

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Volume 38

OCTOBER 1962

Number 9



Michael, the Altar Boy

by SISTER AGATHA MARIE

WHEN I MADE out the schedule of hours of adoration for the altar boys, I put Michael's name down for six o'clock. I explained to the boys that they would relieve one another every half-hour and I thought I made it clear that no one else would come at six-thirty.

It was seven-fifteen when Michael's mother telephoned the convent. She was wondering when he could come home.

Michael, it seemed, was waiting for his relief to come.

Later, he told his mother that it hadn't been so bad the first half-hour. "I said the Rosary; then I read the little Holy Hour book, but then there wasn't anything left to do and I was getting a little tired kneeling."

And this from Michael, who usually cannot be still for more than five minutes at a time!



Investiture Day for Knights of the Altar. That is Michael leading the procession. The boys who are carrying their surplices are "pages" who will be invested.

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Cover, Sister Melita, O.L.V. M.; p. 2, Lindstrand Photo Studio, Los Banos, Calif.; pp. 4 and 5, L. A. Arthur, Willows, Calif.; p. 9, Our Sunday Visitor photo by Frank Lodge.

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 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. Subscription one dollar a year.

Pheasant Bowl

by SISTER JANE FRANCES

THIS PART of California—in and around Glenn County—is the home of the Chinese ring-necked pheasant, a beautiful bird with feathers of varying shades of blue, yellow, red, green, and brown. Here in Willows the pheasant has the distinction of being indirectly responsible for the building of beautiful St. Monica's Church, besides the rectory and convent.

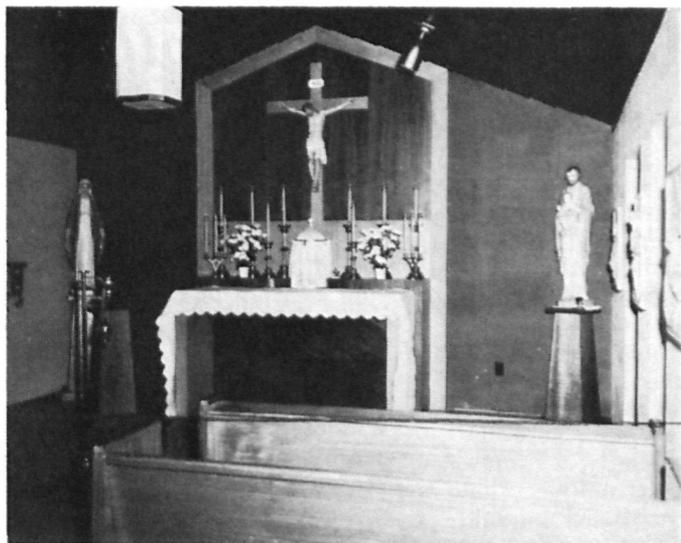
About ten years ago our pastor, Father John McGoldrick,

had a unique idea. His parish-icners agreed that it was a fine idea, indeed, and they willingly gave to St. Monica's parish exclusive pheasant-hunting rights on their lands. As a result, the Willows Pheasant Association, Inc., now has under its control 40,000 acres of land, right in the heart of the "Willows Pheasant Bowl."

When the Association was first formed, memberships were sold to hunters throughout Cali-



Father John McGoldrick, Pastor of St. Monica's Church, Willows, California, and three boys take a look at the newly erected sign outside the rectory.



Chapel in Sisters' Convent, Willows.

fornia. Certain lands were posted and patrolled. The Association swiftly gained in popularity and its members increased rapidly. Out of the profits the church, rectory, and convent were built.

Annually the anxious hunters return to Willows. On opening day of the season the influx of hunters begins before dawn. Cars are packed to capacity with sleeping bags, dogs, and hunting equipment. The dogs are impatient to be off. The sight of hunting equipment tells them they will soon be on the trail.

Relations between hunters and farmers in the area are excellent, and held in high regard

is Father McGoldrick himself who is known far and wide as the "Hunter Priest."

