harvesting crops in the north.

Mr. Baker was one of the many parishioners who had interested themselves in Mexicans and provided transportation for them to attend Sunday Mass. The fact that on the homeward trip he always stopped to buy ice cream cones for his station wagon passengers might have made him remembered very specially, but there is a bond between the Mexicans and *all* our parishioners.

Is there a special reason for this? I think so. We priests are convinced that it is a result of participation in the Mass. There is a "oneness" in our congregation now such as we never experienced before. If ever the worked over phrase "togetherness" is applicable, it is here. We know, as never before, that we are all members of the Mystical Body of

Christ and this love has overflowed in a practical manner toward the less privileged members of that Body.

It began when the pastor announced to us, his assistants, that we were going to start having active participation in the Mass. The pastor is not a man to do things by halves. He makes up his mind, tells us what he wants, and we do it.

Begin Right Now

He showed us the Mass cards he had ordered and said, "We'll begin Sunday." He did not mean we would begin to practice Sunday. He meant we would *begin* Sunday. That's the way he does things.

Since then, whenever I read an article by the experts or hear them talk, I am embarrassed to admit that we started right out that way. Most of the experts advise a gradual approach, but none of us are experts and now I am glad we are not. Because, you see, it worked.

The pastor would offer the Mass that first Sunday and I would lead the people in the responses and hymns. This was Tuesday. I am not a musician. In fact, I cannot read notes. When I sing I have to learn the melody by heart; so I took the cards over to school and with the help of the sisters, I learned the hymns along with the children.

Sunday came and we began. The people caught on quickly and they loved it right from the beginning. We priests are better for it. We feel that we offer Mass more reverently because we are one with our people. The central act of worship of our religion, the Holy Sacrifice, now goes up to God with more fervor than ever before. I am not exaggerating when I say that it has completely revolutionized the parish. We are now a Living Parish.

Charity Overflows

Naturally this oneness of the congregation could not be contained within itself. Charity, to be true charity, must overflow into the hearts of others.

Here in our midst were these Mexican migrants, Catholic in faith and heritage. The Mexicans spoke very little English; we spoke little, if any, Spanish. But there was another language we all understood, the language

of love. And a Mexican knows instinctively whether or not he is loved. Our Mexicans knew we loved them and they responded to that love.

On Sunday our people went into the camps to pick up the Mexican families and bring them in to the parish to Mass. We could have sent out our bus, but the people themselves voted it down. A bus is an impersonal thing. If we went to them in our own cars, the people would know we really cared.

We had a religious vacation school for the children—priests, sisters, and lay people taking part in it. If the families needed clothing—and many of them did—the women of the parish supplied it in a kindly, dignified way so as not to cause any embarrassment.

Mexicans are a generous, appreciative people and ours were anxious to show their gratitude for what we had done. Toward the end of the season we were their guests at an evening of entertainment. The young boys and girls sang their beautiful Spanish songs and danced their colorful Mexican dances. Younger children staged a play about Our Lady of Guadalupe. The women served delicious tamales. So successful was the evening that we had a difficult time breaking it up.

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*The thoughtfulness of a kind friend made it possible
for the sisters to enjoy*

A Week at the Ocean

by **SISTER RITA THERESE**

SISTER, I have a beach house on the ocean, and I can think of nothing I'd like better than to have you sisters use it for a week sometime. It came to me as a gift from God and I'd like to share it with you."

Was I dreaming? No, there to my left was the school, just as real as ever. To my right in our car were my wiggling second graders, waiting for me to take them to our teaching center. And there in front of me



Sister Mary Brigid (left) and Sister Rita Marie toast marshmallows; sitting on the seawall are Sister Christopher and Sister Beatrice.

was the ever-smiling face of Mrs. Ingram, one of the second grade teachers.

Yes, she really had said what I thought she said! As she read the look of surprised elation on my face, her own became even more radiantly happy than usual.

"How wonderful!" I said when I recovered my tongue. "The other sisters will be so happy! I can hardly wait to tell them!"

Mrs. Ingram and I had become good friends during the last few months. Though she was not of our Faith, she had expressed interest in our religion classes the first time I picked up the children. Rarely a week went by that she did not come out to chat while the children were being dismissed.

I did not spring my surprise until I had picked up the other sisters from their teaching centers. The conversation for the rest of the ride home was all centered on plans for our little vacation at the ocean.

