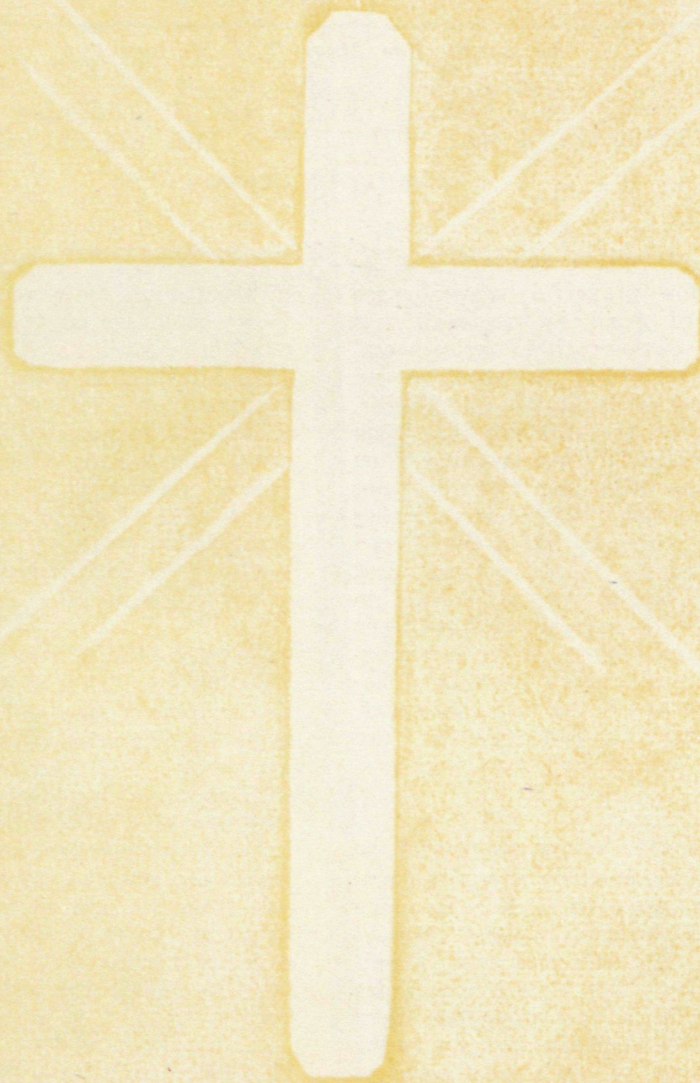


April 1946



The
Missionary
Catechist

Mission Intention for April

by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. J. McDonnell

THAT FALSE NATIONALISM MAY NOT HINDER THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY A REFORMATION

IN considering this intention, recommended by the Holy See for prayerful remembrance during the month of April, let us recall that scene between Our Saviour, the Pharisees and the Herodians, as described in the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew. "Master, we know that Thou art truthful, and that Thou teachest the way of God in truth and that Thou carest naught for any man; for Thou dost not regard the person of men," was their flattering introduction to an inquiry by which they hoped to trap Christ. "Tell us, therefore, what dost Thou think: Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar, or not?" With infinite wisdom Jesus Christ made the perfect answer, indicating clearly the complete cleavage which must exist between service to God and to the state. "Render, therefore, to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," He said, "and to God the things that are God's."

TODAY, more than ever before, there must be a clear concept of the meaning of nationalism, because the sins that are committed in its name are multiplying with alarming rapidity. Donald Attwater furnishes a concrete and explicit definition when he states: "The term is sometimes used as synonymous with patriotism but more often and conveniently to distinguish an undue particularism in favor of one's own country. Nationalism in this sense amounts to a religion in so far as it produces the same degree of enthusiasm and devotion and makes of the nation and its interests an end in itself."

NEEDLESS to say, nationalism, when considered in this light, affords a medium for many abuses. Basically it may provide the foundation for the spread of racial hatreds, at the same time sowing the seeds for disorders, overthrow of

governments, and eventually warfare. Extremists in nationalism today would have us believe that their tenets are opposed to socialism and communism. Actually all three possess many of the same fundamental principles and invariably open the way for totalitarianism regardless of the claims of the leaders. Whenever the state becomes supreme, when it reaches down into the lives of individuals, dictating the mode of living, the method of education, and the allocation of occupational pursuits, it has entered upon the road of false nationalism which parallels fascism and communism.

NATIONALISM, which would destroy the inalienable rights of the individual, denies the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, and should have no place in human society. Yet we know that events currently happening throughout the world give ample evidence of the spread of this false nationalism. Occurrences in India, Java, Sumatra, and the Netherlands East Indies indicate the consequences which may result from the present unrest and disorders. A strong Hindu or Moslem fanaticism, inflamed by a desire for complete government control, can never be expected to aid in the spread of Christianity.

IN view of such facts, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith urges American Catholics to pray ardently during the month of April for the intention recommended by the Holy See. Love of one's country is most laudable, and our people have given ample evidence that they are devoted to this nation and all that concerns her. Now they are asked to remember those who, standing at the crossroads of history, may be carried away by that extremist policy which leads to false nationalism.

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXII

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Number 5

All out for Christ

by Catechist M. Eva Geiskopf



A group of girls from the Elkhart C.Y.O.

COULD the young people of our parish successfully plan and conduct a C.Y.O. conference, listen to talks and discussions on serious subjects? Such were the questions we oldsters asked ourselves as the idea began to bud and blossom here at St. John's in Goshen. They not only could, but DID, and that gloriously. The

afternoon of February 17 proved it conclusively as we watched bus-loads and auto-loads of teenagers and up, from surrounding cities, pour into St. John's to register for an afternoon of hard work and an evening of fun.

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The Mass of the Martyrs

by Gerald Ellard, S.J., Ph.D.

Address delivered at Liturgical week, New Orleans, December, 1945, reprinted by permission of the Liturgical Conference.

(Continued from last month)

THE once-a-week Mass, at first everywhere the custom, with the possible exception (for a while) of Jerusalem, had in Africa by the end of the second century (*Tert. De Orat.* 19) developed into Mass three times a week, and by mid-third century (*Cyp. De Orat. Dom.* 18) had grown into daily Mass. But Africa was quite exceptional in that; most localities had their Mass-assembly once a week.

It was what we might call a plenary session of (ideally) every single Christian: "All who live in cities or in the country gather together into one assembly," Justin had written (*Apol.* 67), and it is an interesting fact that our word, "Church" *Ecclesia*, was at the outset reserved for just the Mass-assembly. Even plenary sessions held for other purposes were designated by another name. As the people entered the house appointed for today's Mass, they would understandably be given a careful scrutiny by a deacon (*Didasc.* 12).

