

The Missionary **Catechist**



This day is born to you a Savior

December 1948

Lucia's Problem

by Sister Mary Joseph

DONA MARIA was sad, as she sat engrossed in her thoughts. It was only two weeks until Christmas and the children must be happy on "Jesus' Birthday." Hadn't they always waited eagerly for the Posadas, when for the nine nights before Christmas they would go to church and join their companions in singing hymns and marching around the church carrying candles, while the statues of St. Joseph and their beloved Virgin were carried lovingly in the arms of the children selected for this honor? And how happy they had been when one of them was selected for this great privilege!

BUT the children were not happy now. Just this afternoon Lucia had come home from school in tears, and after much coaxing had told her story, sobbing as she did so. Lucia and her two brothers were new in the neighborhood, as the family had moved to Roma street just two weeks before. Strangers were always looked upon with wary eyes in the building into which the family had moved, and which housed fifty families (two rooms housing as many as twelve persons), and this new family would have to pass the usual test.

AH, but there was something different here. The mother never walked. Always she sat in a wheel chair, and after several days some of the boys began telling the children at school that the mother of Lucia, Ramon, and Simon was lazy—that she was always sitting in a chair. Lucia's heart was broken. How could anyone say such a thing about her mother! Her beloved mother who had been stricken with a serious disease two years before and who had never walked since her illness! No wonder Dona Maria's heart ached for her children, who were trying to be brave, although they felt they would not be able to endure the ridicule of their schoolmates much longer.

DONA MARIA had consoled Lucia as best she could and had managed to keep the children cheerful during the evening meal. Her husband's work was trying and the children's worries would have only added to his cares. But at last the little family had retired and the regular breathing of the children assured Dona Maria that they were sleeping peacefully. Hours passed, but Dona Maria could not sleep. Her beads slipped slowly through her fingers, until at length she decided to leave her problem in Mary's hands. Surely the Mother of God would understand, for didn't she,

too, have her troubles on that first Christmas?

FINALLY, Dona Maria, like the children, was breathing regularly. She had fallen asleep to dream of the Virgin. In the morning she awoke, refreshed and ready for the day's work. Her mind was busy planning. She would take the money she had saved for presents for the children, and send for her little friend at the near-by grocery, and soon she would surprise her children. She knew her neighbor, Dona Martinez, would help her arrange things at the school.

FOR the following week there was happiness in the air when Lucia and her little brothers returned from school each evening. Their mother was so happy, so peaceful, that they could not bother her with their little troubles. They could run and play, but all she could do was work and suffer, and, of course, pray, and she did do a lot of praying.

ON the last day of school before the Christmas vacation, the children left for their little Christmas plays and parties. But imagine their surprise when they walked into the assembly room and saw a wheel chair in the center of the room. What could it all mean? Now Miss Lynch was announcing that they would sing their songs and play their games, and then there would be gifts, and Dona Maria was going to give each child a taffy apple that she had made herself.

DONA MARIA, their own dear mother! How could it be? When did she make all the taffy apples? Miss Lynch told them that she and Dona Maria had been schoolmates and she was very happy to be able to help her now with her little surprise.

IT all seemed like a dream to Lucia, but it was really true. Many of the children were talking to Dona Maria and were asking questions. Did she make the taffy apples while she was sitting in the wheel chair? And could she sew and cook like their mothers? Yes, she had made the taffy apples while sitting in her wheel chair, and she had made Lucia's lovely dress. How wonderful! Why she could do more than many of their own mothers who were well and strong! Dona Maria's eyes were like stars when she saw the smiles on the faces of all the children, and especially when she realized that Lucia, Ramon, and Simon need worry no longer. Now they really belonged!

The Missionary Catechist

Volume XXV

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Number 1

The Apostolate to the Cities

by Sister Margaret *

The Field and the Problem

EIGHTY percent of the Catholic population of the United States is in cities. As Monsignor Ligutti remarks: "The Catholic Church is strong in the cities. Her strength is her weakness."

IN THE city there is less family life than in rural districts. Industrial society works against the family, and in favor of birth prevention, divorce, and atheistic communism. All rural-urban statistics reflect the natural results of the two environments on the home. In the city, in many cases, both parents work, and on different shifts; the children shift for themselves; the family is seldom together.

AT THE present time most cities are confronted with a housing problem and consequent inadequate living conditions. Very often several families are living in one apartment. Because of this the children stay away from home as much as possible. With no place to go, they wander about the streets, getting into all kinds of mischief.

IN THE country we find the children unspoiled, natural, and wholesome. In the city we find them sophisticated, clever, rugged individualists, oftentimes cynical. They see all the movies—good and bad; they read and dramatize the so-called comics; they have little or no taste for religion. The gang element, rarely found in rural communities, works havoc in cities.

Solving The Problem

RURAL conditions offer a natural resistance to the influences that are working to destroy the basic unit of society—the family. But, in face of the fact that eighty percent of our Catholics are living in cities, and will remain in cities, Holy Mother Church must mother them there. And how is this to be accomplished? Can we afford to sit smugly by, point to our large Catholic parishes, magnificent Catholic institutions, parochial schools, and Catholic schools of higher education?

THE leakage in the Church in cities is appalling. Every census we make proves it. As Bishop O'Hara has said, "Our great trouble is an illusion of numbers." We see our large city churches filled for many Masses on Sunday. But, do we know how many Catholics are missing Sunday Mass? In a large parish in Milwaukee, where the St. Vincent de Paul men contacted the parents (most of whom had children in the parochial school), it was revealed that fifty percent of the mothers and sixty percent of the fathers had missed Mass the previous Sunday.

Home Visiting

HOME visiting is an important means which the Church is making use of to save her own who are in need. Father Ryan of Detroit says, "The home visiting is just as important as the teaching." And he adds that he cannot see how any program of instruction can succeed without

**Condensed from a talk given in Forum for Seminarians during the National Convention of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade, Notre Dame, Indiana, August 27, 1948.*

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a program of home visiting. The experience of our Community backs these statements.