So it was that the first Monday in June found fifteen gay, adventurous Missionary Sisters arriving at the Ingram's beach

house on the Pacific Coast. There were really three separate houses: a big, two-story house, then a smaller one, and another little cottage for two.

As each group arrived, I told them about the only request our gracious hostess had made of us. "Mrs. Ingram has asked us not to kill any harmless snakes that we might see on the place. They haven't seen a rattler in two years so she doesn't expect us to be troubled with them. But there are some gopher snakes and a king snake which help to get rid of other less desirable creatures."

I watched the expressions on the sisters' faces. Most registered apprehension, to say the least. No doubt, they wondered what could be *less* desirable! We did see snakes, but only harmless ones. Each morning they came out of their holes to sun themselves. And always there would be at least five pairs of curious human eyes staring at them — at a safe distance!

We had come prepared to "rough it." We had electricity and there were gas stoves, but no running water. Each day we took three five-gallon bottles to a nearby ranch to get our supply of water. We found ourselves using this precious item

very sparingly — with a whole oceanful right in front of us!

All our meals we ate outside. The chill morning air found us bundled in sweaters, sipping coffee that cooled fast. But it was delightfully invigorating! And what tremendous appetites it gave us!

In the evenings we had supper down at the ocean in the small clearing just above the seawall. The Pacific is far below the beach house property. It is reached by a gradually descending path which hugs the side of the cliff. A climb down the ladder attached to the seawall brings one to the beach itself. We spent our evening recreations sitting on the seawall admiring the majesty and power of God in the rolling thunder and crash of His ocean. At high tide the waves would swirl halfway up the seawall, sometimes touching our shoes.

We enjoyed long strolls along the beach. We had the shore to ourselves as far as the eye could see in either direction. And the swims! The water was ice cold, but so refreshing! It was the first swim in the ocean for most of us. We found the waves a definite challenge. Sometimes we won — but more often we got a good ducking!

Every morning we drove to a nearby town for Mass. No doubt the good pastor wondered what suddenly brought fifteen sisters to his little church. Perhaps he answered his own question when we showed up with delicately pink faces on the second morning and bright red ones on the third.

Mrs. Ingram had warned us that we might have trespassers. The very first night we jokingly made plans what we would do if any nocturnal visitors came. We had a big bell with which I was to wake everyone in the morning, so it would also be up to me to sound the alarm in any night emergency. I was to ring the bell and in my deepest voice shout, "Up and at 'em, boys!"

I practiced my part a few times — just for fun, and just in case! After night prayers we settled down for a good sleep. Sister Mary Brigid and I were bunking together in the small house for two. In a short while the pounding of the surf lulled us to sleep.

At breakfast the first thing said to us was, "I'll bet you sisters were scared to death with all the commotion last night!"



Supper high above the pounding surf.

"Commotion?" we asked incredulously. "What commotion?"

"The men! They came at ten and walked all over the place with flashlights. Don't tell us you didn't hear them!"

Sister Mary Brigid and I were speechless. It seems that Mrs. Ingram had asked a painter to make an estimate on painting the outside of the houses. She never dreamed they would come at night. They were considerate enough to

knock at the big house first and explain their intentions. All this had been observed by the sisters in the other house; but our little cottage had no window facing that direction.

If we *had* been awake we would had no way of knowing why those men were walking around our house with flashlights. I often wonder what we would have done. I might have managed to ring the bell, but I would never have had the voice for "Up and at 'em, boys!"



Numbers Game

by SISTER PAULA

illustrated by the author

THE IDEAL WAY to take a religious census is to make a record not only of the houses where Catholics live, but also of those of the other people on a street. I do not mean we must find out what religion they belong to, if any, but simply make a note of the number of the house and whether or not it is a Catholic family living there.

It happens frequently—very frequently, in fact, in these days of around-the-clock shifts—that the census taker finds no one home. This should be noted on the record and another attempt can be made.

Again, a house may be vacant. In that case, the number should be jotted down and the vacancy recorded.

Ah, the number! That's the trouble — finding the number. You would be surprised to learn how much detective work it takes.

The most common place to display the number is on the front of the house, but it is not always there. It might be on the side of the house or on the adjoining garage. Things become more difficult when there are vines covering a portion of the house. This always gives rise to the suspicion that lurking somewhere in the thickest part of the leaves are the numbers that were attached when the vine was just a wee plant.