MASS was held usually in combination with a service of prayer and Scripture reading, the forerunner of our Mass of the Catechumens, or Mass of the Learners, as we say, but here we view the Mass itself in its barest and simplest form. Even in that briefest, most furtive form, it was a "solemn" Mass in our modern sense of engaging clergy and laity of every hierarchical rank, for every Christian has his appointed liturgy, as St. Clement said.

THE Mass would be "called to order" by some such salutation as "The Lord be with you," or "Peace be with you," the one more redolent of Old Testament worship, the other, more of Christ and the New. "Let none who has a quarrel with his fellow join in your assembly until they be reconciled, that your sacrifice be not defiled," the *Didache* (14) had prescribed about the year 100. The public testimonial of this universal love was a general kiss of peace, the more easily managed as men sat with men, women with women. An early manual directs a deacon to cry out, as each embraced his nearest neighbor: "Is there any man that keepeth aught against his neighbor?" (*Didasc.* 17). The only

verse in the Gospel bearing directly on Mass-attendance is that word of Christ:

If thou art bringing thy gift, then, before the altar, and rememberest there that thy brother has some ground of complaint against thee, leave thy gift . . . be reconciled with thy brother first, and then come back to offer thy gift. (*Matt. V, 23,24*).

The kiss of peace has, in our Mass, been transferred to bring it into closer connection with Communion.

"WE salute one another with a kiss," Justin wrote, "and then bread and a cup of wine mixed with water is brought." (*Apol.* 65). Bread and wine offered, by whom? how? We may recall in general what St. Clement wrote of the respective liturgies of the several orders in the community. Well, the *lay people* were bid to bring these *oblata*, the common gifts of the holy church of God; the *deacons* likewise to bring them up; the *bishop*, with the attending *priests* collaborating by here holding their hands over the gifts, "eucharistized" them, as St. Hippolytus outlined it all (*Trad. Apost.* 20,10:4,2).

"YOU are wealthy and rich," St. Cyprian once wrote a lady inclined to shirk a personal gift-offering, "and imagine you can celebrate Mass without your sacrificial-gift, and to communicate perhaps from the offering a poor person has made." (*De Op. et Ele.* 15).

THAT these gifts of the Church were to supply the elements for that "clean oblation" foretold by Malachy was recalled by the *Didache* (14), by Justin (*Tr.* 41) and by St. Irenaeus (*Adv. Haer.* 4,17,5). In giving their bread and wine to God these Christians knew they were giving themselves to God in a symbol, even if none of them phrased it quite as sharply as St. Augustine did later on: "There you lie upon the altar table; there you are in the chalice. And we, we are there with you, too" (*Serm.* 229).

THAT the common sacrifice was being offered as a token of Christian unity was stressed by all authors, but said best, perhaps, by St. Ignatius of Antioch about 107. "The same Lord, the

same faith, the same baptism," Paul had said (*Eph.* 4,5). "The same altar and the same Eucharist," Ignatius had added (*Phil.* 4), "the same Flesh of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the same Cup for union with His Blood." That we give earthly gifts to God only to receive heavenly ones in return had been taught, for instance, by Origen (*Hom. in Luc.* 24). And in the Greek there is a frequent play between *acharistic* (thankless) and *eucharistic* (thankful).

WAS there a Christian in the community for the moment excommunicate? Then he was, by an early council (*Ancyra*, 314, *can.* 2) "excommunicated" from his own liturgy as well; the layman could be present there, but without his oblation; the deposed deacon was suspended from presenting; the deposed priest or bishop from officiating, because the people's offering, the deacon's presenting, the officiant's consecrating were all in view of their respective part in Communion.

BEST of all, these Christians knew, as Justin said (*Tr.* 41) and Ignatius made clear (*Smyr.* 7), that it was the Lord's death they were heralding. St. Cyprian said: "We make mention of His passion in all our sacrifices, *for the passion of the Lord is the sacrifice we offer*" (*Ep.* 63,17). That was why their very word for Mass was *thankfulness*, that they could always and everywhere give thanks to God, who had called them from the darkness of idolatry into His marvelous light, freely pardoning them their offenses, ennobling them with the sonship of adoption and the fellowship of the saints, all through the merits of that sublime Sacrifice of the Cross here and now being re-presented before God and recalled before men. Mockery, scourging, chains, imprisonment—what are these as the "price" of a Mass?

BUT we left our congregation standing around their altar, anxious to worship God as He would have them worship Him.

IT was the celebrant's high prerogative to voice the consecratory prayer, what we should call the Canon of the Mass. The Bishop was the ordinary celebrant, but a priest might be deputed to act for him (*Ign. Smyr.* 8). Within the framework of a general form, the actual phrasing of the Canon was improvised by the celebrant. There is one Mass-Canon of pre-Nicene times extant, that of St. Hippolytus of Rome of about the year 215. The original is couched in one enormous sentence, the recitation of which would occupy about three or four minutes. Our English version, here following, has been, in a few unimportant expressions, conjecturally "restored" by scholars:

We render Thee thanks, O God, through Thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, that in these last days Thou has sent Him as Saviour and Redeemer and Angel (Messenger) of Thy will, who is Thine inseparable Word, by whom Thou hast made all things, and in whom Thou art well pleased; Thou hast sent Him from Heaven into the Virgin's womb, where He became incarnate and manifested Himself as Thy Son, born of the Holy Ghost and of the Virgin; then accomplishing Thy will and conquering a new and holy race, He stretched out His hands in His Passion in order that He might deliver from suffering those who believe in Thee; and at the moment when He delivered Himself voluntarily to His Passion, in order to destroy death, to break the devil's chains, to spurn hell under His feet, to enlighten the just, to fix a term, to show forth His resurrection, taking bread and giving thanks, He said: "Take, eat. This is My Body, which shall be mangled for you." Likewise the Cup, saying: "This is My Blood, which is shed for you; when you do this, you do it in memory of Me."

REMEMBERING then His Death and Resurrection, we offer Thee this Bread and this Chalice, thanking Thee because Thou hast deigned to permit us to appear before Thee and to serve Thee. And we pray Thee to send Thy Holy Spirit upon the oblation of Thy Holy Church, uniting them as one, that Thou wilt give to all the saints who participate (in the sacrifice) to be filled with the Holy Ghost and fortified in the truth of the faith, so that we may praise Thee and glorify Thee by Thy Child, Jesus Christ, by whom to Thee is glory and honor to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in your Holy Church, now and for all ages.

(English translation quoted with permission from Cabrol's "Mass of the Western Rites," published by Herder, 1934, p. 18, from Cagin's restoration of the original.)

As the celebrant ceased speaking, all present gave their assent by that untranslatable Hebrewism, *Amen* (*Just. Ap.* 65,67). The term has worn smooth on our lips, but we might here re-

(Continued on page 14)

ALL OUT FOR CHRIST

(Continued from page 3)

FOR days our Goshen C.Y.O. members planned and prepared. Available artistic talent was commandeered for making posters and signs and decorating the auditorium. C.Y.O. mothers were called into service to prepare a meal that would fill the void created by a lot of serious thinking.