IN PLACES where we have made a concentrated effort of home visiting, new parishes have been established, mission churches opened, marriages validated, children and older boys and girls of fallen-away Catholic parents prepared for the Sacraments, and hundreds of children transferred from public to parochial schools. In a number of places where it was not thought that the number of children would warrant a parochial school, schools have been opened as a result of the home visiting program.

WE HAVE done little unless we improve the home—get the family to pray, attend Mass, receive the Sacraments, continue religious instruction (by means of Catholic books and periodicals, at least).

IN EVERY parish there are good Catholics, indifferent Catholics, mixed marriages where the Catholic party does not practice his or her religion, Catholics with grievances against Priests or Sisters; lax Catholics, non-Catholics. For the pastor to contact every home in his parish is often physically impossible. Therefore, it is necessary to enlist the aid of others for this work, seminarians, Sisters, and exemplary laity trained and guided—such as, members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and of the Legion of Mary.

Religious Instruction

RELIGIOUS instruction for the hundreds of Catholic children in the public schools of our cities is, of course, indispensable if these children are to be saved to the Church. Our religion classes for grade and high school children are conducted on release time, or after school hours, evenings, and week ends. In order to insure uniform religious instruction for these children, we use courses outlined by the National Office of the Confraternity, or by the diocese in which we are working. Texts used are those which best suit the needs of our religiously underprivileged pupils. Wherever possible the school year religion classes are supplemented by Religious Vacation Schools, discussion clubs, and sodality work.

THROUGH classes which we conduct for non-Catholic mothers of Catholic pupils, many mothers are converted. Through Parent Educator Clubs, we are able to influence the family and help restore or intensify the religious spirit in the home. Libraries, distribution of Catholic literature, the promotion of retreats and

Cana conferences, are further means which we use to “restore Christ to the individual, to the family, and to society.”

OUR clinics are means of alleviating physical misery. Through our recreational centers we endeavor to provide wholesome diversion for children and youth who would otherwise be roaming the streets.

PIUS XI said, “Go to the workingman; go to the poor.” By visiting the homes we become acquainted with the spiritual, material, and physical needs of people in the fields assigned to us.



Home visiting is not only a valuable aid in securing the attendance of all Catholic children at religious instruction, but it enables the religion teacher to understand the religious background of her pupils.

We must be interested in the working man and his family. The greatest and most immediate social problems—industrial relations and interracial justice—are demanding solution. By our efforts in this field we could eliminate much upon which atheistic communism feeds.

IN THE “apostolate to the cities” we are working to “restore all things in Christ.” Our aim is to bring all under the Leadership of Our Lord, for thus only can we hope for spiritual, social, political, and economic peace.

Joe of L. A. Reporting on His Happy Day

by Sister Eugenia

(Continued from last month)

THINGS have a way of happening so fast around here that I have a hard time keeping up with them. As you already know, every Tuesday I am getting a double dose of catechism, which I don't mind at all. On account of I am finding out a lotta things which I don't know before, such as Who made me and why.

YOU can also be sure that I am very happy to find out that I have two mothers up in heaven—my mother that died when I am four years old and also the Mother of God. They both have the name of Mary.

BUT I am discovering that the Blessed Virgin Mary has a lotta other names besides Mary. For instance, my pal Augustino and I went to the show the other night. The picture that was showing was "The Song of Bernadette." Augustino explains to me after the show that Mary's name in this picture is "Our Lady of Lourdes."

MANY times Augustino explains things to me, as he has been going to catechism classes ever since he is six, and he practically knows all there is to know. Right here I have a chance to ask him a question which is on my mind for some time. I say to him, "Gus, can you explain this to me? When the Sister prays with us before and after catechism class, we always say at the end, 'Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us. Our Blessed Lady of Victory pray for us.'" "That's right," he says. "Now this is what I don't get," I tell him. "Why are we praying to Mary for victory, when everybody knows the war is over long ago?"

WHEN my pal hears this, he laughs at me and says, "Tonto," (which is another word for dumb-head) "don't you know their name is Our Lady of Victory Missionary Sisters? That is why we pray to Our Lady of Victory."

I DO not mind when my pal gives me an answer like this, as he thinks I am O.K., and I know he doesn't mean it when he calls me "Tonto."

RIGHT about this time we are sitting in a booth at the drug store having a coke and hamburger, when Freddie walks in. He comes over to our table, and pretty soon we get started talking about the show, as he is coming from

there, too. Now Freddie is not a Catholic and it is very hard for him to get things through his head, sometimes. For instance, he thinks this whole show is just a story and he does not know that Mary really came down from heaven and talked to Bernadette. I am trying to prove it to him. "Why," I say to him, "she even came down from heaven another time. It happens in Portugal in 1917, and this time there are three children instead of one who see her."

BUT Freddie still doesn't believe me. The reason how I happen to know all this is because the Sister told us about it not so long ago. Mary has a different name here, too. It is "Our Lady of Fatima." It is time for us to catch the bus back home, so my pal and I are walking out the door, and Freddie is still sitting there, and saying, "It sounds too good to be true."

ON the way home Gus tells me I am getting pretty good at explaining things myself, only he tells me on the q. t. that I made one mistake.

"WHAT was it?" I ask him.

"YOU told Freddie that Mary appeared twice on this earth to someone, but she has appeared many more times than that."

I AM about to ask him to tell me about it, but the bus comes to the end of the line, and I can see my old man is sitting on the steps waiting for me.

BY a strange coincidence, on the very next Tuesday, the Sister tells us about another time that Mary appeared to somebody on this earth. It happens down in Mexico. This time it is an old Indian by the name of Juan Diego that Mary shows herself to.

THAT same night I am telling the story to my old man. This Indian is very poor, I tell him, and he is a Catholic only a short time when the Mother of God appears to him. It happens a long time ago, long before I am born. There are some Padres who have come from Spain about ten years before this time and they are teaching the Indians around Mexico City all about God. (I guess there are no Sisters at this time.) The Padres are baptizing a few of the Indians, but not so many as they want to. But they have baptized Juan Diego not so long

ago and it is early on Saturday morning, the ninth of December, 1531, that he is hurrying to Mass in a place near Mexico City. This is quite far for him to walk for he is a very old man—fifty-seven years old—even if he is baptized only a short time.