Father's time is not spent entirely in the work of the Association, however. Far from it. We know him as a hunter for souls. He is extremely conscientious and knows personally every member of the parish, including the smallest child.

It is no wonder that the pheasants in this area seem to have a certain justifiable pride. They give glory to God directly through their natural beauty, and they are indirectly responsible for the beauty of His house—St. Monica's Church in Willows.

Around Victory Noll

ANOTHER RECEPTION and profession day has come and gone Around Victory Noll. It was a beautiful day—weather-wise and in every way. Bishop Pursley presided at the ceremonies which were combined with silver jubilee celebrations also.

We listed the jubilarians in our June magazine, but we would like to mention here one of them whose family, we know you will agree, is unique. That is Sister Mary Rita Windolph, formerly of Humphrey, Nebraska.

Sister Mary Rita is the oldest of eleven, all of whom followed her into religious life. Her five brothers are Franciscan priests. Her five sisters are in as many different communities.

Two brothers and two sisters were here for Sister's twenty-fifth anniversary, the two brothers—Father Job and Fa-

ther Raphael serving as chaplains to Bishop Pursley. Another priest brother was able to visit Victory Noll several days later. But that is not the end of the story. Their mother, who gave all of her children to serve God in the religious life, was herself called to her heavenly reward on the beautiful feast of the Assumption. Mr. Windolph had preceded her in death some years ago. May her generous soul rest in peace!

Perpetual Vows

Seven sisters made perpetual vows: They are:

**Sister Regina Marie Morrissey
Jackson, Mich.**

**Sister Christopher Rudell
Baltimore, Md.**

**Sister Rita Ann Romo
Los Angeles, Calif.**

**Sister DePaul Betz
Euclid, Ohio**

**Sister Michelle McCullough
Westport, Ind.**



Sr. Marie Elizabeth



Sr. Rose Angeja



Sr. Sharon Rose

Sister Stephen Swede
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sister Matthew Cummings
Jackson, Mich.

It so happens that twelve was the number of those who made their first profession this year and twelve were received into the novitiate. The latter joined the twelve second year novices. Twelve is a good biblical number so we can expect great things from these classes.

Newly Professed

Pictures of the newly professed are on these pages. They are:

Sister Gregoria Ortega
El Paso, Texas

Sister Sharon Rose Eshleman
Piper City, Ill.

Sister Veronica Ann Walker
Rochester, Ind.

Sister Marie Anthony Habib
San Diego, Calif.

Sister Soledad Gallegos
Denver, Colo.

Sister Ruth Ann Feldpausch
Fowler, Mich.

Sister Rose Angela Karwoski
Grand Haven, Mich.

Sister Monica Marie Fuchs
Marshfield, Wis.

Sister Mary Jonathan Musante
Warren, Pa.

Sister Marie Elizabeth Copeland
Scotts, Mich.

Sister Stephen Therese Doboszynski
Seattle, Wash.

Sister Mary Noel Wallsteadt
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Novices

The new novices are:

Sister Gloria
(Josephine Jaramillo)
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Sister Rebecca
(Becky Mahoney)
Louisville, Ky.

Sister Philip
(Frances Chavez)
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sister Rita Marcel
(Suzanne Dunn)
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Sister Magdalena
(Magdalena Macias)
El Paso, Texas

Sister John Mary
(Mary Moffitt)
Chicago, Ill.

Sister Mariana
(Amelia Munoz)
New Braunfels, Texas



Sr. Monica Marie



Sr. Marie Anthony



Sr. Veronica Ann

Sister Helen Margaret
(Margaret Veneskey)
Carrolltown, Pa.

Sister Ritamary
(Rita Ann Wurth)
Melber, Ky.

Sister Helen Paul
(Henrietta Meyers)
Chicago, Ill.

Sister Josephine Ann
(Josephine Weiss)
Mason City, Iowa

CCD Congress

The sisters who had come for retreat this year stayed around Victory Noll longer than usual in order to attend the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine Congress held in Fort Wayne the latter part of August. The Diocese of Fort Wayne-South Bend was host to the fourth provincial Indiana Congress.