AND you never saw such cleaning and scrubbing as we witnessed the day before the meeting. Every square inch of the building which had formerly served as a parochial school was gone over. Even the light fixtures came in for a scouring. Boys and girls worked together in a spirit of camaraderie that was beautiful to see.

R.T. REV. MSGR. JOHN SABO, dean of the South Bend deanery, issued a challenge when in his opening address he told the young people that as Catholic Youths, theirs was the task of inspiring with Christ-like ideals, not only the pagan and communistically imbued associates of their every-day environment, but also the peoples of defeated nations who were now without ideals.

FOLLOWING the general session the group dispersed for panel discussions on Sodality work, What to do about Jacket Clubs, The Catholic Working Girl, and Athletics. One practical resolution from each of these groups was brought back to the general session at the close of these

discussions.

A HOLY hour fittingly climaxed the afternoon's activities. In his sermon, Father James Conroy of Elkhart, reminded the C.Y.O. that there would be no sense in meeting for a conference unless they brought their resolutions to the feet of Christ, their Leader, to Whom each individual had to pledge his personal loyalty. During the course of the Holy Hour, Scout leaders presented the Ad Altare Dei medal, highest scouting award for Mass servers, to Edward Sullivan of the Goshen C.Y.O. A touch of the dramatic was added when just before the Tantum Ergo, the electric power suddenly went off and the Benediction service was concluded by acapella congregational singing, with only the light of the candles to create an unusually beautiful atmosphere of solemnity. Many thought it had been done for effect.

SUPPER followed immediately. Everyone marveled at the ingenuity which changed the auditorium from convention hall to dining room to dance floor with almost magic speed. All agreed that from the moment identification badges were pinned on until the last dance was danced the conference had been a wonderful success.

TO us it had been a magnificent and heartening demonstration of the power and ability of our Catholic Youth, who, despite occasional opinions to the contrary would, and certainly did, come "All out for Christ."

The House on the Hill

by Catechist M. Hazel Sullivan

ANYONE who reads the lovely poem, "The House by the Side of the Road," by Sam Foss, feels drawn to the kindly soul who wishes only to be a friend to man. How fortunate one is to have the privilege of knowing such a person—a real "friend to man"—whom the mere knowing makes the world a better place in which to live.

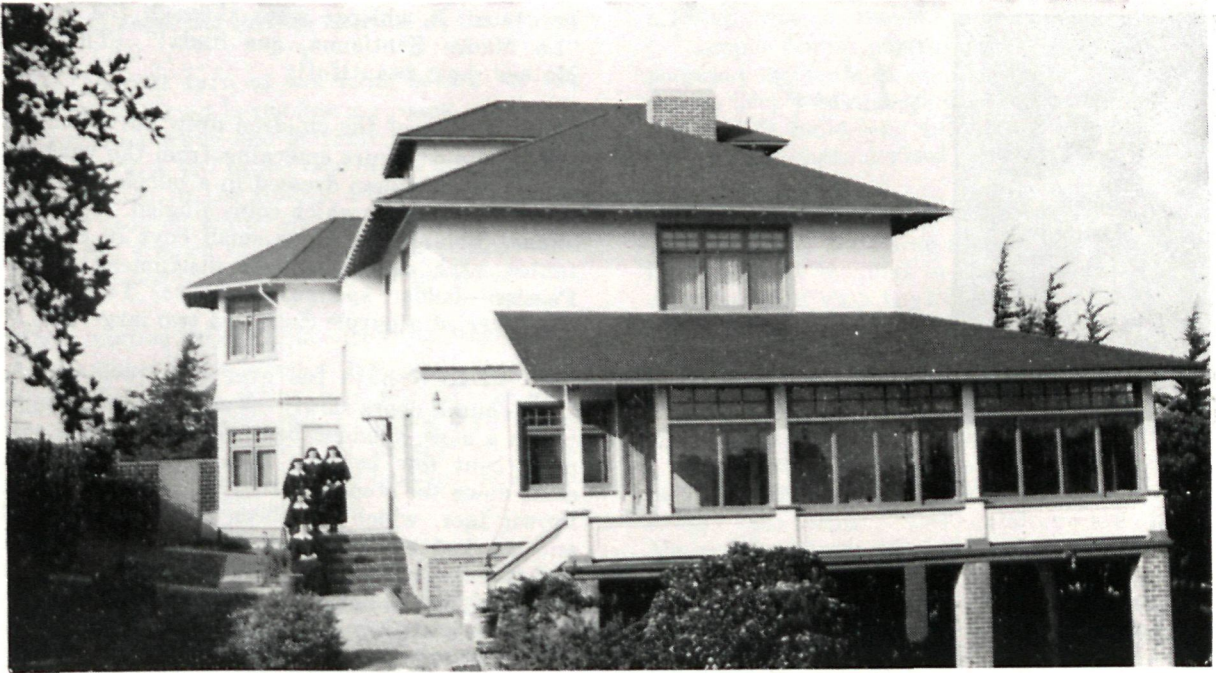
THIS house "by the side of the road," as I see it, is not pretentious. Cleanliness, but not meticulousness, is the rule of the household. One feels that the child who thoughtlessly tracks mud on the spotless kitchen floor will not be scolded, nor will the visitor who accidentally drops cigarette ashes on the floor receive a reproving glance.

AT peace with the world, the man of the house sits in an antiquated rocker on the porch

ready to offer the passerby shelter from the bright rays of the noonday sun or welcome him to a visit in the quiet of the evening. He is a noble soul, kind, generous, and understanding; his eyes reflect all that is best in life, laughter, joy, sympathy, or sorrow, as he sits listening to the tale of the wayfarer.

THE man of the poem makes this old world a better place in which to live because of his friendliness and selfless interest in his fellow men. But life is stranger than fiction—and the story of the "house on the hill" and its generous owner is a more fascinating tale—and a true one.

THE "house on the hill" is now Mary, Star of the Sea Convent, Monterey, California, my new home, which my sister Catechists and I had



The House on the Hill—Mary, Star of the Sea Convent, Monterey, California.

just been exploring. The tour completed, we stopped before the picture of a sweet, serious-faced woman, below which I read:

Eva Bennett George
Donor of this home that it may be used forever
as a center of religious life.
Let those who read this remember her in their
prayers.
1937

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. George started to build their house in Monterey, they planned to make it a home, a refuge and a haven from the cares and trials of a busy life. I can picture the two of them laughing and gaily planning the rooms—here the library for silent study, there the reception room to entertain their friends, this room would be the blue room, here the pink room, and so on. In time all was completed, and they began their life in their Citadel of Peace overlooking the tranquil waters of Monterey Bay. Happiness was short-lived for soon Reaper Death called for the Man of the Home, leaving only memories of happy hours together to the Lady of the House.