WHEN he gets to the foot of the mountains, the sun is just starting to come up. All at once he hears some sweet music, like all kinds of birds singing together. He looks around to see where it is coming from and all he can see is a white shining cloud, with a very pretty rainbow around it. For some reason, which he can't understand, he feels very happy, even after the music stops. Then he hears a woman's voice calling his name softly. The voice sounds like it is coming out of this shining cloud. Before he can figure out what it is all about, the voice tells him to come near. So he starts climbing up the mountain ridge, and all at once he is able to see in the middle of the cloud—a beautiful Lady.

THIS happens to be the Mother of God, although she is dressed in Indian clothes and even has dark skin like an Indian. She has appeared like this on purpose to show that she is the Mother of all the Indians. So she calls this old man her little child and asks him where he is going. When he tells her he is going to Mass, she says, "Take a message to the bishop for me. Tell him I am the ever Virgin Mary, the Mother of the true God. Tell him I want a church built on this spot."

JUAN DIEGO does what the beautiful Lady tells him to do, but when he gets to the bishop's house, the servants who are working there make him wait a long time before they let him come in. At last they think they better let him in, or else he will stand there all day. As soon as he sees the bishop, he kneels down and tells him the whole story.

BUT the bishop does not believe him, as he asks him all kinds of questions to see if he will change his story, but he does not seem to be able to catch him in anything, so he tells him to come back some other time if he wants to.

NOW Juan Diego is very sad when he leaves the bishop's house, on account of the way things are turning out, so when he is going home that same night, the Virgin Mary is waiting for him again, and he tells her maybe she ought to send somebody else who is rich and smart to take her message to the Bishop.

SHE does not get angry at this, she only says she can get anybody she wants, but she is choosing him, and she tells him to go to the bishop again on the very next day, which happens to be Sunday, and to tell him to build the church she is asking for, because it is the Virgin Mary, the Mother of the true God, who is sending him to the bishop.

JUAN DIEGO again does as the Lady tells him, and goes through the whole thing as it has happened, while the bishop asks him a lotta questions to see if he is telling the truth. This time the bishop is kinda convinced that the Lady who sent him maybe really is the Mother of God, so he tells the old Indian to ask her for a sign to prove it.

THEN the bishop calls two friars, which is the name for Franciscan priests or brothers, and tells them to follow Juan and see what he does. So when Juan leaves the bishop's house he is followed by these two friars but he doesn't know anything about it. When he crosses a little stream near the mountain where he has seen the Lady, the two friars can no longer see him. They look all around but he seems to have vanished into thin air. So then they get kinda sore and they go back and tell the bishop not to believe this Indian, he must be some kind of magician or something, and if he comes back again to punish him.

NOW all this time, the Virgin Mary is listening to Juan Diego while he tells her again that he didn't have much luck, as the bishop will not build the church there unless he gets a sign to prove that she is really the Mother of God.

THIS is now the third time that Mary appeared to Juan. She tells him not to worry, that tomorrow when he is on his way to Mass she will give him a sign to take to the bishop. So the Indian promises to obey her and go again to the bishop.

RIGHT here my old man is blowing his nose. I can see he wants to say something, so I take time out for a breath.

"JOE," he says to me, "you remember once before I told you that your Mamma was Mexican, didn't I?" Now, I do not remember this, so I do not shake my head yes or no, but in my heart I am very happy to find out that I am part Mexican, as now I will have a good excuse to go to the *mananitas* on December 12. My pals around here have been talking about how they are going to church real early in the morning on Mary's feast day, so they can stand



Our Lady of Guadalupe as she appeared to Juan Diego. The colors in the miraculous painting have not faded, nor has the material (the Indian's cloak was rough and coarse, resembling a closely woven burlap) deteriorated in the more than four hundred years since the apparition.

outside and serenade the Mother of God before they go in the church for Mass. This is what they call the *mananitas*.

MY old man then goes on to tell me that my mother used to have a picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe. I am surprised that he knows Mary's name is Our Lady of Guadalupe, and I am thinking that maybe he knows the rest of the story, but he says, "No, go ahead and finish it."

SO I tell him that the next day, which is Monday, Juan Diego is not able to go to Mass, as his uncle by the name of Juan Bernardino, is very sick with a fever. Now this uncle is like a father to him, so he runs around trying to get a doctor or somebody to help him. They give him all kinds of medicine, I mean the uncle, but it doesn't do him any good, as he only gets worse. That night he thinks his last hour is coming soon, so he tells Juan to please get up real early

in the morning and go call a priest, on account of he wants to get the sacraments before he dies.

THE next A.M. Juan Diego gets up early and starts out to get the priest just like his uncle told him. But all of a sudden he remembers that he did not go to the Virgin Mary the day before to get the sign for the bishop, as he had promised her he would. Now he is afraid she will be waiting for him to scold him for not coming the day before, so he says to himself he will take another road so he won't meet her, on account of he has to hurry. Then as soon as he gets the priest for his uncle, he will go back and ask Mary for the sign and take it to the bishop.

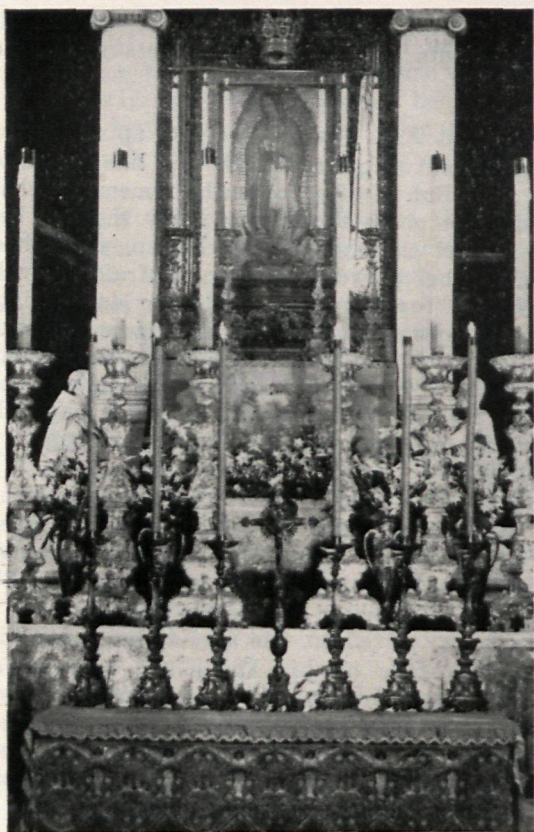
HE has just turned the corner of the mountain, when all at once Mary comes out to meet him. She says to him, "Where are you going, my son, and what road is this you have taken?"