Failing to find the number in this area (which includes also the front door and the grill work around outside lights), an excellent place to look is on the large mailbox out on the street, if they use that type in the neighborhood.

If there is nothing on the mailbox, inspect the curb. The number might be painted on it. True, it may be well worn, but if you examine it closely and compare it with the numbers on

the houses on each side, you can make out that 43.

Should all these sources fail, there is nothing left for you to do but make up a number. If the other houses on the street are skipping quite regularly two numbers or four or six, it is quite a simple matter. You can be pretty sure that the one you make up is the real one. Otherwise, it is pure guesswork.

In some instances, there is no order. You find odd and even numbers on both sides of the street. Bizarre as it sounds, houses are moved now from one location to another, the owners still using the same number they had at the other address. No wonder that when we see a house being moved, one of the sisters suggests, "Quick, get the number!"

When you do find a Catholic family and are taking the census, one of the first questions you ask is the number of the house. It is not unheard of to have a mother send one of the children out to get the number and tell Sister. One of the sisters had a still more fantastic experience. At his mother's bidding, a little boy went outside and *brought in the number*, mounted on a piece of wood that had been stuck in the ground.



OUR ONENESS WITH THE MIGRANTS

continued from page 5

But perhaps the greatest proof of the trust the Mexicans now have in us is that they left one of their boys here to be educated and eventually, God willing, become a priest. This lad is bright, but has been handicapped by the hit and miss schooling he has had. Now he is boarding with one of our good families and attending our parochial school.

If we had not shown our interest in these good Mexican people and demonstrated that love and interest in deeds, they would never have entrusted us with one of their own. And, I might add, our love would not have flowed out to them so unselfishly if we had not first become one in our worship, in the supreme worship of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Thoughtfully the First Communicants studied the picture of Jesus blessing little children. In a few weeks they too would be closely united with Our Lord — even more closely than these little ones who knew Him here on earth. What would they say to Jesus when that happy time came?

For a change, the children were at a loss for words. Perhaps I could help them with a few examples.

"Suppose," I said, "that you were this little girl. Last week God gave you a new baby brother. What would you say to Jesus?"

Hands waved wildly. An eager youngster, without waiting for recognition, exclaimed, "I'd say 'Thank you for my baby brother.'"

"And suppose," I asked again, "this little boy's father has been out of work for a long time. What could he say to Jesus?"

"He could ask Jesus to help him find a job," Frank replied.

"This little girl's mother isn't feeling well. She has to go to the doctor very often. What do you think she is saying to Jesus?"

I called on Janie this time, for

In the Home Field

her mother is ill. She was quick to answer, "She should ask Jesus to make her mother well."

The children were getting the idea, but I decided to ask one more question before I had the children make up little prayers they could use when they receive Holy Communion.

"This little boy has a problem," I said as I pointed to a small boy in the picture who was standing shyly in the background. "A big boy is always picking on him. Even when he isn't doing anything, the big fellow pushes him around. What would you tell Jesus if you were this little boy?"

Bobby was the first to find an answer, but he was not quite sure it was the correct one. There was a question in his voice as he replied, "Ask Jesus to make me a little bit bigger."

SISTER RUTH ANTHONY

* * *

LIKE A GIRL!

The other day a little girl was saying the Apostles' Creed for me. As I listened, I could hardly believe my ears so I asked her to repeat it. Yes, that was what she had said: "from thence He shall come to *dust* the living and the dead."

Wouldn't you know it would be a *girl* who said that?

SISTER VIVIAN



Without announcing it the sisters planned a lawn fete for the students at San Basilio Center in Los Angeles of PHSR evening. A few of them can be seen here playing bunco. Tables and chairs were in every part of the lawn — front and back. Before the social the high schoolers recited the Litany of Loretto in the convent chapel.

The day before examinations began at school, Patsy, a talkative seventh grader, made a promise to St. Jude, patron of hopeless cases. "If I pass my exams," she promised, "I promise not to talk during religion class."

A week later she dashed up to me with the announcement that she had passed. Since then one warning glance during class is sufficient to remind Patsy of her famous promise to St. Jude. I haven't admitted it to her, but I am the one who has profited from the promise.