THE sorrow did not make her life bitter; instead she began to spend herself for others. The Good-Will truck was a regular visitor at her door. People in need were always sure of this kind benefactor. Then one day as she saw two Missionary Catechists awaiting the dismissal of the children from the school on the corner, the idea came to her to give up her home that it

might be used as a center of religious life. She, an Episcopalian, gave her home to the Most Reverend Philip G. Scher, D.D., Catholic Bishop of the Monterey-Fresno diocese, that we might have a larger convent. She lived in a hotel until her death in 1937.

THUS we live in the house on the top of the hill and endeavor to be more than just a friend to all. Names like "blue" and "pink" rooms, etc., have disappeared and the rooms are known in convent terminology as study hall, recreation room, dormitory, refectory. The library is still a room of silence for in it lives our Eucharistic Guest, and the Catechists spend many an hour in silent adoration, soliciting spiritual help for themselves and their people.

CHILDREN are regular visitors at the Convent door. Sometimes they come to secure the vegetables a kind benefactor sends us weekly for distribution; other times they come for clothing; a boy comes for string to fly his kite or a piece of wood to finish a carpenter job; Helen and wee Margie come to make a visit to "little Jesus," parking their dolls at the entrance.

MANY are the callers and numerous the requests. The door is always open to the needy and the troubled. But we who have the privilege of serving God and our fellow men here are ever mindful of the thoughtfulness and generosity of the woman who gave up her home that it might be used for the glory of God and the spiritual and temporal welfare of man.



Las Tres Caidas

by Catechist M. Alice James

AS Holy Week drew near, the children often spoke of *las tres caidas*—the three falls of Jesus when carrying His cross.

"ARE you going to see *las tres caidas*, Catechist?" they asked over and over again.

AND my answer was always the same, "I'd love to, but I don't know whether it will be possible; there is so much to be done during Holy Week." For in addition to attending Holy Week services, decorating our convent chapel for the big feast, planning Easter parties for the children, and the hundred and one other things that must be taken care of that week, most of us sing in the out missions where the Padre wishes to give the people the advantage of Holy Week services, but has no choir.

I FINALLY told the children to say a little prayer that I might be able to go. I'm sure Our Blessed Mother listened to her little ones. For early Good Friday morning Catechist asked me if I would go to see the "three falls" with her and a young lady who was visiting in El Paso.

WHEN we arrived at the Mexican church of Calvario, we found a large crowd on the roads and along the unpaved sidewalks. A man, dressed as a centurion and mounted on a horse, came riding from the church yard. He was followed by young boys dressed as soldiers. They carried long poles. With these they began to push the crowds back from the entrance of the church in much the same manner as the soldiers might have done in the Praetorium.

SEVERAL young women, dressed in flowing robes and white veils, started down the road. In their midst walked a young woman dressed

in black and with just a touch of white around her face. A whisper went through the crowd. "La Madre Santisima, que linda!" (The holy Mother, how beautiful!)

THE shouts of the children drew our attention to the next figure emerging from the yard. It was an elderly man dressed in a purple robe and carrying a bag in which coins jingled. This was Judas. Behind him came small boys in colorful tunics, each carrying some instrument of the Passion—ladder, sponge, spear, etc. Two bigger boys carried a purple cloth and two large dice.

A SUDDEN hush fell over the crowd as the church doors slowly opened. Muffled drums began a slow, subdued beat. The tall figure of a man, bent low beneath a large wooden cross, came down the steps. Matted hair framed a thin, brown face, which had been cleverly shadowed and marked with a small amount of make-up. Red streams ran in wavy, uneven lines from the crown of thorns down the face and neck. Cruel-looking red stripes crisscrossed the brown hands and it was easy to picture the rise and fall of lashes in searing, cutting blows.

I FOUND myself holding back an exclamation of pity at the sight, realizing that in spite of the reality of the scene, it was but a dramatization. Not so our warm-hearted, impulsive Mexicans. After the first silence, pitying exclamations rose and fell,

"SEÑOR mio, Pobrecito!"

AS the figure beneath the cross made his way slowly down the dusty road, the crowd followed at either side, gesticulating and exclaiming over what was taking place.

AT some distance from the church, the drums suddenly softened to a dull, rumbling roll. The crowd paused, perfectly still.

"VA a caer, Pobrecito!" whispered a little old lady at my elbow.

THE red-garbed figure was slowly, painfully sinking to the ground, as if in sheer exhaustion. The beat of the drums was the only sound. All eyes were fixed on the man in the dust of the road. It was the first fall.

A FEW paces farther on a group of young women came forward, the black-robed one walking a little to the fore. Slowly she approached the cross, and then with her eyes lifted to the haggard face beneath it, she knelt on the ground before him. There were no words, but

one could sense the intense emotion of the actors.

AT the next turn of the road, several of the young women in the flowing robes, surrounded the cross while one of their number pressed a snowy white veil to the face of the man. As she turned again to the side of the road, she lifted the veil that all might see the pictured countenance. A Veronica of the twentieth century had made her gesture of pity and compassion.

THE muffled drums announced the second fall. This time Judas stood a few paces from the fallen Christ. His acting was superb. He gave the man beneath the cross a long and penetrating look. With a gesture of despair he threw back his head, looked into the heavens, and beat his breast with clenched fists.

THE latter action caused the coins in his bag to jingle. He lifted the bag as though to toss it from him, but as his eyes rested upon it, a crafty gleam appeared. He held the bag close to his breast, fondled it, talked to it. Then with a frenzied movement he plunged headlong through the spectators.

EVERY action had been in pantomime. Now a murmur of approval went through the crowd at what had been a marvelous portrayal of the struggle in the soul of the betrayer.

AS the church came into view, the third fall took place, the condemned figure lay at full length, face buried in the dust of the road. One might have thought it a lifeless body, except that at intervals the shoulders rose and fell and the entire length quivered as though great sobs were shaking it. But again there was no sound.

THIS last fall lasted longer than the others since it was to be the climax of the morning's drama. Even nature loaned atmosphere to it. The pulsing, waiting silence of the crowd was broken by a distant roll of thunder. Dark clouds dotted a lowering sky and a sudden gust of wind sent dust flying in all directions. Had the Condemned of that first Good Friday commanded even the elements to provide a back-drop for the pitiful scene before us?

A SMALL child cried out in a frightened voice. An old negress at my side sobbed aloud. The spectators moved forward as the soldiers stooped and lifted the reeling figure. They stood on either side of the man as if to lend added assistance should his effort to continue prove too great.

HERE was a realism being achieved by a simple people portraying some of the most poignant incidents in the life of their Redeemer. Only a deep love and knowledge of the mysteries of His life could lend to their performance the reality that characterized it throughout.