HE is very mixed up, and afraid, and ashamed, so he falls on his knees and says in a shaky voice, "My dearest Child, and my Lady, may God be with you! How is it that you come before the sun is up? Are you well? Do not be displeased and I will tell you what has happened."

THEN he goes on to tell her about his uncle, and why he didn't come to get the sign the day before. He begs her pardon and promises that he will come the next day for sure and take the sign to the bishop.

BUT Mary looks at Juan with love and calls him her son and tells him not to worry about anything. She tells him not to be afraid of pain or anything, because she is his Mother and will take care of him. She tells him not to worry about his uncle, as he will not die of this sickness, that he is already well. When Juan hears this he is so happy that he tells Mary to give him the sign right now and he will take it to the bishop.

SO Mary tells Juan to go to the top of the hill where he first saw and spoke to her and to gather some roses that are growing there and bring them back to her. Now Juan knows there are no roses growing there because there is nothing there but rocks and nothing can grow in such a place. But he obeys without saying a word, and sure enough, there he sees a lotta green bushes with beautiful big fresh roses on them. He picks all he can carry and takes them back to the Lady. She tells Juan to open his cloak and then she puts the roses in it and tells him this is the sign he is to take to the bishop.



An altar in Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe near Mexico City. The miraculous picture, set in a heavy frame of gold and silver, hangs high above the main altar.

She says he is not to show anyone what he is carrying and is not to open his cloak until he gets to the bishop.

WHEN he comes to the bishop's house, he has to wait a long time, as the servants do not let him come in until they get tired of hearing him ask. They also try to see what he is carrying in his cloak, but he will not open it until he sees the bishop.

AS soon as he sees the bishop he tells him here is the sign, and as he opens his cloak, the roses fall to the ground. The bishop is surprised at these beautiful roses in the winter time, but he is even more surprised at the picture that seems to be painted on the inside of Juan Diego's cloak. It is a picture of the Virgin Mary as she looked when she appeared in Indian clothes to Juan Diego.

THE bishop and everybody that is there fall on their knees. Then the bishop takes the cloak from Juan's shoulders and takes it to his private chapel which he has in his house.

THE bishop is very good to Juan now and he keeps him in his house all that day and night. The next morning he has Juan take him to Tepeyac, which is the name of the mountain where Mary appeared to Juan, and has him point out the place where Mary wants the church built. After he has showed the bishop where Mary came to him four times, Juan asks the bishop if he can go to see his uncle. The bishop says yes and he sends a couple friars with him again to see if Juan's uncle is really cured.

WHEN the uncle sees Juan Diego coming with a couple friars, he wonders what it is all about, but soon his nephew tells him the whole story.

BUT the uncle has something to say, too, as Mary appeared to him also when he was sick and made him better. And besides all this, she told him the same thing she told Juan, that she wanted a church built. She also said she wanted her picture called "Our Lady of Guadalupe" but she didn't tell him the reason for this.

THIS picture is now in the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe near Mexico City. You would think that after more than four hundred years the paint would be all worn off, and that the threads in the cloak would be rotten, but no, this is not the case. The picture is still very beautiful.

MY old man likes this story so much, that I have to borrow a book from the Sister and read to him every night about some of the other miracles that happened because the people love Our Lady of Guadalupe and pray to her by this name

AND would you believe it? When Christmas time comes around, my old man even goes to Midnight Mass with me! On account of Tino's mother has invited us over to her house for tamales and coffee after the Mass.

YOU know who Tino is, don't you? His father and his mother and all his brothers and sisters call him Tino on account of his name is Augustino, but I call him Gus.

WELL, you can be sure that this is a very happy occasion for me when Pop comes to the Midnight Mass, although this still is not the happy day which I started out to tell you about.

PERHAPS I will get a chance to tell you about it some other time.

(To be Continued.)



Children at Bristol, Indiana, enjoy Christmas party, with Santa Claus, Christmas tree, and gifts for all. Bristol is a mission from Goshen. At right in picture is the Reverend Herman Miller, Pastor.



Under the Christmas tree, during Christmas party for pre-school children, sponsored by Mary Bartholomew, M.D., at her home in Goshen. The party sponsored by Dr. Bartholomew is a yearly event.



Another view of pre-schoolers at Christmas party in Dr. Bartholomew's home. Sister Ann Joachim holds youngest member on his "horsie," in which he doesn't seem particularly interested



CHRISTMAS BASKETS

IN October the girls gathered used Christmas cards from the people in Tulare and set about making baskets. They also collected old candy boxes from the grocery stores in order to reinforce the baskets. Then choosing the cards they thought the prettiest, they cut them into pieces of the size desired, fitted a piece of the candy boxes in between the double pieces of Christmas cards, punched them, and fastened them together with gaily colored threads. The result was one hundred and thirty very attractive baskets, each made up of twenty-one pieces of used Christmas cards.

The day before Christmas the baskets were filled with candy, fruit, cookies, and other dainties, with a little tobacco added for the men, and delivered by a very happy group of girls to the men and women in the Old Folks Home in Visalia. The old people were simply delighted with the baskets, and when the Sisters visited the home later, they noticed many of the bas-

kets being used in various ways by the old people.