Sister Loretto, supervisor of CCD teachers in the diocese, was on the committee for arrangements. Seven of our sisters: Sister Margaret, Sister Dolores, Sister Michael, Sister James, Sister Noreen, Sister Mary Lucille, and Sister Mary

Monica conducted classes and workshops. The rest of us attended the various sessions, anxious to get all the help we need to carry on the work of the Confraternity throughout the country.

As usual, there are some new faces Around Victory Noll this year. Sister Mary Loretta is our new superior. Sister has two sisters in our community—Sister Helen and Sister Marguerite. Their brother is the Very Rev. Joseph M. Srill, O.S.M., Detroit.

Sister Mary Helen, postulant mistress for the past five years, is now mistress of novices, a post formerly held by our newly-elected Mother General, Mother Florentine.

Sister Ann Therese, who has been Supervisor of CCD High School Teachers in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, is the new postulant mistress. At this writing she is a mistress without postulants, but very soon now we will welcome a new class and another scholastic year will have begun Around Victory Noll.



Sr. Mary Noel



Sr. Stephen Therese



Sr. Ruth Ann



Twenty-eight girls from Indiana and neighboring states made a Vocation Retreat at Victory Noll in June under the direction of Monsignor Conroy, our chaplain. Monsignor is also an associate editor of *Our Sunday Visitor* and vocation director for the Diocese of Fort Wayne-South Bend. Pictured with the retreatants are Monsignor Conroy, Sister Elizabeth Ann, and two of the women who accompanied girls from northern Michigan: Miss Doris Morrow (4th from left, back row) and Mrs. Scheid (3rd from right, back row).



Sr. Mary Jonathan



Sr. Soledad



Sr. Gregoria

In this second article on the mystery of salvation continued in the Christian life, Sister Michael treats of the theological virtue of hope and its place in catechesis.

Hope — The Undercurrent of All Prayer

by SISTER MICHAEL

CHRISTIAN HOPE is a divine reality stirred up in man's inmost being by the presence of God Who draws man to Himself and gives man the personal pledge that His promises will be carried out, provided that man loyally looks to God for all. In Christian hope the stake is man's eternal destiny, the realization of God's plan for the salvation of the world. Faith is the indispensable foundation of hope because it is by faith that man receives the revelation which is the reason for his hope.

God did not reveal a hope complete from the beginning. Rather, He adapted His revelation to human nature which requires a gradual maturation in time. God knew where He was leading mankind, but He made it known only by degrees. The whole history of the chosen people is the primitive history of hope, that of a people who journeyed toward the realization of the true hope: the messianic kingdom of God.

Christian hope is not the expectation of an isolated individ-

ual; the promises made to the chosen people are inherited by the new people of God, the Church. This Church which Christ founded and into which Christians have been incorporated by baptism is a kingdom not of earth, but of heaven. It is toward the establishment of this kingdom in the fullness of glory by Christ's return that Christians should direct all their hopes. The hope of Christians is founded on Christ; it is entirely Christocentric. This is true because God called all men in Christ and made His only Son the guarantor of His promises.

In prayer man gives expression to the hope that is his by virtue of belonging to the new people of God. Prayer is not only the expression of Christian hope; it is also the school in which man grows in his desire of eternal things.

One of the most important tasks of the religious educator is to initiate the young Christian into finding God in an interior and personal prayer. In his conversation with God, the child should be led to realize

that his prayer is something completely personal, and at the same time, communal. He prays, not only as an individual, but also as a member of Christ's Body, trusting that God will fulfill all the promises made to man since the beginning of time.

Children can be helped toward the habit of spontaneous personal prayer in various ways. A few stimulating thoughts or ideas, followed by a period of silent prayer; praying aloud a spontaneous or a prepared prayer; composing their own written prayers — all these means help to cultivate the art of Christian prayer. Every catechesis must lead the child to prayer of some kind.

Christ warned against formalism in prayer, but in teaching us the Our Father He also invited us not to overlook the value of certain fixed prayers. When Christ gave us the Our Father, He gave us more than a formula; He gave us what must be the character and style of all praying. No man prays as a child of God who has not personally shared the death and resurrection of His Son. The Our Father is the prayer of Christians who believe that Christ is the way to God and that the last times have come.