SISTER SHARON

* * *

GOOD REASON

In explaining the seventh commandment, a very practical example offers itself in this citrus valley — the "taking" of oranges.

One second grader volunteered the information that he used to take oranges, but he wouldn't be taking them any more. Sister was very much pleased that he had understood that it was wrong for him to help himself to the fruit, but she was somewhat taken aback when the same little boy said exasperatingly, "I *can't* take any more oranges."

The reason? "There aren't any more on that tree."

SISTER ROBERTA

Around Victory Noll

WILD LIFE is reportedly on the increase Around Victory Noll. We know that at least one fox (probably he has a family) has made himself at home in the woods, and there are wild ducks on the pond. More exciting, deer have been seen in the ravine.

We undertook a few private expeditions in search of the deer, but saw only a big squirrel or two. It was disappointing, for after all, one can see squirrels and rabbits and chipmunks any time Around Victory Noll.

Just when we were beginning to wonder what some of the sisters were seeing, the Huntington paper reported that motorists had seen deer along U.S. 24. So maybe . . .

Jubilarians

Summer activities which will soon begin Around Victory Noll will be climaxed by reception and profession ceremonies. This year's silver jubilarians are:

Sister Mary Denis Kelliher
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sister Olivia Olivera
Los Banos, Calif.

Sister Consuelo Gutierrez
Santa Paula, Calif.

Sister Mary Imelda Kowalewski
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sister Mary Camillus Spisak
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sister Mary Rita Windolph
Humphrey, Nebr.

Sister Jean Marie Brosnan
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sister Miriam Doyle
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sister Clare Marie Schnedecker
Hokah, Minn.

Sister Rose Elizabeth Hohner
North Judson, Ind.

Sister Dorothy Anne Lengerich
Decatur, Ind.

Our Sunday Visitor Tour

Our postulants attended the "Sisters' Day," a special Open House sponsored by *Our Sunday Visitor* for all the religious of the diocese. The few professed sisters who were not here last summer when the rest of us toured OSV also took advantage of the invitation. It was an informative and enjoyable afternoon, marked by the graciousness that we have come to think of as traditional at the *Visitor*.



With Monsignor Conroy (left) and Monsignor Crowley are the Knights of Columbus who serve Mass every day at Victory Noll. First row, from left: William Nix, William Roberts, James Kastner, William Stoffel, John Moran, Ben Lingis; second row: Fred Eckert, Frank Metzger, Eugene Scher, Martin Greven, Richard Carnes, Bernard Kroeger, Harold Shinebarger; third row: Paul Okuly, Louis Hohe, Louis Stoffel, Joseph Etter, Charles Korba, Ben Webster, Robert Aufdenkampe, Joseph Stoffel. Fred Boyle was not present when the picture was taken. Thomas Dennie and Donald Bartrom have since joined the group of KC Servers.

Monsignor Conroy, our chaplain, who is also Director of Vocations for the Diocese of Fort Wayne-South Bend, left for Rome the middle of May to attend the First International Congress of Ecclesiastical Vocations. A highlight of the

meeting will be an audience with Pope John XXIII.

We will be with you again in September to bring you up to date on happenings Around Victory Noll.

FIRST COMMUNION

. . . in Blue

by SISTER VIVIAN

AT ONE of our religious vacation schools last year we had a little girl arrive at church on First Communion morning in a blue dress with splotches of chocolate on it, red tennis slippers on her feet, and an old piece of netting on her head.

When she saw how all the other boys and girls were dressed she began to cry and hid behind a tree. It was too late to do anything about the situation so we encouraged her to receive Holy Communion anyway. She refused, but finally agreed to go into church and sit behind the other children.

However, when it came time for Communion the little girl managed to get into her own place and receive Our Lord with the others. As she returned to her place the expression on her face was heavenly.

She made a picture I shall never forget. She was a dainty little girl, nine years old. Her natural curls made a lovely frame for her angelic face. Her big brown eyes were hidden now, and long curling lashes rested against cheeks marked



Very different from the child in Sister Vivian's story is Rosalyn Wilhelm of Paulding Ohio. Rosalyn had the privilege of wearing her grandmother's First Communion dress for HER First Communion. Her mother tells the story on the next page.

with tears which had dried in smudges as she tried to wipe them away with her hands. She walked back to her pew, hands folded perfectly, oblivious of everything around her.