AS the church doors closed upon the bearer of the cross, there was an excited cry. I came back from my musings to find the trees along the roadway filled with boys of all sizes. Some stood or sat on near by roofs. Others were still standing in the roadway, clustered around the man in the purple tunic, Judas.

FOR some reason a mood of joviality had replaced the one of intense sorrow. Catechist looked as puzzled as I felt. A man near her caught the look. "The children are happy, Madre," he added. "It is time for Judas to hang himself."

WE glanced toward the traitor and saw that the crowd around him was edging him to a large tree with a low-hanging limb. No one had climbed this tree. Here Judas paused, looked at his bag of coins, then at the tree. His young followers watched every gesture. This moment belonged to Judas!

ALL at once Judas took from around his waist the knotted rope that served as a cincture. He tied its two ends together and threw it over the end of the limb. He slipped his head through the circle of rope, allowing it to pass around the back of his neck. The whispering of even the smallest spectators was hushed.

ALL at once Judas gave a sudden jump and a quick twist to his head; a moment later he was lying back against the rope, his head rolling grotesquely from side to side, mouth open, eyes wide and staring. His whole appearance gave the impression of a lifeless body.

THE youngsters broke into loud cheering at this end of the betrayer. Small lads shook hands with a fellow watcher as if to congratulate each other on the way justice had come into its own.

WHEN the cheering had subsided, the elderly actor straightened, removed the rope, bowed to his young audience, and went quietly into the church yard.

THE spell of the morning was broken. We realized once more that we were Missionaries

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SUBSTITUTING FOR CHRIST

"Don't you find census work rather monotonous?" someone asked us as we went about our task of going from door to door taking the census.

And I suppose it could be monotonous if one let it become so. Instead, it brings to my mind over and over again the little poem I once read beneath the picture of a Crucifix:

But since He cannot go, His dying love to show,
I must go for Him.

Both my hands are free, my feet his nimble
servants hence must be.

It is often by a few kind words that we are able to bring the Divine Lover of souls closer to those who for many years have closed their hearts to Him. One never knows what a knock on someone's door may mean. Many times we are greeted with the words, "Sister, I'm so glad you've come," and we go in to listen to one whose heart is overburdened with grief, or perhaps to one who is lonely. And the grief becomes a bit easier to bear and the loneliness a little less lonely because there has been someone to share the one or the other.

At times census work has its amusing side also. One day we stopped at a home where an old man greeted us cordially.

"Good morning, Sisters," he said. "Come right in."

His wife echoed his words, "Yes, do come in."

"You know," remarked the wife, after a few moments conversation, "we have been married just four months today."

"Oh!" was all I could manage to say, for the bride was seventy-six and the groom was ninety. And I must have looked my surprise, because the woman hastened to explain that they had been married before, but had been separated for forty years. Four months ago they had decided to remarry.

Catechist M. Helen Collis .
Elko, Nevada



In The Home Field

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

We have been suspicious of modern educational methods for quite a while, and occasionally some incidents come up in our mission work to confirm our suspicions.

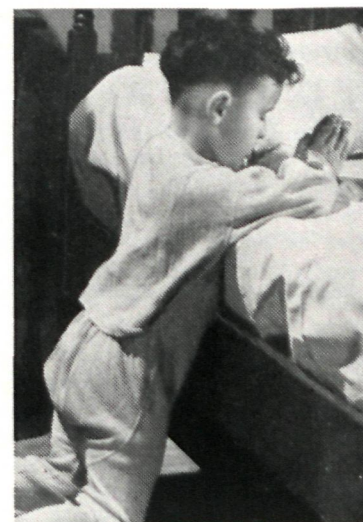
Since good old geography and history gave place to "social science," it is no longer necessary to know the boundaries of each of our forty-eight states. In fact, the modern youngsters don't even know the states, unless there is a near by street named for them.

One of the Catechists was asked by a pupil where her home was. "Minnesota," she beamed, but was met with the crushing reply, "Never heard of it." Bobby questioned the other Catechist, who gave "Illinois" as her answer. "Oh, yes," he brightened up, "I heard about that in school."

But the worst part of it is that a "Special Opportunity" type of school is located on Indiana Street, and sends its bus into all the surrounding neighborhood to pick up its "special" students. When the children asked, "Where's that Catechist in the car from?" and were told "She's from Indiana," they lifted their eyebrows and exclaimed, "Do they have Catechists in *Indiana*? Can Catechists from *Indiana* drive cars?"

Now we have learned to say, "She's from Huntington."

Catechist Miriam Doyle
Los Angeles, California



"THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!"

Recently it was necessary for some of us to double up on our classes. It was a sad day for Catechist Rogers' little ones, when they tearfully said "Good by" to her and reluctantly walked across the road to my class.

When the children came in, I was giving an instruction on the Sacrament of Penance. I continued the instruction, emphasizing the advantages of frequent confession for all, young and old, and mentioned the fact that I go to confession weekly.

The following class day, Catechist Rogers met the children at the school and asked them how they got along in their new class.

"You should like it very much," Catechist began. "Catechist is so very good. . . ."

"Oh, yeah!" interrupted one of the youngsters. "That's what you think! Do you know what she told us the other day? She goes to confession, too!! and *every* week!!!

Catechist B. O'Sullivan
San Antonio, Texas



WHY DID GOD DO THIS TO ME?

It was my first class after the summer vacation and Richard—my most faithful pupil of former years—was missing. I asked the children about him, but no one wanted to tell me why he didn't come to class.

But it wasn't long until Richard came in "just to see what was going on."

"What is wrong, Richard?" I asked him after class.

"Everything is wrong, Catechist," he replied. "I quit church and catechism, and I'm mad at God. I'll never go to confession or holy communion, NEVER!"

The tears started to his eyes, so I knew his case wasn't as hopeless as it sounded. I waited a moment, then said, "Tell me what has happened, Richard."

"Look, Catechist, why did God do this to me?" and he held out one hand.

I looked and saw that one finger was missing. Then Richard told me the story. There had been an accident, his finger was caught and torn off. Now he was angry with God for "doing that to him."

We talked together until the Catechists from the farther missions came for me. Richard left then, and deep in his heart he thought God was very good to him for taking only a finger—it might have been his whole hand.

The grace of God triumphed in Richard's soul. He attends class regularly, has gone to confession and holy communion, and is once more an intimate and loving friend of his God.

Catechist M. Frances Kowalewski
San Pedro, California

Associate Catechists



Dear Associates:

A BLESSED Eastertide be yours! St. Gregory gives us a few thoughts for this holy season which are worth pondering. He calls our attention to the fact that as long as the two disciples, journeying in the company of our Risen Savior disguised as a stranger, merely listened to His words they did not recognize Him. It was only after they had made a practical gesture of charity, extending to Him the invitation to spend the night with them and eat at their table, that "they knew Him in the breaking of bread."