The early Christian community, eagerly expecting the second coming, used this prayer to ask that God would completely glorify His name by establishing His kingdom, which represents the fulfillment of the plan

He has willed for heaven and earth. The community also asked by means of this prayer for a place at the heavenly banquet table, and for forgiveness of its sins, always trusting in the promises of a loving Father. When we say this most perfect prayer we give complete expression to our Christian hope.

The catechist should be especially careful in teaching prayer formulas that he guard against mere mechanical recitation. One good safeguard is to separate carefully the process of learning prayer formulas from the praying of them. A wise catechist realizes that prayers whose meaning a child cannot yet understand are rapidly reduced to empty formulas, and they will likely remain empty formulas even when he is old enough to understand them. Consequently, the catechist should choose prayers which: (1) will not exact too much from the child; and (2) allow him, little by little, to grasp their fuller and deeper meaning.

Even small children should be initiated to the psalms. Carefully chosen psalms or extracts from them, translated accordingly and prayed with the children, will teach them to pray by actually doing it.

Sister Maria de la Cruz, H. H.S., has demonstrated how to adapt the psalms in catechesis. For example, in the fourth grade textbook of the *Our*

continued on page 19

OBEDIENT

I have at least one obedient pupil in my class. It was Saturday morning and my second and third graders were settling down for the class held in the back of the church. It was also the day for a meeting of the Diocesan Council of Catholic Women. The ladies had attended Mass and were about to leave the church.

I was horrified to see Bobbie making long strands out of a wad of gum. "Put that gum in your mouth," I said, thinking that was the safest place for it at the moment and hoping the ladies had not seen the performance.

With a look of bewilderment on his face, Bobbie reluctantly put the gum in his mouth. Later he told me, "That wasn't my gum, Sister. I found it on the pew!"

SISTER STEPHANIE

* * *

DEFLATION

Richard approached my desk enthusiastically, still in the clouds after being confirmed the evening before.

"Gee, Sister," he gushed, "you're the BEST Sister I ever had. In fact," he continued, "you are the ONLY Sister I ever had!"

SISTER MARILYN

In the Home Field

INVITATION

Mrs. Maloney, one of our CCD lay teachers, was amused at her first graders when they dramatized the story of the Fall of our First Parents. The boy and girl who acted the parts of Adam and Eve had no difficulty, but when it came time for the "devil" to take his part, he became shy and hung back.

"Eve" became impatient and finally blurted out, "Come on! Tempt me!"

SISTER NOREEN

GAMBLING FOR SOULS

Raising money to ransom pagan babies is, as everyone knows, a project of the Holy Childhood Association. Each sister taxes her ingenuity to inspire the children in her class to be generous.

One sister is using a simple glass jar with a slit in the lid for the coins. She says the children enjoy seeing the results of their efforts as they view their amount through the glass.

Another sister records the amount collected on the time-



Jesus changes water into wine — the miracle at the wedding feast as interpreted by a third grade boy.

honored thermometer. The boys and girls compete, and the red line rising in the thermometer informs them which side is ahead.

Still another sister uses what looks suspiciously like a slot machine. It is really a toy bank that came in a box of used toys. Since this is Nevada the children enjoy "gambling for souls" as they deposit their coins.

SISTER ROSE ZITA

* * *

WE REMEMBER JOHNNY

Johnny's picture was in the paper the other night. Johnny was hit by a car and lived only ninety minutes.

We sisters all remember him. He had made his first Communion last spring after many difficulties had been ironed out.

There are others who remember him, too: the Confraternity helper who encouraged him and coached him with his lessons; the woman who provided transportation so that he could come to class. All of us not only remember Johnny but rejoice that we helped him receive the sacraments after the many setbacks he had.