We were very sorry it had happened. We had inquired carefully to see whether all the children had clothing, but this

little girl must not have known what we meant. She lived seven miles out on a ranch and probably had never seen a First Communion group before.

The women of the parish provided breakfast for the children after Mass and by the time they were seated at table, our little one was perfectly happy.

. . . in Grandmother's Dress

by LELIA WILHELM

SISTER MAGDALENE, one of the Victory Noll Sisters from Paulding, had prepared the children well for their First Communion and now only one week was left before the big day. Because Sister had to teach summer school in another parish, two of us mothers were asked to help with the last-minute preparation of the First Communicants.

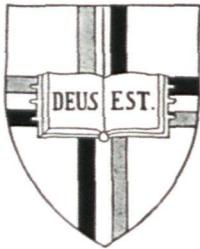
For three days we practiced, prayed, and listened while the pastor instructed the children. We understood better many of the problems that confront the sisters. Sometimes everything seemed to go wrong, but when Sunday came, the children behaved like angels.

In the group was my little daughter, Rosalyn, dressed in white like the other little girls.

The dress she wore, however, has a very special significance in our family. It was the same dress that Rosalyn's grandmother had worn fifty-nine years ago when she made her First Communion.

That was in Cecil, Ohio, and my mother-in-law was in a class with thirty-two other children representing three churches — Cecil, Junction, and Antwerp. The children from these parishes are now taught by the Missionary Sisters.

Our daughter, Paulette, wore the dress seven years ago and there is still little Ellen in line to wear it. Then who knows? We had a wedding in our family not long ago. Perhaps I will someday be watching *my* granddaughters wear the First Communion dress too!



How often should the Parish Confraternity of Christian Doctrine have meetings?

The entire CCD membership should have a general meeting at least twice a year. The Executive Board should meet once a month.

* * *

Where can we obtain Parent-Educator leaflets?

These leaflets and many other valuable Confraternity helps may be obtained from: Confraternity Publications, 508 Marshall Street, Paterson 3, New Jersey. Ask for a complete list of CCD materials.

* * *

So enthusiastic are we over the first issue of *Good Tidings*, published in the Philippines, that we want to tell you about its contents.

Some of our readers will recall that we commented on this

Your CCD Question

review, subtitled "Aids for Teaching Religion," in the April issue of *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST*. The first number is all that it was promised, and more.

There is an excellent instruction on "The First Approach to the Holy Eucharist" by Father Hofinger, S.J. Then comes a sample lesson on the Mass for grades three and four by Father Goldbrunner.

But that is not all! Father Goldbrunner's lesson — lesson-plan would be a better name for it — is followed by a detailed lesson on the sacrificial aspect of the Eucharist by Father Seffer, S.J.

Besides, there is a description of the Mass as a Sacred Drama in four acts by Father Brunner, another Jesuit on the staff of the East Asian Pastoral Institute in Manila.

The issue contains several other fine articles. And all this for only 60 cents a year! *Good Tidings* is a bi-monthly. Confraternity teachers owe it to themselves to subscribe. They may send their subscriptions to: CCD Office, 443 Church St., San Francisco 14, Calif.

BOOKS



The Art of Teaching Christian Doctrine by Rev. Johannes Hofinger, S.J. University of Notre Dame Press, Notre Dame, Ind. \$4.95.

It is five years since Father Hofinger's *The Art of Teaching Christian Doctrine* was first published. Subtitled "The Good News and Its Proclamation," the book was substantially Father Hofinger's lectures at the University of Notre Dame in the summer sessions of 1954 and 1955. It was used as a basic text for one of his courses in 1957.

In the intervening years the book has been used widely in the United States, especially in seminaries and religious communities. A second and revised edition has now been published.

How much is new material and how does the latest edition compare with the first one? We have examined the copy carefully and here are our findings.

It is significant, first of all, that Father Hofinger found it

unnecessary to re-print certain materials in this new edition simply because such "vast changes have occurred in the catechetical scene." When an expert like Father Hofinger tells us that we have come a long way since 1957, it is news for rejoicing indeed.