Sister Gertrude
Tulare, California

HE HAD TO FINISH HIS PRAYERS

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Margaret was helping her little brother with his night prayers. Before they were half-way through, she ran out of patience, as eight-year-olds will, and told him to close his eyes and go to sleep.

"Please, Margie, help me finish my prayers," he begged, "'cause I don't want the devil to laugh at me!"

Sister Eugenia
Los Banos, California

In the Home Field

JACKIE LEARNS POPE IS CATHOLIC

ALTHOUGH Jackie's family are staunch Protestants and Tommy's devout Catholics, the two families are close friends and neighbors and the two little boys playmates.

So when Jackie came home one day with a black eye, torn shirt, and hair flying in every direction, and told his mother that Tommy had started the fight, she questioned him carefully until she found out that the fight had been the result of something her small son had said about the Pope.

"But didn't you know that Tommy is a Catholic?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, I knew *he* was a Catholic, all right, but I didn't know the Pope was!"

Sister Leo
South Bend, Indiana

A MODERN VERSION OF AN ACT OF PERFECT LOVE

PRE-SCHOOLERS and first graders are so serious in their first religion classes that they provide many an example for us. They are very much in earnest in their desire to learn all about the good Father Who made the world and the elephant and the snake and everything.

When these little ones make their visit to the church, they genuflect very devoutly (occasionally one or other with his back to the altar), and then they kneel and talk to God. If I ask them what they say when they talk to God, all kinds of answers are forthcoming. But perhaps one of the most unexpected answers was that of little Bobby, who, when asked what he said when he talked to God, replied, "I said, 'I love you so much, God, it ain't nobody's business.'"

Sister Viola
East Gary Indiana



Sister Gertrude and Tulare girls showing baskets they made from used Christmas cards. At Christmas baskets were filled with dainties and given to men and women at the Old Folks' home.

The Missionary Catechist



Pre-schooler "talking to God" during his daily visit to church, East Gary, Indiana.

December, 1948



Our

Dear Associates:

MAY the Peace of Christ in the Reign of Christ abide in your hearts this Christmas-tide!

During this happy season we are pouring forth our earnest prayers at the altar crib of our Infant King that God may bless and reward you for your loyal support of our Sisters and the poor missions under our care.

SISTER SUPERVISOR, ACM.

O admirable interchange: The Creator of mankind, assuming a living body, deigned to be born of a Virgin: and becoming man without begetting, bestowed on us His Divinity.

Antiphon at Lauds, The Circumcision.

ST. RAYMOND BAND (Chicago, Ill.)

AS most of our Associates know, this Band is composed of young mothers. It is for this reason they chose St. Raymond, patron of expectant mothers, as the patron saint of their Band. Thanks to God and this dear saint, all has gone well each time with mothers and babies. As the count stands at present, there are about twenty children between six mothers.



The mothers find time to meet once a month. They also lend their support to the annual party sponsored by the Central Committee. Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan is Promoter.



ANTON ESCHBACH, CHICAGO, PLAYS SANTA TO POOR CHILDREN LAST TIME.



For fourteen years, the father of Little Flower Band Member, Miss Mae Eschbach, turned out an average of one hundred and forty toys, each year, for poor children in our Mission Centers. He had eighty pieces of doll furniture ready to ship this year when God called him to His eternal home to reward him for his labors of love. May his generous soul rest in peace.

Associates

LITTLE FLOWER MISSION CIRCLE (Chicago, Ill.)

SMALL monthly card parties and an annual party on a large scale are the means used by this group, headed by *Veronica Foertsch*, to raise funds for the support of Sister Mary Gertrude, whom they sponsor. Sister has been stationed at Flagstaff, Arizona, for many years. The work of our Sisters in this mission is primarily that of organizing and directing the activities of lay Catechism teachers. To accomplish same, the Sisters must travel great distances through rugged mission country.



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BAND (Detroit, Mich.)

ONE of four Bands in Michigan, this group, under the leadership of *Miss Lillian Dunn*, sponsor our Sister Mark. Besides collecting monthly dues, they enlist the aid of their friends in an annual sale of Christmas greeting cards which nets several hundred dollars.

ST. HELEN BAND (Dayton, Ohio)

TWO of the members, Misses Margaret and Mary Cogan, have a sister in our community. We get frequent letters from the secretary, Miss Florence Bucher, and they always contain a money order to aid the work of our Missions. At Christmas and Easter a check and a mission box are also forwarded to our Sister Eleanor (Cogan), whom they sponsor.



ACM BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

September 21 to October 21, 1948

Charitina Club, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	14.00
Florentine Mission Society, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	10.75
Les Petites Fleurs, Chicago, Miss Elsie Jachmann	2.00
Little Flower Mission Circle, Chicago, Miss Veronica Foertsch	40.00
Our Lady of Fatima Group, Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Dan Herzog	2.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill., Mrs. H. V. McGovern	14.50
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N.Y., Mrs. Mary DeVito	100.00
St. Catherine Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. M. McMannamy	17.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Helen Melke	3.50
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	12.50
St. John's Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. A. Bechtold	25.00
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Miss Anna Knusman	20.00
St. Jude Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala	25.00
St. Jude Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Fred Potthoff	45.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	25.00
St. Michael Mission Guild, Chicago, Mrs. Martha Jankun	20.00
Srillians, Cincinnati, Miss Marie Gouy	2.00

CHARITINA CLUB (Chicago, Ill.)

WE were gladdened with the news that *Miss Katherine Hennigan*, Promoter, has returned to Chicago after an extended visit with her niece in Seattle, Washington. Meanwhile, the club members met without fail each month, taking turns at entertaining and in sending their monthly dues check to Victory Noll.



We renew our pledge, at this holy season, to keep these faithful friends in our daily prayers and intentions.

Dark Christmas

by Sister Eugenia

"WELL, child, you have to get your Bible instruction *some place*, so I might just as well sign it," said Mamma Rankin as she wiped her dark, plump hands on her apron and took the slip of paper from her young son, Dewey Lawrence.

She seated herself at the kitchen table, read over the release time petition, then asked dubiously, "You're sure it's all right, honey? Will those Sisters take colored children?"