SISTER CHARLENE

Down on the Ranch

by SISTER RITA THERESE

ONE OF THE THINGS our older sisters love to do is reminisce about the "good old days." Now, I am still considered young in religious life, but I too am storing up memories of the "good old days"! An episode I particularly love to recall concerns a ranch in Texas, a dear little woman whom everyone called Miss Annie, rattlesnakes, some cattle, chickens, and last, but not least, Sister Yvonne and myself.

As usual when the sisters arrived for summer school, Miss Annie was there to give us a warm welcome and press a crisp green bill into our hand — for treats! Talking to Miss Annie, with her soft Irish brogue, was a delight and we spent a very enjoyable evening with her.

A couple of days later we drove out to her ranch. A good friend of hers, a registered nurse and a very jolly person, was staying with her for a while. We were in time for evening chores. (In Texas, any time after noon is called evening.) Would we like to go along? *Would we!* Miss Annie donned her sunbonnet and we were off.

We stopped for a minute to look at the old house nearby which had been the first post-office in Yoakum County. Miss Annie told us how as a young woman she used to ride miles on horseback to pick up the mail. Then as we started down the path that led to the corrals, she gave us a warning, "Watch out for rattlesnakes!"

We stopped in the chicken yard while Miss Annie fed the chickens. Then we went through a series of small corrals. At each gate Miss Annie emphasized how important it was to be sure the gate was closed and securely hooked. Otherwise the cattle would wander into places where she didn't want them to go.

"Now, we'll give the cattle their feed!" Miss Annie explained. She opened the gate and Sister Yvonne bounded in behind her. I followed, but much more slowly, making sure that there was less distance between me and the gate than there was between me and the animals. I have to admit that the only thing that keeps me from being afraid of cows is a fence between us.

By this time the cattle had heard the rattle of the feed in the bucket and were coming to the feed bins at a slow gallop. Miss Annie talked to them fondly. As they became interested in their feed, I gained confidence and ventured closer. I felt safe standing right behind Miss Annie.

Now that the cattle had been fed, the chores were over. Back at the house we bade goodbye to Miss Annie and her friend, promising that we would see them again before summer school was over.

See them again we did, but under such sad and unexpected circumstances. The next day we received news that Miss Annie had become very seriously ill during the night. The following day we went out to see her and said a Rosary by her bedside. The nurse had been on her feet all day, taking care of Miss Annie and trying to tend to the chores, too. We asked if there was anything we could do. "The evening chores aren't done!" she suggested jokingly, never dreaming that we would take her up on it.

"We'll do them!" we both said eagerly. If she had not been so tired we might not have been able to talk her into letting us do it. But we felt it was the least we could do.

October 1962



Feeding the chickens was fun.



Sister Yvonne putting out feed for the cattle.



Sister Yvonne by the mystery door.

"You will probably have to get some chicken feed out of the storage shed. Do you know where it is?"

"Oh sure!" said Sister Yvonne. I looked at her admiringly — and with amazement, too! How smart she was to know so much about the ranch already!

"All right! But be careful in that tall grass or a rattler might nip you."

We went to the chickens first. The nurse had been right. There was not enough feed.

"All right: lead the way to the feed shed," I said to Sister Yvonne.

"Well, now, I'm not sure I know where it is," she admitted hesitatingly.

"Ohhhhh," I groaned. "Then we'd better start looking for it."

We made our way through the corrals, searching any shed that looked likely to contain the feed, and being so careful to hook each gate. We came to a big shed with a very peculiar-looking door and stood there for a minute just looking at it. Neither of us said anything, probably because neither of us could figure out how to open the door and not caring to admit it!



Sister Rita Therese thinks she might find the chicken feed among the old stalls.

"I don't think the feed's in here," Sister said.

I readily agreed. So we continued our search, this time through old stalls that had probably been used for horses at one time. Then we ran out of places to search. There was nothing to do but return to the shed we had voted the least likely.

This time we studied the door more closely. There were three little latches. "Try the top one," I suggested.

Sister released it and the top section of the door flew open with a bang. We giggled. Then the second catch — and the middle section swung ajar. By this time we were doubled over in laughter. I don't remember whether we opened the bottom part or just hopped over. But the feed was in there. We fed the chickens and were on our way again.