As a consequence of this, four chapters that appeared in the first edition on the "Structure of the Message" and were concerned with the order of the catechism, have now been reduced to two chapters entitled: "The Right Ordering of Catechetical Material" and "Catechetical Method as Handmaid of the Message." The latter chapter reflects Father Goldbrunner's paper given at the International Study Week at Eichstaett two years ago and published in *Teaching All Nations*.

Between Parts One and Two are given two sample lessons. The one for the lower grades is taken from "With Christ to the Father," the first grade book of Sadlier's *On Our Way* series written for Confraternity classes. The lesson for the upper grades is taken from one of Father Goldbrunner's workbooks.

The second part of *The Art of Teaching Christian Doctrine* — "The Content of Our Message" — is practically the same as in the first edition although here

too changes have been dictated as a result of progress made through the years. The chapters on the catechetical apostolate of religious and of priests are different, and a paragraph concerning brothers has been added.

The footnotes reflect new developments also. Five years ago *Jesus and I* by the late Father Heeg, S.J., was about the only text we had in the United States that Father Hofinger thought worth mentioning. Now he strongly commends the *On Our Way* series, Father Stone's high school course, and *Life in Christ* by Father Killgallon and Father Weber.

Throughout the book are frequent references to the Eichstaett Study Week. Excerpts from some of the papers given there are included in an Appendix.

The printing has been improved upon in this new edition. More space between paragraphs makes it more attractive to the eye and easier to read.

* * *

Saints for the Modern Woman
by Rev. A. Farley, J.C.L. St. Paul Editions, Daughters of St. Paul, Jamaica Plain, Boston 30, Mass. Cloth, \$3.95; paper, \$2.50.

Before you read any of these fifteen biographies, you will no doubt run your eye down the list and say to yourself, "But I

know all about these saints!"

True, they are among the saints most familiar to us: St. Teresa of Avila, Mother Cabrini, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Joan of Arc, St. Monica, etc. Father Farley, the author, however, has not written merely the facts of their lives. It is his purpose to show how these women may serve as models for the women of today.

He sees in St. Frances Cabrini a guide for the modern woman in business. St. Joan of Arc sets a standard of patriotism for woman in government. St. Margaret of Scotland serves as a model for mothers in child training, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary as a counsellor of happiness in marriage.

Other saints included in the book are: St. Rose of Lima, St. Therese of Lisieux, St. Hedwig, St. Hilda, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Louise de Marillac, St. Zita, and St. Helena. The last chapter is on Our Blessed Mother, model of all virtue for women of every age.

An Appendix includes prayers to these saints taken from the Roman Missal or the Raccolta. Added are several pages of bibliography.

This book suggests itself for spiritual reading at the time of women's retreats or for a day of recollection.

The Mystical Body by Father Francis. The Seraphic Press, 1501 S. Layton Blvd., Milwaukee 15, Wis. Single copy, 30 cents; prices for quantity lots.

We are always enthusiastic about Father Francis books, but this one crowns them all. It is a discussion text for upper grades. We believe it might be used with profit also by freshmen in high school.

Its chief merit lies in the fact that it follows very closely the encyclical, even using direct quotations here and there. It closes just as *Mystici Corporis* does, with Pope Pius' prayer to Mary, Mother of the Mystical

Body. Certainly this text will prepare the way for students to study the original later on.

There are 15 full page (size 8½ by 11) drawings in this 48-page book. Each one illustrates in an artistic and masterly way a point of doctrine explained in the text.

The doctrine of the Mystical Body is a fundamental one. If boys and girls of today are going to live a full Catholic life, they must have a thorough understanding of this doctrine and all that it implies. To help them do this, we heartily recommend this book. It should be just the thing catechists want to use for religious vacation school.

In Memoriam

- George Trapp, Bellevue, Ohio, brother of Sister Dorothy Marie, O.L.V.M.
William Schnedecker, LaCrosse, Wis., brother of Sister Clare Marie, O.L.V.M.
Mrs. Catherine Harkins, Topeka, Kans., sister of Sister Agnes Clare, O.L.V.M.
Most Rev. Joseph M. Gilmore, D.D., Bishop of Helena
Rev. John H. Roes'ler, Huntington, Ind.
Rev. Francis J. Remler, C.M., St. Louis, Mo.
Sister M. Marius, O.S.F., East Chicago, Ind.
Sister Martin Mary, O.S.F., East Chicago, Ind.
Sister Marie Catherine, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister M. Constantia, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Frances May, Brook'yn, N. Y.
Anna Klebin, Tucson, Ariz.
R'ta Kohl Wal'ace, Denver, Colo.
Michael J. Kelly, Chicago
Robert Arens, Crystal Lake, Ill.
Gerard G. Herber, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mrs. Alta Kish, Scuth Bend, Ind.
Frederick No'ton, Chelsea, Mass.
Mrs. Agnes Ruger, Lafayette, Ind.
Mary E. Maloney, Chillicothe, Ohio
John Medland, Portland, Oregon