"I think so, Mamma. Most all the kids put their hands up when Miss Pearson asked who's Catholic, so I put mine up, too."

"Why, Dewey Lawrence, you're Baptist! But it's not your fault we live so far away from town and from church, so if you want to go to the Sisters' classes, guess the good Lord won't mind."

With these words the matter was settled, the paper signed, and Dewey Lawrence looked forward to his first catechism class.

"Well, honey, what did you learn at Bible school today?" was his mother's first question every Friday for the next few months.

"We said the Lord's Prayer, Mamma, but they never finish it."

"Never mind, honey, you can just say the rest of the words in your heart: 'For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.'"



"MAMMA, I got a star today for knowing the Hail Mary! Sister says she's happy you're helping me with my prayers and lessons."

"That's fine, Son. We'll just keep right on saying the Hail Mary every night, so you'll be sure not to forget it . . . But that other prayer you learned . . . I looked all through the Bible, and I just can't find it. How does it go now?"

"Which one, Mamma? 'Mary, my Mother, pray for me.'"

"No, Son. The one about loving Jesus more and more."

"Oh, you mean: 'Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, Thee I implore, that I may ever love Thee

more and more.'"

"That's it! That surely is a pretty one, child, even though I don't know just exactly what it means."



"WE'RE learning a new prayer now, Mamma, the Act of Contrition. That tells God we're sorry for our sins. Sister showed us some pictures of how bad men whipped Jesus and made Him carry a heavy cross. They were Jews, Mamma, and Jessie said, 'I don't like those bad Jews,' and Sister said, 'It wasn't the men who hurt Our Lord so much, Jessie, it was sin—everybody's sins.' And do you know what, Mamma, Sister said Jesus was a Jew, too. What's a Jew?"

"Jews are something like Catholics, Son. In times gone by, they were persecuted a great deal for the Lord's sake."



"MAMMA, we say the ten Commandments different from the way you taught me to say them!"

"That's all right, Son. You just learn them all over again the way the Sister teaches you. It all means the same thing, anyhow."



"SISTER told us the Christmas story today, Mamma. She told us all about the Baby Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph, and the shepherds, and the three Kings. She said she hopes that we all get to Mass for Christmas, and Lupe said her daddy is going to borrow a truck and take everybody from their camp to church—Jessie and Lupito, Dolores and Tony, and all of them. Can we go to Mass, too, Mamma? I know how to kneel to Jesus in the tabernacle. We practiced today, and Sister said I did it very well. Look, Mamma, like this!"

Mrs. Rankin looked up, startled, from her sewing, and turned a shade paler. With folded hands and reverent air, her son was touching his

right knee to the floor.

The mother's breath came in frightened gasps. "Dewey Lawrence, child, don't you ever do such a thing again! You are Christian—Baptist, and no son of mine bows his head or bends his knee to statues! 'Thou shalt not have no strange gods before Me.' That's what the good Lord says."

Bewildered by this unexpected turn of events, Dewey Lawrence watched in silence as his mother wrote a note to the teacher, withdrawing her permission for her son's religious education on release time.

The following Friday, a very disappointed Dewey Lawrence, with explicit instructions from Mamma, quietly came up to Sister as she was waiting near the school gate, and said, "Sister, my mother says I can't come to class any more, because she doesn't believe you have Jesus in your church."

Sister looked stunned. For a moment she hesitated to speak. Then she said in a calm voice, "All right, Dewey Lawrence."

She was going to say more then, but his bus was waiting, so he turned and ran. He heard her call after him, "Good-by, dear, and God bless you!"



THE next week of school was agony for Dewey Lawrence. The ache in his heart grew until it became a lump in his throat.

Tony, Dolores, Lupe, Jessie, and all his little friends could talk of nothing else but the coming Christmas party. Every year the two Padres came out to the country school, loaded the children into cars, and took them to town. First there was a visit with Jesus in the church; then they went across the street to the parish hall where Santa Claus surprised them with a Christmas tree and gifts, ice cream and candy.

Dewey Lawrence didn't care so awfully much about Santa Claus or the Christmas tree and gifts. But, oh, how he wished he could talk to Jesus in the church.

He sought out little Joey. "Did you see Jesus in the church last Christmas, Joey?" he asked his young companion.

"Yes, I saw the Baby Jesus on the hay in a little crib. And Mary and Joseph, too, and the shepherds, and one shepherd had a little lamb, just like the picture Sister showed us the other day. You come to class next time, Dewey Law-

rence, and maybe Sister will bring the picture again."

But Dewey Lawrence shook his head and walked away quickly, lest the other boy see the tears that came into his eyes.



CHRISTMAS vacation was dark and gloomy.

It rained and rained. There were many presents scattered under the Christmas tree, but only an aching void in the heart of Dewey Lawrence. Not even Mamma's ginger cookies could fill the emptiness.

When school resumed at the beginning of the New Year, many little tow-heads came to stare wide-eyed through the fence at Sister as she waited for her catechism pupils, and to smile shyly when she spoke to them; but not once did she catch a glimpse of a little brown face among them.

Partly because of a fierce loyalty to Mamma, and also because he knew instinctively that it would only deepen the hurt inside him, Dewey Lawrence stayed away from the playground on Fridays. Miss Pearson, his teacher, was only too happy to have him dust the erasers and wash the blackboards for her at the end of each week.



A YEAR passed, and once again Christmas day came and went. Again there were ginger cookies, and presents under a tree, and again an unhappy little boy.

Daddy was worried, to put it mildly. Before leaving for work one morning, he slipped a five-dollar bill in Mamma's hand.

"Take him to town today," he pleaded. "Maybe there's something he wanted and didn't get."



MAMMA was tired—and peeved. Things she had bought with good, hard-earned dollars before Christmas, were now greatly reduced in price. And Dewey Lawrence, her young son, accepted each new toy with a politeness and de-

(Continued on page 18)



Dear Loyal Helpers, from her heart Sunshine Secretary wishes you a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Holy New Year!