"Now the cows!" Sister said. She was so enthusiastic.

"Ohhhhh! I hope they aren't there."

"Well, I hope they *are*. Watch out for rattlers!" she reminded me. Her attempt to distract me was unsuccessful. I had no knowledge of the *absolute* nearness of any rattler, but I knew there *were* cattle. And I was not sure that I could feel as safe standing behind Sister Yvonne as I did behind Miss Annie.

In spite of all my worrying, the animals seemed to have vanished. I looked anxiously toward the pasture as Sister got a bucket of feed and filled the bins. Once we were out of the corral and had secured the gate, the herd suddenly appeared from nowhere and rushed to the feed bins. I was smiling with relief, but I could not help notice the look of regret on Sister's face.

We reported "Mission accomplished!" to the nurse, laughed with her a few minutes over our adventure and then headed back to town. On two or three other evenings we returned to say the Rosary for Miss Annie and do the chores. Several months later we received the good news that our friend had completely recovered and was hard at work again on her ranch.

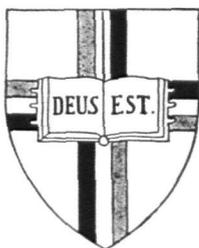
So now you see why I like to reminisce about a little ranch in Texas, Miss Annie, some cows and chickens, and rattlers! Actually though, we never saw any snakes at all.

Though future appointments did not mission us together, Sister Yvonne and I have seen each other nearly every summer since then. Invariably one of us will look at the other and with a twinkle in her eye say, "Remember Miss Annie's ranch?"

How could we ever forget it?



Sister Rita Therese didn't forget to hook the gate.



We now have our CCD High School of Religion classes in the evening instead of on Sunday morning as formerly. Attendance has improved wonderfully, but there are still parents who object to having their daughters come at this time. Do you know what can be done about it?

This is becoming more and more of a problem. In large cities — and even in small towns — conditions are such that parents hesitate to let their young girls go out at night.

Obviously, the only thing that can be done is work out a plan for transportation. Parents who are sincerely concerned about the religious education of their children will take care of this matter themselves. In fact, we know fathers who always drive their daughters to evening events and call for them later.

When the parents do not assume this responsibility, the parish must do it for them. This is work for the Helpers' Division of the CCD. A meeting with the parents might be arranged and the matter discussed.

Your CCD Question

Who make better Home Visitors — men or women?

Now that is a question we refuse to answer categorically. In fact, it can hardly be answered categorically.

Like so many opinions, we can argue for both sides. We have to admit that men make a tremendous impression on parents, for instance, when they call to check on an absentee pupil.

Home Visitors in the Parent-Educator program, of course, should ideally be a man and wife.



Mrs. Gabardi and Mrs. Decaria were enthusiastic representatives for the Discussion Club display — part of a Catechetical Day program in Ogden, Utah. Notice the small figures, complete with miniature texts, seated around a table in foreground.

HOPE — The Undercurrent of All Prayer

continued from page 11

Way Series, an excerpt from psalm 112 is used as a prayer to summarize the lesson on the second commandment. The portion chosen: "Blessed be the name of the Lord both now and forever. From the rising to the setting of the sun is the name of the Lord to be praised" solidifies the positive approach to the commandment exemplified in this lesson.

Psalm 94 (verses 1 and 6) is used as a prayer at the end of the lesson on the third commandment. The carefully chosen extract, "Come, let us sing joyfully to the Lord . . . Come, let us bow down in worship; let us kneel before the Lord who made us," fittingly summarizes the attitude of the child of God who desires to keep the Lord's day holy.

In the psalms can be found all types of prayer: praise, thanksgiving, contrition, petition, complaint. But in all the psalms there is at the basis hope in the Father who loves His children with a special love.

Hope, then, is the undercurrent flowing through all Christian prayer, regardless of what the immediate end of the prayer might be. If the catechist gives his students a deep appreciation of Christian hope, they will not be so likely to offer so many prayers of merely selfish petition.