Editor's By-Line

This year, August 5, to be exact, the feast of Our Lady of the Snow, we will observe the fortieth anniversary of our community. Even though such an event calls for no formal celebration — we will wait another ten years for that — we cannot let it pass altogether unnoticed.

Perhaps our congregation is still too young to appreciate fully the work of our pioneer sisters. Many of them are still with us. Only future generations of sisters will see everything in the right perspective and marvel at the courage of our first members.

Remember, back in 1922, our community was an innovation, to say the least. We did not even look like the more "conventional" sisters, the sisters of the classroom or hospital with which Catholics were familiar.

Our work was a departure from the type of work in which most sisters were engaged. And it was unheard of for sisters to drive cars!

Sisters who entered during those first years — and for many years afterward — know how often they were discouraged by those who argued that the community was too young. It would be better to go to an older, well-established order.

Who knows? This young, very different, congregation might not survive. Then where would you be?

To forestall such an objection I once copied what St. Francis Borgia told Charles V when he used the same argument to dissuade him from becoming a Jesuit. He said, "Gracious Majesty, there is no religious order, however ancient or approved, which was not once new and unknown."

When the Emperor asked, "But what answer would you make to those who object against your Company, that all its members are young and that there is not a gray head to be seen amongst them?"

St. Francis replied, "Sire, when the mother is young, how would your Majesty expect to find the children old? If this be a crime, it is one of which time will soon cure us. In twenty years from now, those who are young amongst us will have many a grey hair."

And so we have. SEA

* * *

REMINDER

One of my little boys was drawing a face on his wrist. I asked him why he was doing that. He answered, "Oh — Sister, this is Smiling Joe. He helps me to remember to KEEP SMILING!"

SISTER CONCEPCION

Vacation School in Wyoming

by **SISTER MARY EVELYN**

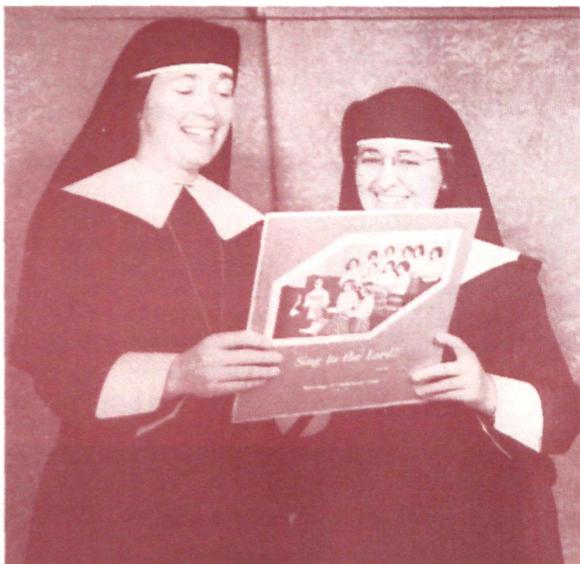


Religious vacation school for the Schlautmann boys means more than just going a few blocks to class. They live forty miles from Gillette. When the sisters come from our convent in Cheyenne for vacation school, Mr. Schlautmann moves the trailer to town and the three boys live in it and attend instructions.

The boys are good house-keepers. Joe, the oldest, does the cooking. Here he is getting the evening meal while John and Ronnie study their lesson for tomorrow.



"We find it very helpful as a teaching aid and we think you will, too. Have you heard it yet?"



Sister Alodia and Sister Ann Therese are talking about **SING TO THE LORD!** — the recordings of the Willows, California, Confraternity Choir.

The seventh and eighth grade girls of St. Monica's School of Religion made these recordings especially for Confraternity of Christian Doctrine classes.

Side I contains hymns used for Confirmation and Benediction Services. On Side II are hymns for the Church Year.

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