THE realization that our neighbor is Christ (a part of His Mystical Body) will best be brought home to us not so much in hearing it preached in sermons as in doing our neighbor some practical service.

HERE again you, dear Associates, can take comfort from this exposition of Christian Doctrine. You have given often and much to "this dear neighbor" (words of St. Francis de Sales) through our instrumentality. May you know Christ, as the disciples of Emmaus did, so that your hearts may glow like theirs with divine love.

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR

ST. GEORGE BAND (Chicago)

NOT long ago, Miss Marie Vaughn, promoter for St. George Band, sent us the proceeds of a very successful raffle they put on for our benefit. When we tell you the money order was for \$55.00, we know you will agree with us on that score. Raffles entail no end of work as every Associate who has taken a book of chances to sell will agree, and yet the returns are usually very gratifying and the realization that this money is going to benefit the needy compensates for the efforts put forth. To each member of the Band our sincere thanks.

ST. MARY MISSION SOCIETY

(Ft. Wayne, Ind.)

IN the recent death of Mrs. Theresa Ankenbruck, who for almost twenty-five years headed St. Mary's Mission Society in Fort Wayne, Indiana, we lost a great friend and benefactor. Mrs. Ankenbruck held our Society in great esteem and did much to collect funds for our charitable works among God's poor. Over a long period of time, she took personal charge of mission boxes shipped each year to our neediest missions in the Southwest. Her many charitable works must have been a source of comfort to her in her last illness. May her great and charitable soul rest in peace.

WE extend our loving sympathy to the bereaved members of her family and to her large circle of friends.

ST. ANN'S BAND (Ft. Wayne, Ind.)

A BAND which is seldom mentioned in these pages is St. Ann's Band of Ft. Wayne, Ind. Miss Ann Brink is Promoter. The members have been monthly contributors for several years. In addition, the Promoter is making personal contributions toward Catechist Barthen's burse. Catechist writes interesting letters of her missionary experiences in New Mexico which are enjoyed very much by the Band.

ACCORDING to our records, St. Ann's outdid itself in 1945, never having reached quite so high a yearly total before. Our sincere thanks.

ST. JOSEPH BAND (Chicago)

AGAIN we are proud to mention another of our old time Bands. St Joseph Band antedates Victory-Noll, having been part of the old Missionary Helpers Society, organized by our founder.

MRS. Catherine Service was the original Promoter and directed the activities of the Band for many years. It is now headed by Miss Anna Knusman, who is a frequent visitor at 5903 West Race Street, since Mrs. Service is bedridden. The latter is earning many precious graces for us all, through her cheerful suffering.

ST. Joseph's Band hopes to make a good showing this year, and to that end two new members have been added to it. New friends mean more parties, and more parties mean more help for our poor missions.

of Mary

A.C.M. BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

January 22 to February 20, 1946

Ave Maria Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Hannorah Pindell	\$90.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mr. Joseph Walz, Sec.	12.00
Juanita Club, Chicago, Miss Marie Cummings	25.00
Little Flower Band, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Garrity	26.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	6.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. J. V. McGovern	17.00
St. Ann Band, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Miss Anna Brink	3.25
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern	2.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. M. McMannamy	27.50
St. Clara Band, St. Jude Mission Soc., Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. A. Venderly	25.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss Irene Walsh	3.50
St. Joseph Mission Club, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Marie Williamson	26.88
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	40.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. E. L. Leu	119.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Mrs. Peter Pink	9.50
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. James Egan	25.00
St. Raymond Nonatus, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	13.00
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. J. J. Huebl	30.00

ST. MARY PHILOMENA BAND

(Stevens Point, Wis.)

WE admire the courage and zeal of *Mrs. Philomena Levenduske*, who has had almost insurmountable difficulties in keeping her band together. Located in a rural farming district, their best season of activity is springtime before the busy harvest season begins.

ST. ROSE BAND (Marshfield, Wis.)

TOWARD the end of 1945, *Mrs. John Huebl* and her co-workers had a fancy work sale which brought their annual receipts up to \$195.74. Nor was that all, for orders taken at the sale for more handmade articles are bringing in more returns. Our heartiest congratulations to them on their success.

WISCONSIN BANDS

We are especially pleased with the missionary spirit exemplified by our Wisconsin Bands. Their combined yearly receipts represented a large sum which substantially aids us in our work among God's poor. We herewith give each of the five active Bands brief mention.

ST. JUDE BAND

(West Allis, Wis.)

This group is headed by *Mrs. E. J. Polakowski*, and their Band sponsors our Catechist *Brohman, Brawley, California*. We seldom hear from them but when they do write us a generous check comes, too.

The Band is more than ten years old. Our heartfelt thanks for their faithful help.

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART BAND (Appleton, Wis.)

A SPECIAL treat was in store for these Associates of whom *Miss Helen Arens* is the leader. During the winter months Catechist *Weyenberg*, for whom they work, saw them in person while on a visit home. She was their special envoy, therefore, in bringing back to *Victory-Noll* a fifty dollar check. This Band has a long standing record, having been organized in 1931. They have earned our deep gratitude.

ST. MARGARET MARY BAND (Marshfield, Wis.)

THIS group, headed by *Mrs. E. L. Leu*, are artists with the needle and paint-brush. They turn out beautiful dolls which find a ready market in some of the larger department stores. All the proceeds go to help our Catechists. The large donation found in "Band Contributions" Column for this month shows the extent of their help. God bless them.



THE MASS OF THE MARTYRS

(Continued from page 5)

mind ourselves that both St. Paul (2 *Cor.* I,20) and St. John (*Apoc.* III,14) speak of Christ Himself as being the great *Amen* to God's progressive revelations.

AND now came the crowning of their several "liturgies," their place for the corporate Communion, for their self-offering before was for union with Christ and their fellow-Christians in the Eucharist. The primitive Communion pattern, so to speak, was that everyone at Mass shared the Bread to be broken, the Cup to be proffered. Even infants in arms, if baptized, were communicated under the appearance of wine. So the Canon over, and the great *Amen* uttered, there took place the breaking of the Bread species into portions suitable for Communion. In this ceremony, Hippolytus says, the priests present were to assist, as also they were bid to hold the chalices at the people's Communion, but this last was a ministry they shared with the deacons (186).

IN the Roman Mass we are quoting, the celebrant said, on offering the particle of consecrated Bread, "The Bread of Heaven in Christ Jesus," to which the communicant replied, "Amen." The Communion Cup was sipped three times by each one with these significant forms

"In God the Father Almighty." Response: "Amen."

"And in the Lord Jesus Christ." Response: "Amen."

"And in the Holy Spirit, in the Holy Church." Response: "Amen."