BOOKS



The ABC's of Modern Catechetics by Rev. Johannes Hofinger, S.J., in collaboration with William J. Reedy. William H. Sadlier, Inc., New York. \$2.00

This little book, as its name suggests, spells out exactly the aim of modern catechetics. Many catechists—priests, sisters, and lay people—are thoroughly familiar with what is called the new approach (though actually it is not something new; it is something re-tored.) As soon as we hear these catechists or read them, we know whether or not they "have it."

Others are aware that there is a catechetical renewal taking place, but they have not yet grasped its full meaning. Still others are hostile to the whole thing, simply because they think it is a complete innovation and they have no use for innovations of any kinds. *The ABC's of Modern Catechetics* is a book for all three types of catechists.

The modern catechetical renewal is a return to concepts in religious instruction which prevailed in the early Christian community. It would take too

long here to give all the reasons why these concepts became obscured. We can be thankful we are living at a time when, as a result of prayerful study and effort, they are being revived. The modern movement aims to restore to the teaching of religion a fuller and deeper awareness of the essential truths revealed by God that these may revitalize Christian living.

Father Hofinger and Mr. Reedy give a history of the various phases of renewal and a thorough explanation of exactly what is meant by the Christian Message. Nor do they stop there. They give practical helps to the catechist and show him how to carry out his role. Two sample lessons and a selected bibliography conclude this excellent booklet, a "must" for every teacher of religion.

* * *

The Liturgy. Papal Teachings selected and arranged by the Benedictine Monks of Solesmes and translated by the Daughters of St. Paul. St. Paul Editions, 50 St. Paul's Av., Jamaica Plain, Boston 30, Mass. Cloth \$5.00; paper \$4.00

This is a compilation of papal teachings on the Sacred Liturgy from Pope Benedict XIV (1740-1758) to Pope John XXIII with the exception of Clement XIV and Pius VIII. It contains excerpts not only from decrees, encyclicals, letters, allocutions,

and apostolic constitutions, but also from radio messages and homilies. There are, besides, several letters by the Secretary of State addressed to various persons.

Some of these passages consist only of a paragraph or two, but many of the important documents issued by St. Pius X and Pope Pius XII are quoted almost in their entirety. Among these are St. Pius' directives on sacred music and frequent Communion and the following documents of Pius XII; the encyclicals *Mediator Dei* and *Musicae sacrae disciplina*; the Apostolic Letter on the Psalms; and the Allocution to the International Congress on Pastoral Liturgy. The entire text of what is now known as the September Instruction is given in an appendix.

Most of the quotations in this book are from Pope Pius XII, but those of our present Holy Father already add up to an imposing number.

The contributions are presented in chronological order, as they were issued by the various pontiffs. At the beginning of the volume a table of contents lists the passages according to title. At the end of the book are a number of indexes to facilitate its use. These include an alphabetical index, an analytical index, indexes of quotations, documents, and sources. These features greatly increase the reference value of the book.

Understanding the Latin American by Tere Rios. The Queen's Work, 3115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis 18, Mo.

All who are interested in the Latin American — and that ought to mean just about everybody — should read this delightful little pamphlet.

The author is the daughter of a Puerto Rican father and an

Irish mother. She is the wife of Colonel Humbert Versace and the mother of five children. The many lovable and bewildering (to the average U.S. citizen) traits of the Latin American are described here in a most engaging way.

This should be required reading for all who would understand the Latin American. And that ought to mean just about everybody.