A. Peep Into Our MLH Mail Bag

"Please mention me to the Divine Lord in your prayers, for my examinations. Thank you."

Margie McDevitt, Philadelphia, Pa.



"For twenty years straight, the members of St. Patrick's Junior High have won the prize for getting the greatest number of subscriptions to our school paper, *The Shamrock*. The winners get a free ticket to a show, an afternoon off, a party, and a treat. The losers must pay for these things. Sister Paschal also gives special prizes to the two students who sell the most papers. We are working hard and hope to win again."

Annie Lucero, Raton, New Mexico

"Sister is very glad that I try to go to Mass. I live in the country and we had lots of snow. I say a Hail Mary for the Missions every morning and night. Thank you for the Sunshine Bag. I hope to send you my savings soon."

Peter Scarpa, Wallingford, Conn.



"I have a vocation. When I get big I would like very much to become a Sister in your Order. Mother says I can when I get to be 15 or 16 years of age."

*Mary L. Brenneke, age 10,
Jefferson City, Mo.*

Mary's Loyal

"We have been taking tests ever since school started."

Rosemary Baum, Topeka, Kans.

(Sunshine Secretary's comment: What a life!)

"Our class is learning long division by three numbers. In spelling we have fifty words every Friday. I am getting a dollar ready to send to you."

Betty Kearns, Wallingford, Conn.

"I suppose you were kind of disappointed that I didn't write you last year so I'm going to write to you this year. I am going to offer my Christmas Eve Mass and Communion for you and your pupils. I pray for you every day."

Joan Marion, North Washington, Iowa

"I always say prayers for the Missionary Priests and Sisters, because I'm sure they need them now the way they are being treated and for what they have to go through."

Joan Dassow, Medford, Wis.



"I am now in the third grade. I got the American Legion Award. Jimmie won first place on his pig at the Tulsa Pig Show. May God bless all the poor."

*Elizabeth Anne O'Neill, age 8,
Tulsa, Okla.*

"I received three dollars for my birthday from my cousins Gail and Malcolm in Brooklyn. I am sending you one dollar for your Missions."

Ronald Bish, Wallingford, Conn.

"Here is a dollar for the Missions. Gerald and I got it by picking strawberries. We hope to visit Victory Noll when our aunt, Sister Mary Evelyn, is there."

Thomas Jacquay, Monroeville, Ind.

The Missionary Catechist

Helpers Pages

Shelter

*Hasten, children, one and all,
To the Infant's humble stall!
Press around Him, hearts aglow!
Shield Him from the winds that
blow!
Whence those wintry breezes,
dears?
Hearts which hold greed, hate,
vain fears.*



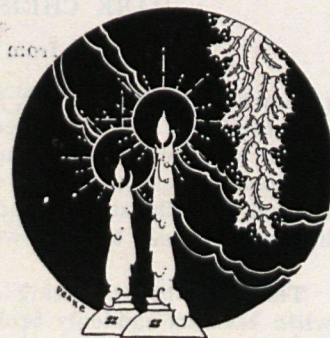
PICTURES WANTED!

How would you like to have your picture printed on these pages, Loyal Helper? All right, send us a snapshot together with your name, address, school and grade. We will be very happy to "introduce" you in this way to our other Helpers.

HIDDEN WORDS PUZZLE

In telling the story of the Three Wisemen who came from the Orient to adore Christ, Our Lord, you would very likely use the following words — *kings, star, camel, dromedary, gold, myrrh, frankincense, Magi*. Can you find one of these words in each of the sentences below? Pay no attention to punctuation marks which might separate some of the letters needed to complete the word. To help you, the word "star" occurs in the first sentence. Now go on.

1. The starting point of the game lies in this red square.
2. The Vikings were Scandinavian pirates who ravaged the coasts of Europe in the ninth century.
3. Led by his seeing eye dog, old Tom arrived safely home.
4. Pedro, Medaryville is a



little town in Northern Indiana.

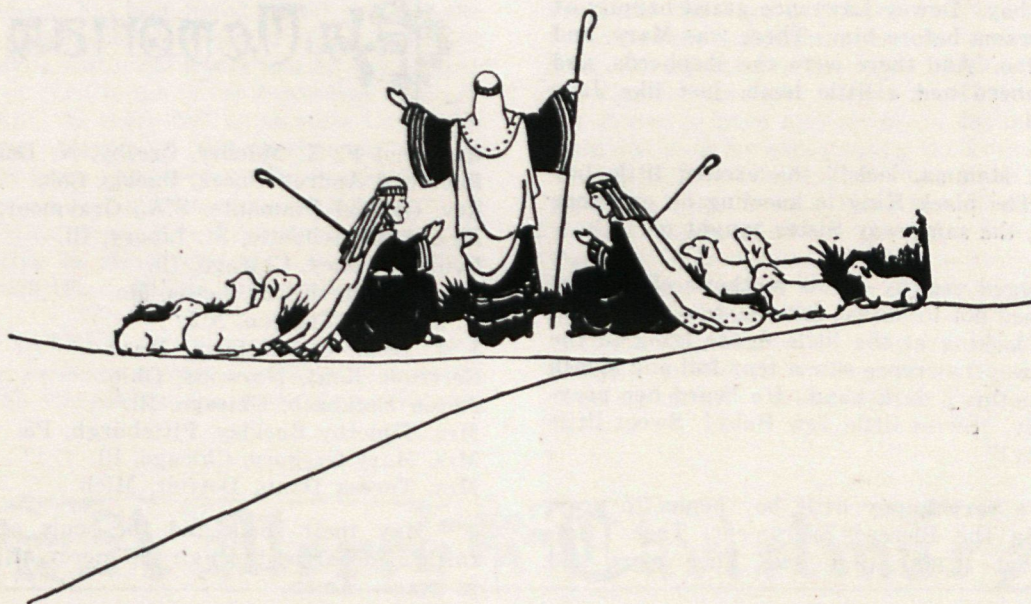
5. To be frank, incensed at his speech I left the hall before the reception which followed.