"THE Bread makes us one body," St. Paul had said (1 *Cor.* X,17), "though we are many in number the same Bread is shared by all." That apostolic doctrine had been turned into prayer by the end of the first century. We quote the *Didache* (9):

As this broken Bread, formerly scattered over the mountains, has been gathered together to form a single whole, so may Thy Church be brought into oneness even from the ends of the earth.

THE effect of this Bread Unity? Had not Ignatius written to the Ephesians: "Breaking one Bread, which is the medicine of immortality, the antidote that we should not die, but live forever in Christ Jesus"? (20.2).

THERE is little more to the pre-Nicene Mass. Hippolytus breaks off abruptly: "When these things are finished, let each one hasten to his good work" (185). There was a quick tidying-up; additional particles of the Eucharist were distributed, to be taken home in little boxes, like modern jewel cases, to serve for the morning Communion for the days to come (Tert. *Ad Ux.* 2:5; Cyp. *De Spec.* 5, etc.)

ITE, MISSA EST. All had been there for their appointed liturgies, the Body of Christ had not been short a member. Now for the good work at hand, and come what may, He will sustain us, for we are being nurtured unto life eternal in and through the Eucharist. Let us give thanks to the Lord our God!



LAS TRES CAIDAS

(Continued from page 9)

of the twentieth century, rather than Jewish women of two thousand years ago, walking in the midst of a gesticulating mob behind a solitary Figure bowed beneath a cross.

THE crowd was dispersing—it would not be long until time for the Tre Ore, and all would return to Calvario or to some other church for the devotions. We walked slowly towards our car. The morning's scene had been very real; it had been deeply touching and truly inspiring. We knew that our Tre Ore that afternoon would be more fervent because we had seen the Christ—even if we knew it were only a dramatization—carrying His cross that morning. I breathed a little "thank you" to the Mother of Sorrows for having made it possible for me to attend.



God's Country

by Catechist M. Carolyn Issenmann

THE golden West is often called God's country—God's country because of the pristine beauty, the awe inspiring grandeur of its scenery; because of its majestic mountains, its fertile valleys, its vast plains, its endless stretches of desert.

BUT more than all these, it may well be called God's country because here one may more easily re-live with Our Lord the days of His life upon earth—so forcefully do the surroundings recall to mind the various scenes in His earthly life.

SMALL mining towns, scattering their lights on a mountainside, recall the hillside lighted by angelic choirs on the night when Christ was born.

NAZARETH, unknown, hidden away in the hills of Galilee, was the home of Our Lord for thirty years. Was it lonely there for the Son of God—far from His heavenly home?

Lonely, too, is the life of the rancher in Nevada as he performs the routine duties of ranch life. May that loneliness unite him to his Saviour, who also experienced the routine of daily duties.

DRIVING through a stretch of desert land, one is reminded of the Son of God praying and fasting in the desert for forty days, and of how the devil tempted Him when He was hungry from His long fast. And we pray for strength and courage in time of temptation, for ourselves first, and then for those among whom we work.

AS the mountains loom on the horizon, one can see Jesus leaving His apostles to go up to the mountain to pray. Or when on a rare cloudy day, one sees a mountain top bathed in sun, who can help but think of the Son of Man transfigured before His apostles on Mount Thabor? Or teaching a group of little ones by the mountainside, does not one's mind turn automatically

(Continued on page 18)

Mary's Loyal



Dear Loyal Helpers:

A Happy Easter to each and everyone of you! Now for some announcements you've been waiting for. Our Catechists who served as judges of the best contest letters on the subject, "My idea of a Catholic leader," finally decided that Bernard Kestler of Chicago merited the prize offered—a beautiful *Mary's Loyal Helpers* pin. There were many fine letters and we wish to thank, heartily, all who tried. The remarkable thing is that Bernard was the youngest contestant and wrote the shortest composition—yet every word counted. Many of you gave me a pen-picture of the ideal Catholic student. That was fine as far as it went, but it didn't go far enough. A Catholic leader has all the praiseworthy qualities of the good Catholic student, but he has something more. He is not only capable of being and doing good himself, but of getting others to be and to do good. Not all of us have leadership qualities (in which case it behooves us to be good followers), but those who have should carefully develop them. Never was Catholic leadership so badly needed as now! I am sorry that lack of space prevents me from reproducing the compositions but we wish to commend the following for their thoughtful remarks on the subject:

Mary Catherine Hahn, Fort Wayne, Indiana
 Monica Manternach, Cascade, Iowa
 Irene Noll, Dravosburg, Pennsylvania
 Grace Wagner, Butternut, Wisconsin
 Anna Mae Pritzl, Park Falls, Wisconsin
 Imogene Hall, Owensboro, Kentucky
 Mary Lucy Molohon, Curdsville, Kentucky

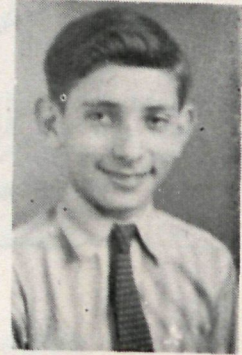
SUNSHINE SECRETARY



WINNER OF THE "JUNIOR" HELPER CONTEST

We know you are eager to meet the Loyal Helper who wrote the best article on "My Idea of a Good Catholic Leader."

Bernard Kestler lives in the big city of Chicago. He has a sister who is a member of our community and who is doing missionary work in the State of Texas. She loves her work with the poor little Mexicans. While she was still a novice, Bernard paid many visits to Victory-Noll, in company with his mother. He recalls with pleasure having served Mass for Father Frank Gartland, C.S.C., our chaplain.



Bernard Kestler

ANOTHER CHICAGO HELPER

Marilyn Hahn is an "old" Helper, having joined us nearly five years ago. This young lady is thirteen years old and attends St. Francis Xavier School.

Very systematic in her way of doing things, she empties her Sunshine Bag twice a year and sends us the contents.

We are sure you are happy to make her acquaintance.



Marilyn Hahn

DANDELIONS

A miser digs to find gold crowns,
 And sweats while he is digging;
 The children playing on the grounds,
 Find God's gold easy picking.

Helpers Pages

FROM THE BADGER STATE



Grace Wagner
Catechism to smaller children. She also thinks such a person should explain Christian Doctrine to interested non-Catholic classmates. We agree with her.

Grace Wagner of Butternut, Wisconsin, joined us around the first of the year. She is 14 years old and a freshman in high school. Like some other Helpers we've mentioned, she is getting an education under difficulties. By working in the school cafeteria she earns the money necessary to pay her daily transportation from her country home to school in town.

Grace thinks a Catholic leader should be interested in teaching



Cecilia Amer

A "LITTLE" HELPER FROM DETROIT

This little girl is Cecilia Marie Amer.

She was 4 years old in October, and became a Loyal Helper before she could walk. She is quite willing, therefore, that "Mommy" get the credit for her money gifts to our missions, until she can earn some money herself.

In the year 1945 we received \$10.00 from her Sunshine Bag.

Cecilia Marie has a cousin in our community. She is Catechist Davis, Paulding, Ohio.

OUR APRIL PUZZLE

It's lots of fun to hunt for flowers in the springtime. How many flowers can you find here?

SLOTIVE
PITULS
SILLIE
QUOJINSL
NEPOISE
SOSER



A LOYAL HELPERS' PICNIC

How many of you would like to spend a day on the beautiful grounds at Victory-Noll? What a shout! Don't everyone answer at once! It would please me and my sister-Catechists very, very much if you *all* could spend a day with us, picnicking in our woods. We have three out-door ovens!!!

But how many of you *can* come—say on the last Sunday of May? That's the important point to be settled. Perhaps those of you who live closest to Huntington might come by car or by bus. Even though we could get only a dozen of you to accept our invitation we would go ahead with plans for a *Mary's Loyal Helper Day at Victory-Noll!* Will you write us at once, if you think it possible for you to come?





THREE SAINTS FOR THE INCREDULOUS, by Robert E. Holland, S.J. Three short stories from the lives of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, St. Paul the First Hermit, and St. Scholastica. Published by Fordham University Press, 441 E. Fordham Road, New York 58, N. Y., price 60c.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN FOR 1946, a monthly calendar giving the dates on which Holy Masses are offered for the sick, and containing poems, stories, and instructive articles for invalids and shut-ins. Published by the Apostolate of Suffering, 1551 N. 34th St., Milwaukee 8, Wis., price 25c.

"SUNNIE" One of God's "Pets," autobiography of Vera Marie Tracy, compiled by Clara M. Tiry. Pamphlet published by Apostolate of Suffering, 1551 N. 34th St., Milwaukee 8, Wis., price 10c.

DEVOTIONS TO OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST CRUCIFIED, pamphlet containing prayers in commemoration of the Seven Last Words and the Five Wounds, compiled especially for American Greek Rite Catholics (English text only). Order from Rev. Julius Grigassy, D.D., 431 George St., Braddock, Pa.

THE PRIEST GOES TO WAR, a pictorial outline of the work of the Catholic Chaplains in the Second World War. Published by The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 109 East 38th St., New York 16, N. Y., price \$1.00.

ACCORDING TO THE PATTERN, by Katherine Burton. The Story of Dr. Agnes McLaren and the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries. Published by Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., price \$2.50.



(Continued from page 15)

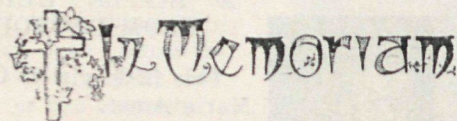
to the Master as He taught His disciples that most beautiful of all prayers, the Our Father; or as He delivered His eloquent "Sermon on the Mount," teaching for the first time the Eight Beatitudes?

HOW closely the country parallels that of Palestine in the days of Our Lord! See, yonder flock of sheep grazing on the hillside—how often did the eyes of the God-Man rest on such a scene. How frequently did sheep figure in His discourses. We seem to hear Him tell the story of the Lost Sheep, of the One Fold, of the Good Shepherd—even of how the Good Shepherd would lay down His life for His sheep.

NEVADA — God's country by creation, of course—is His by reason of its similarity to that country in which Christ lived. . . . May it also be His by the conquest of souls—souls for which the Good Shepherd laid down His life.

O JESUS, Lover of souls, grant that we may be instrumental in hastening the day when there shall be "but one fold and one Shepherd."

Do not content yourself with saying a few *Hail Marys* every day in honor of Our Lady, but say five decades, and if you have time, even fifteen decades of the Rosary. At the hour of your death you will bless the day on which you began this holy practice. (Bl. de Montfort.)



John Manternach, Cascade, Iowa, father of Catechist Julia Manternach.

Franklin Shrilla, Pittsburgh, Pa., brother of Catechist M. Dorothy Shrilla.

Mrs. Mary Noll, Huntington, Ind.

Mrs. Max Rhomberg, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. J. Rathnaw, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Blanche Kelly, Dayton, Ohio.

Mrs. Teresa Ankenbruck, Fort Wayne, Ind., A.C.M. Promoter.

Miss Martha Luedtke, Naperville, Illinois.

James Devine, Sr., Dixon, Illinois.

Mrs. John A. Kelly, Fort Worth, Texas.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Addresses of Our Mission Centers

Please send your mission boxes directly to the Catechists in the mission centers. Address THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS and add one of the addresses listed below:

St. Coletta's Mission, Box 679, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California.

Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Box 1356, Brawley, California.

Good Shepherd Mission, Box 336, Coachella, California.

Infant of Prague Mission, 2321 Opal Street, Los Angeles, 23, California.

Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street, Los Banos, California.

Mary Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California.

Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission, 537 East G Street, Ontario, California.

Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, California.

Our Lady of Sorrows Mission, 13958 Fox St., San Fernando, California.

St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 563 O'Farrell St., San Pedro, California.

Precious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth St., Santa Paula, California.

St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F Street, Tulare, California.

Sacred Heart Mission, 178 S. 6th Ave., Brighton, Colorado.

Regina Angelorum Mission, 306-14th Ave., Greeley, Colorado.

Mount Carmel Mission, Drawer 285, East Gary, Indiana.

St. John the Baptist Mission, 1401 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, 2, Indiana.

Holy Ghost Mission, 416 S. Third St., Goshen, Indiana.

All Saints Mission, San Pierre, Indiana.

St. Anne Mission, 1009 E. Dayton Street, South Bend, 14, Indiana.

Holy Trinity Mission, Ida, Michigan.

St. John Bosco Mission, 290 Arden Park, Detroit, 2, Michigan.

Blessed de Montfort Mission, 514 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 26, Winnemucca, Nevada.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 704 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.

Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street, Ely, Nevada.

Visitation Mission, 403 North Williams Street, Paulding, Ohio.

St. Joan of Arc Mission, 405 N. Scurry St., Big Springs, Texas.

Immaculate Conception Mission, 1001 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.

St. Anthony Mission, 1223 S. Trinity St., San Antonio 7, Texas.

Holy Family Mission, Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas.

Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue N, P. O. Box 1125, San Angelo, Texas.

Mary Queen of Peace Mission, 1206 West 2nd South, Salt Lake City, 4, Utah.

Christ is Risen, Alleluia!



O God, who dost give us joy by the yearly solemnity of Our Lord's resurrection, grant in Thy loving kindness that we who celebrate this temporal feast may be worthy to attain everlasting happiness. (Collect for Easter Wednesday.)

This is the day which the Lord has made: let us rejoice and be glad in it.