In Memoriam

- Mrs. Agnes Windolph, Humphrey, Nebr., mother of Sister Mary Rita, O.L.V.M.
John Moffitt, Chicago, father of Sister John Mary, O.L.V.M.
Mrs. Margaret B. Montoya, Santa Fe, N. Mex., sister of Sister Carlota, O.L.V.M.
A. J. Baschnagel, Des Moines, Iowa, brother of Sister Roberta, O.L.V.M.
Mrs. Concepcion Sanchez, Fillmore, Calif., grandmother of Sister Socorro, O.L.V.M.
Rev. James B. McCartin, O.M.I., Ligonier, Ind.
Sister M. Ceslaus, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sister M. Luciano, O.P., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mrs. Marie Lembeck, St. Louis
Bernard Mellin, Chicago
Mrs. Vernie LoRang
John McGovern, Berwyn, Ill.
Antonio J. Gallegos, San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. Mariangela Franco, Chicago
Mrs. Irene Petrig, Evansville, Ind.
Dr. William Parr, Catonsville, Md.
Mrs. Bertha Stolz, ACM, Chicago
Mary Zielinski
Arthur J. Murphy
Mrs. Emma Homering, ACM, Chicago
John B. Hilbert, ACM, Omaha, Nebr.
Mrs. Agnes Walsh, St. Louis
Mrs. Catherine A. Baudendistel, Brookville, Ind.
James Hanlon, Upper Montclair, N. J.
Mrs. Louise Lehrke, San Diego, Calif.
Anna Persha, Detroit
William G. Burmeister, Chicago

Editor's By-Line

Although most of the sisters who leave Victory Noll for the missions travel by car, many of them still use the railroads and a few go by plane. Those of us who stay here are on the departure committee.

In these days when so many trains are being taken off the road, one cannot help but reflect how sad it will be should they become relics of a bygone age. There is something very fascinating about the "iron horse" — not just for children, but adults as well. In fact, in nearly every small town there are persons who find trains so attractive that they make it a point to meet every one that comes in; just as there are people who run to every fire.

We had the "train-meeters" in my own home town. Some of them were retired railroaders who could not keep away from the site of their former work. One man, though, was a musician — an accomplished one who would take only advanced piano pupils. Meeting trains was one of his eccentricities.

Here in Huntington the train crews must think that meeting trains is my hobby. They see me often enough taking sisters or other guests to the train or meeting them.

One Friday afternoon in the fall we had just turned away from putting someone on the

train bound for Chicago when a voice called "Sister, Sister!" We turned to see a man carrying a huge plastic bag of potato chips. He explained rather apologetically that he and some friends from Upstate New York were on their way to attend the Notre Dame-Iowa game. They had brought the chips along for a snack. Would we like to have them?

Of course we would! Home we went carrying the largest sack of potato chips I ever saw in my life.

At one of the stations in town (two roads come in to Huntington) the bulletin board is never changed. Even when the train is late (and it often is), the legend still reads: "On time." At the bottom of the board is a line for the date. Rather than waste time changing it from day to day, it gives the simple information: TODAY.

We find it amusing, but it's really not so stupid. After all, we need only be concerned about today. Yesterday is gone; tomorrow is not here yet. It is today that counts — this minute, this second.

Time is sacred because Christ, the Eternal, has entered into it. Every instant of time has been affected by the Incarnation. Christ's resurrection inaugurated a new temporal order — the time of fulfillment. Let us who are living in this time be aware of the privilege that is ours. SEA

Nice Kitty!

by SISTER VIVIAN

AT FIVE MINUTES of three every afternoon you will see some of us Missionary Sisters standing outside one of our largest elementary public schools in San Antonio, waiting for the children to take them to religion classes.

This was Thursday, the day the second and fifth grades came for instructions. We did not have far to go to our center. Some of my second graders ran ahead to be first in line. A few others said they would take a short cut and meet us. They did, but as I turned the corner, imagine my dismay to see five little boys and girls holding tiny kittens in their arms. A kind lady had given them the kittens, they explained, and they were delighted!

But I was not! What in the world would we do with kittens during class? It was a large group and every child was a little live wire that

seemed to be charged with high voltage all the time. I now had five little kittens with which to compete.

"Ask the lady to take care of the kittens while you come to religion class," I said.

Obediently they trooped back to the lady who promised to save the kittens for them.

After class I packed my briefcase, closed the windows, and walked down the stairs. At the door five little kittens cradled in five pairs of small arms greeted me joyfully. The kind lady had saved the kittens for them!

Now we are wondering what the mothers said when their little darlings came home with pussy cats. The families live in government projects and that means they may not have pets. Did the kind lady get all her kittens back? We'll find out next Thursday.

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