6. According to Mr. Vandemyr rhinestones are cheap imitations of real diamonds.

7. The magic lantern was used to show slides of the missions.

8. The stray pony came limping to his young master.

Write numbers one to eight on a separate line. After each number write the hidden word you found in each sentence. Send the worked puzzle to Sunshine Secretary for a holy card.



DARK CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 15)

tachment that worried her.

Pathetically she suggested a movie, and after that a walk down one of the nicer streets in the residential section, just to see the trees lighted up and the Christmas window decorations that had not yet been taken down.

They had been walking only a few minutes, when Mamma suddenly broke the silence, "Well, I do declare! This must be a Catholic church!"

"Let's go in, Mamma! Oh, do let's go in!" begged the child, his eyes dancing with hope.

"I don't think we can, Son. Most likely the doors are locked."

"No, they're not, Mamma, 'cause Sister told us any time we come to town, 'Be sure to stop in church and say hello to Jesus.'"

Soon the two were inside. In the dusk they could not see the beautiful colors of the stained glass windows, nor did they notice the "idolatrous" statues. The red sanctuary light flickered comfortingly as they walked past the Unseen Presence, but surely Our Lord blessed them from His tabernacle home.

They passed quickly, for over there in the corner at the right was—a Christmas tree! It was covered with blue lights, and underneath a warm, soft glow revealed the most beautiful dolls the child had ever seen!

Sure enough, there was the Baby Jesus lying on some hay. Dewey Lawrence gazed happily at the panorama before him. There was Mary, and Joseph, too. And there were the shepherds, and one shepherd had a little lamb, just like Joey said, and . . .

"Look, Mamma, look!" the excited little boy cried. "The black King is kneeling on one knee to Jesus, the same way Sister taught us."

He tugged eagerly at his mother's elbow, but she seemed not to notice, for she, too, was kneeling and looking at the little figure lying in the hay. Dewey Lawrence saw a tear fall and splash on his mother's dark hand. He heard her praying softly, "Sweet little Jew Baby! Sweet little God Baby!"

Then a very happy little boy began to pray, "Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, Thee I implore, that I may ever love Thee more and more."



Sister Ann Joachim looking over Christmas packages prepared by Goshen Sisters for parish "shut-ins."

Our Cover: Novices kneeling before Crib in Chapel at Victory Noll.

Memoriam

Reverend F. X. Mueller, Crosby, N. Dak.
 Reverend Andrew Sucek, Pueblo, Colo.
 Rev. Gabriel Diamante, S.A., Graymoor, N.Y.
 Mrs. Anna Schuette, St. Libory, Ill.
 Dennis Graney, Chicago, Ill.
 Henry D. Byrne, St. Louis, Mo.
 T. McCann, Trenton, N.J.
 J. J. Loan, Charlestown, Mass.
 Gertrude Kent, Norwood, Ohio.
 Anton Eschbach, Chicago, Ill.
 Mrs. Timothy Buckley, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Mrs. Mary Gregory, Chicago, Ill.
 Mrs. Teresa Dunn, Detroit, Mich.

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

Mission Intention for December

by the Most Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell, D.D.

FOR THOSE WHO EXERCISE AUTHORITY IN JAPAN

WHILE Shintoism, with its worship of the Emperor as divine, has been abolished in Japan, the spirit from which Shintoism grew is not dead. The Japanese people since earliest historical times, have been trained in exercising the greatest respect towards those in authority, not only in the family but also in the State and its subordinate institutions. The American forces of occupation have wisely recognized this important point and have endeavored to train the Japanese people by retaining as much as possible of the old form of government. They see that by gaining over to their side the good will of the leaders of the people, the rank and file of the population will follow them.

THE abolishment of Shintoism has opened the Japanese mind wide to other influence in the field of religion. The Japanese is now free to accept Christianity without being suspected of lukewarm patriotism. He is, in fact, encouraged by the general atmosphere of the times to consider every form of religion. At the same time, this readiness to accept new forms finds its expression in educational circles as well as business and social life. The Communists are making a determined effort to influence labor unions. In the field of education, all the textbooks for the schools have had to be re-written since the war. There already has been noted a tendency to make light of Catholicism in these by scant, grudging treatment in historical works and by minimizing the role of the Church in the formation of Western culture. As there will be no state Church in Japan, the attitude of the government will be molded in large measure by officials who for the most part are less influenced by religious motives than political ones. The Protestants have been most active in the circles of higher education from which these officials will be chosen.

FORTUNATELY, at the present moment there is in evidence a most favorable attitude towards the Church on the part of government

officials. They are ready to consider the application of Christian principles to the social and economic problems of their country. On the other hand, there is in proportion to the golden opportunity offered the Church, a dearth of missionaries and of means for adequately supporting those who are already in Japan. It is of primary importance for the growth of the Church in Japan that she seize the chance given her. The conversion of leaders would most certainly aid the Church both directly and indirectly. As leaders of the people, the example of their conversions would move many others to follow them. Their position in government would enable them to defend the Church from attacks and at the same time present the aims of the Church in a most favorable light.

THE good will and spirit of fair play shown the Church by the American authorities in the past three years in Japan cannot be too highly praised. In this respect, however, it is important that the Church have, directly or indirectly, an active voice in formulating principles of government. For the most part, this influence will remain indirect because of the small number of Catholic Americans in positions of authority. This spirit of good will already evidenced by the American authorities is a potent force for the spread of the Gospel in Japan and will do much to offset the inadequacy of our means there. Still, one should not lose sight of the fact that the Church must give visible proof of her present ability to work extensively in Japan. Otherwise, the need for encouraging the growth of the Church there will be minimized by those who look upon the Church as a force for education and welfare work. Realities must be faced. Non-Catholics cannot be expected to be ready to help the Church because she is a divine institution. The greatest possible support by prayers and contributions should be given the work of the Catholic missionaries in Japan. It requires more than a handful of missionaries.

 A Merry Christmas 



*A
Blessed
Christmas*

*We pray that the peace and love of the Christ Child
may be with our readers on Christmas day and every day
throughout the New Year.*

*Mother Catherine, Superior General
and the
Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory*