

The Missionary Catechist



Volume IV

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, July, 1928

Number 7

First Impressions of a Missionary Diocese

Rev. Joseph Wonderly, Amarillo, Texas.

NEXT to the "columnist," or shall we call him "columnator," who is ready to write on any topic of the day, from the sublime to the ridiculous—mostly the latter—or next to the high school graduate, resplendent in his new suit and uncomfortably tight shoes, who exults in his newly-acquired power to guide the ship of state somewhere or other, there comes the person who is ready at the slightest provocation to write his "First Impressions." Despite the fact that the writer starts out with such seeming little justification for this article, and despite the fact that the closest he ever got to the editorial sanctum was a few brief trips in these hallowed precincts—to empty the wastebasket—he fearlessly takes his "Never Ready" pencil in hand, and gives expression to the following thoughts, in the hope that it will bring to the minds of some who are able to give, the real desire to render that assistance needed to propagate the true Faith in the territory whereof he writes, and if any of the statements seem inaccurate, he will be only too glad to have the dissenting parties come and discuss the matter—down in Texas.

The Diocese, in which this individual is mainly interested, is the Diocese of Amarillo erected last year, of which the Rt. Rev. R. A. Gerken is the Bishop. Amarillo is a city of 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants situated in the central part of the "panhandle" district of Texas, the oblong territory protruding to the extreme north of the state. This city, nearly half the size of Fort Wayne with its several large flourishing parishes, contains but one American parish of about 250 families, namely the Cathedral Parish, and one Mexican parish of nearly the same size. There is situated in the city, St. Anthony's Hospital, a modern hospital recently dedicated, and St. Mary's Academy where the Sisters of the Incarnate Word teach some 200 children. The Amarillo Diocese comprises a territory about twice the size of the state of Indiana, and there are but 25 priests laboring there now. There are approximately 250 priests laboring in the Fort Wayne Diocese alone, hence the proportion in the number of priests is 1 to 40. True, there are not the number of souls to take care of, but somehow or other the Texas miles always manage to have the required 5280 feet, and these miles are scattered with reckless profusion between one Catholic and another or vice versa if you

will have it that way. Besides the Cathedral Parish, the Diocese contains but one or two other Parishes of 100 families or over. There are a few others of some 30 or 40 families, and the rest contain but a



The Rt. Rev. Rudolph Gerken
Bishop of Amarillo, Texas

handful of the faithful, anywhere from 3 to 12 families. From the above we can see how invaluable is the assistance rendered by the Church Extension Society, both in the building of Chapels and Churches, and providing a steady income for priests laboring amongst those people unable to make such provision.

As to the material development of the Diocese in the way of churches, schools, rectories and convents, there is evidence of poverty in the rugged simplicity in the construction and the furnishing of the buildings. A few examples will illustrate the point. A new altar was recently installed in Sacred Heart Cathedral, Amarillo, and the old one was taken by truck a distance of ninety miles to Plainview to be put in a new church just being finished there. A second-hand pipe organ was also installed in the Cathedral. Luckily there were a few extra ornamental pipes and one of them was used to construct a stand for the Paschal Candle. The Priests have plenty of occasions to demonstrate their proficiency in wielding various instruments or tools from a paint brush to a rake. Incidentally, it is

fortunate that the various unions are not as exacting in their demands as they are in Chicago and in Lake County in the Fort Wayne Diocese. The writer has obtained a number of server's cassocks and surplices and a long aisle runner used in the church in the Fort Wayne Diocese where he had been stationed, and is transporting them by freight to Texas to be used wherever needed down there. At one of the Missions he helped attend, there is no provision for heating the church, the floors and benches are unvarnished, there is no confessional, no organ of any kind, etc. At another Mission nearly the same conditions prevail, with the exception that there is a wood or coal stove to provide heat. Heretofore this luxury was more or less nullified by the conditions of the roof and walls. A few shingles have bettered the condition of the roof and some beaver board has not only closed many air holes but has hidden the rafters, so that now this church looks less like a cottage at a summer resort, and more like a House of God. All in all though, in the humble opinion of this scribe, there seems to be a possibility that he will experience a fulfillment of a favorite expression, "It looks like a hard winter ahead."

The foregoing facts are mentioned not in a spirit of complaint, for the writer has not been subjected to such conditions for any length of time that would justify such an attitude. And the spirit of the people and priests with whom he has come in contact would tend to inspire a like self-sacrificing spirit. But the foregoing facts to which could be added many others, are mentioned so that those in the more settled districts will appreciate better the conveniences that are theirs in the performance of their religious duties. And as mentioned before that some may be inspired to render material help. Truly charity begins at home, but just as truly it ceases to be charity if it remains there.

And probably a final word as to economic conditions in the Diocese might be of interest to some. The information was obtained from the Bishop, so if it does not seem "according to Hoyle," no doubt His Lordship, after returning from a little 700 miles Confirmation trip, and disposing of several committees, and deciding on some building plans, etc., will be able to give a day or two of his otherwise unoccupied time

(Continued on Page 8)

ARE YOU NEGLECTING YOUR RENEWAL BLANK?—FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY.

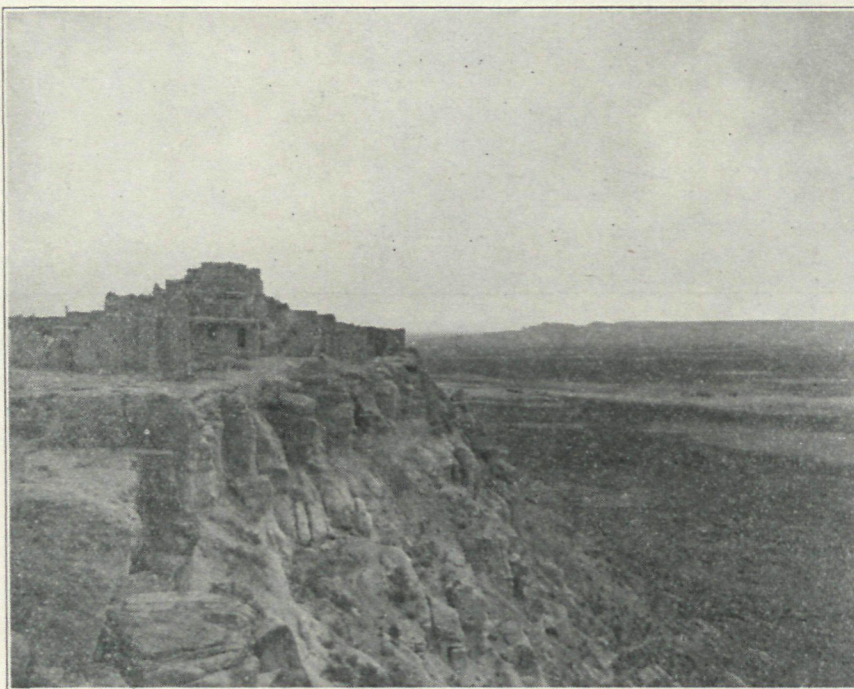
“The Miracle of San Felipe”

Legend Told by an Old Indian Chief to Charles F. Lummis.

“AT the first conquest the Spanish brought with them many Padres who went out to all the pueblos. Many died and many were killed and at last came the great rebellion of 1680. When the Spanish made the second conquest they found but two priests left. One of these went very far away, —perhaps to Moqui,—but the other made a church in Cochiti and stayed there. (The truth is, they found no survivors, though there is an unconfirmed Spanish story that one Priest was left alive at Moqui). The Indians of the Northern pueblos were very much enemies of the Spanish, and most all of the people of Cochiti, San Ildefonso, and Santo Domingo were angry with them. In a little while the principals of those pueblos held a junta (meeting) in Cochiti, and made it up to kill the Padre and drive out the Spanish. The sacristan of Cochiti was a good Christian, and when he heard this he went running by night to the convent and told the Padre: “Padre, I am your friend; they are making to kill you, but I will save you if I can. But you must go immediately. I will go with you as far as I can and get home before day, for they will kill me if they know.”

“So the sacristan carried the Padre across the river on his back, and then took the camino real (highway) past Santo Domingo, and where Algodones now is. Here the sacristan said: ‘I go no farther. This is the road, and you must save yourself.’ It was already near day, and the Padre saw he must hide. There was a little island on the river with cottonwoods very thick on it, and he went to hide there until another night.

“Now, by the grace of God, on that very day the pueblo of San Felipe was to make a great hunt; and already before the sun had come the sentinels were going to all the high places to watch for game, and one was on the top of the mesa just below that island. When it grew more day, he saw something black, moving among the cottonwoods, and thought, ‘Good luck! For already I see a bear!’ But in truth it was the Padre getting a drink. The sentinel made his hunt signal, and in a very little while all the hunters were around the island. When they found it was no bear, but the Padre from Cochiti, they were astonished, but he told them all that had happened. Then at once the principals held council on the island; and when all had spoken, they said: ‘We will save him and take him to our pueblo.’ Then they took off his black robes, and put upon him the shirt and calzoncillos and moccasins of one of the Indians, and painted his face and hands. But when they were coming to the town they met many of the Cochitenos hunting for



“They of San Felipe retreated to the top of the mesa.”

him and asking: ‘Have you met the Priest?’ They said, ‘No, we have not met him;’ but just then one of the Cochitenos recognized him in his paint, and they demanded him with injurious words. Refusing, there was a great fight, which lasted even unto the pueblo, but they of San Felipe came safely inside with the Padre. Then the Cochitenos went away for help, and next day came

per again. And in truth there was something written on the other side. Who wrote it? Quien sabe! But we think the saints. When he had read the new writing, he told the sacristan to bring him a piece of topaz (volcanic glass), and this he broke upon a rock till it was sharp like a knife. And when the people had brought all their tinas (earthen jars) and gourds, he made his arm bare and cut it with the stone knife, and held it stretched out, and from the wound ran streams of water, the same as a clear river, and filled all the vessels. When all were full it ceased to run; and all the people fell down and gave thanks to God. A great while the enemy remained, but always when the water jars were empty, the Padre filled them again with pure water from his arm, till at last the Cochitenos were tired and went away. Then the people came down again to the pueblo, taking the Padre in great honor, and they were in peace, for after that there was no more war. But to this day we make a sacred fiesta for the Day of the Padre; and God has been very good to us for that, more than to any of the pueblos that killed their Priests. No, we do not know his name. It is very long ago, and that has been lost.”

Honolulu.

Rev. Father Sigstein:

In reply to your letter of recent date, kindly send me one of your contracts to sign as I have \$250 with which to join your Annuity Fund.

You might send me a sample copy or two of your contract to show to others who might become interested.

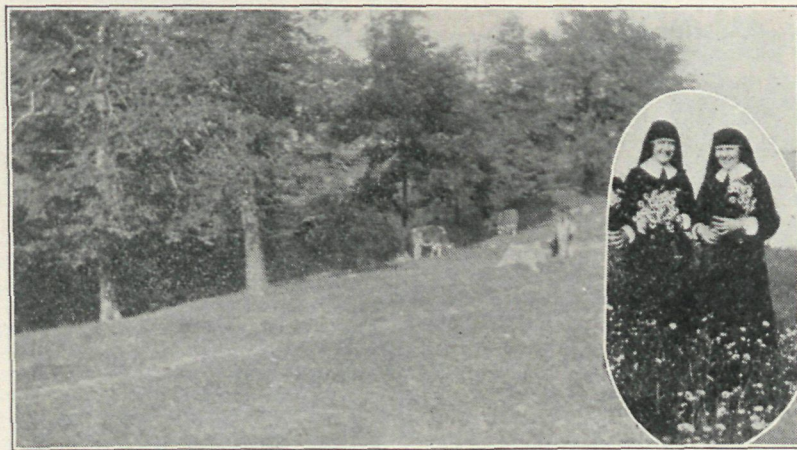
Mrs. A. L.



An Indian Pottery Maker

HELP DOUBLE OUR CIRCULATION BY SENDING AT LEAST ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Victory-Noll Notes



Victory-Noll Woods in Mid-Summer.

THE month of June so appropriately dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Lord has passed all too swiftly. Each evening during the entire month we had special devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus following by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. May the Divine Heart accept our prayers in reparation for all the insults, blasphemies and negligences offered It in the Blessed Sacrament and may our many friends and benefactors also be sharers in the fruits of these devotions!

Twice during June, on Corpus Christi and the Feast of the Sacred Heart, we were especially blessed with all day Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Since all devotion seems to center in the Nativity of Our Lord, our Society has felt the urge to give greater honor to the Sacred Incarnation of Our Lord and to the Joyful Annunciation of His Blessed Mother. Accordingly, on the 25th of June the first monthly Procession took place here at the Noll to commemorate these two events.

We feel that this ceremony had a very auspicious beginning as we numbered among those taking part our dear Spiritual Father, Father Sigstein, Father A. J. Blaufuss, Father Jose Lara and Father Salesius Schneewis. Due to the inclement weather it was impossible to have the Procession outdoors as planned, however, our wide corridors gave us ample space. The procession, led by the Cross-bearer, followed by the entire Community bearing lighted tapers and chanting the Litany of Loretto, with four Catechists triumphantly carrying the beautiful statue of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, wound its way through the long east corridor, out under the arches of the Spanish patio, and then through the west corridor back to the chapel. There the Rosary was said and was followed by the usual June devotions.

We wish to remind our friends and benefactors that our Solemn Novena in honor of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother into Heaven will begin August 6th. Please send us your petitions so that they will arrive by that date.

During the latter part of June Victory-Noll was delighted to have as its visitor the Rev. Father A. J. Blaufuss of Baileyville, Kansas. Father Blaufuss has long been associated with Father Sigstein both in Seminary days and in the early days of organizing our dear Society.

WHO will attempt to describe the Mission-country at this season of the year? Truly, in the language of a Western writer, there is "an embarrassment of scenery." New Mexico has laid aside her sombre attire, and donned gay festal robes. Granted, along the Northern skyline still linger the traces of winter, for there towering mountains of rock, crowned with perpetual snows, form an impregnable wall. But these are miles and miles away. Around us are fields of waving alfalfa, like the green-plumed helmets of a mighty moving army. Even the dusty roadsides are bordered with endless stretches of bright blue verbenas, which give one the impression that a bit of sky has fallen upon our fields. Even the lifeless brown prairie grass has changed to a soft green, while on its smooth carpet are pink-faced phlox and myriads of sturdy little flowers, which, because of their marked resemblance to an inverted paint-brush, daubed with orange-colored paint, are known as "the Indian paint-brush."

* * *

The picturesque village of San Antonio, which lies at the foot of the "Mount," across a small stream, dreamily calls to mind the Biblical scenes of the Old and New Testaments. There is the quaint town-well from whence everyone draws water. The last rays of the setting sun gilds its wee brown houses and green-gold trees until we think the title, "El Pueblo Encantado"—the enchanted village—would be far more appropriate.

* * *

On a bright May-day, the little folk of the above-named village came trooping to the Mount for an afternoon picnic. Games and contests followed in rapid succession. The climax of fun was reached when Gabriel, a lad of twelve, donned a "peanut coat." By this we mean an ordinary coat which was covered with peanuts, these having been sewed on a few days previous. A merry chase ensued. Needless to say, the one who picked the fastest got the most. Afterwards we expressed our sympathy to the peanut bearer for the rough handling he had received at the hands of the youthful competitors, but he was well-satisfied. We then learned that while they were "fleecing" him on all sides, he took care to assist them and fill his own pockets.

Victory-Mount Echoes

As a sequel to the course of lectures on the catacombs, a series of stereoptican views are being shown us every Sunday evening. Our Reverend Chaplain, Father Buron, who is a member of the Academy of History of Rome, is well qualified to explain these priceless monuments of Christian Faith.

One of the most interesting pictures shown was that of the oldest reputed painting of Our Blessed Mother, produced between the years 90 to 100 A. D. The Blessed Virgin is seen, holding the Divine Infant in Her arms, while at Her left is the Prophet Isaias, who prophesied the miraculous birth of the coming Redeemer. Another picture, (there are many) of Our Blessed Mother, produced at the beginning of the second century, illustrated clearly the commonly accepted opinion, even among first Christians, of the virgin birth of Our Lord. Our Blessed Mother is here portrayed with the Divine Infant in Her arms, but with the head-dress of a virgin.

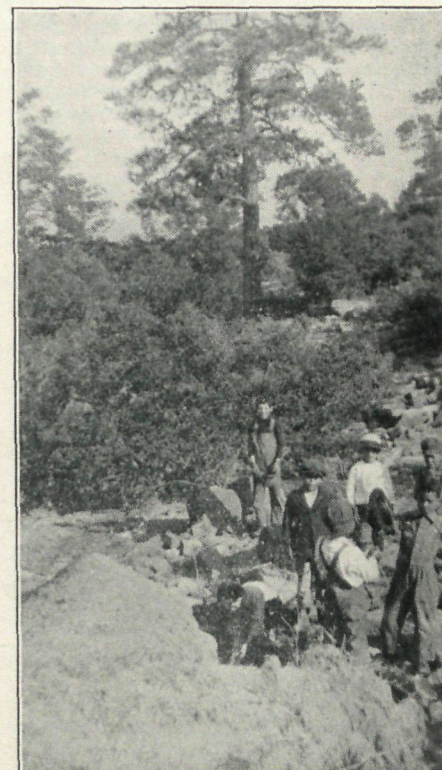
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Among the notable visitors at Victory-Mount, during the current month, were Mr. and Mrs. Peter O'Donnell, long time benefactors of the Society.

* * *

The last of Five First Communion Classes, prepared this spring by the Missionary Catechists stationed at Victory-Mount, received on June 5th. Catechism classes, however, for all children will continue, without interruption, throughout the summer.

Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus, in satisfaction for my sins, and for the wants of holy Church.



A Day's Outing.

ARE YOU NEGLECTING YOUR RENEWAL BLANK?—FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD—A LESSON IN CHARITY

HOW profuse and extravagant are our praises of the soldier who gives his life to save his country from the inroads of foreign foes! What honors we pay his memory! How we hasten to record his name and fame in tablets of bronze and stone so that all may read of his heroic deeds and reading may desire to emulate his heroism! Or again, how we laud the unselfish friendship of one who freely gives of his life blood to save his beloved!

But, what honors are paid to the One who came from High Heaven to shed His Precious Blood for us, to appease the just anger of Almighty God, to preserve us from eternal death and to liberate us from the snares of sin?

'Tis true "that greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But this innocent Blood of our Redeemer, one ruby drop of which is of infinite value, was shed for all mankind from all Eternity, and, stranger still, it gushed forth for those who were not His friends but His enemies—that is, for all sinners. Who can fathom the immensity of such a love—a love traced in blood from His birth in the Crib e'en to His death upon the Cross?

Do we realize that this act of Perfect Love is taking place daily during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass when the Priest with the words of Consecration calls down the Son of God from His Throne in Heaven to dwell upon the Altars of Holy Mother Church? And this same Son of God, as the ever-willing Sacrifice for sinful humanity, descends to us that we may daily offer His Most Precious Blood in reparation for our many offenses, in thanksgiving for our many blessings, and lastly in petitions for our many needs.

Shall we let such Perfect Love go unreciprocated? Most emphatically no! Then let us promise Our Dear Savior, especially during July, the month dedicated to His Most Precious Blood, that we will increase our fervor, that we will "be more devout in our attendance at Holy Mass and more fervent in our reception of Holy Communion." Last, but not least, let us promise that we will extend our charity in a substantial way for the relief of the sufferings of the poorest of God's poor, for, in the words of our Divine Master, "as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it unto Me." Let us resolve to assist the Catechist who has dedicated her life to the spreading of devotion to the Precious Blood and make her labors fruitful by supporting her in her noble work.

1162 Thomas St.,
Seattle, Wash.,

Rev. J. J. Sigstein,
Victory-Noll, P. O. Box 109,
Huntington, Indiana.

Dear Rev. Father:

Your interesting letters of Jan. 10th and Feb. 4th received and as both of us are very much interested in the grand and noble work of the Catechists and your "Annuity Plan" for the support and extension of their work, we are asking you to please forward to the above address, a specimen copy of your annuity contract.

Thanking you for all favors which we greatly appreciate and praying that Our Dear Lord will bless your grand work with every success, we remain,

Yours sincerely in O. B. L. V.,
MR. and MRS. J. F. M.

The Missionary Catechist
Huntington, Indiana

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Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of
The Society of Missionary Catechists
Editor

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NO ONE BROUGHT THEM THE
GOSPEL-MESSAGE

Sister Mary Canisius, says the "Liguorian," recalls an episode from Kentucky history which is heartening these days. For one part, it might be read in Indiana or Alabama. A Catholic, who had been proposed as candidate for speaker of the State Assembly, was advised by his friends (this was during 1926) to withdraw his name, because of the antagonism of a group of Klansmen. Then a tall mountaineer representative arose and said: "Brother, don't you withdraw. They can't defeat ye, without the vote of us mountain people, and there ain't a man in the mountains yaller enough to go agin ye on account of your religion." The protest was effective and a few days later the mountaineer was called upon to explain his action.

"In my district we are mostly of Irish descent, and I reckon we ought to be Catholics. Mighty nigh all the hill people, though, are Baptists, or Methodists, or Campbellites, because these folks came among us and taught their way of belief. We'uns would have been glad to have learned the Catholic way, too, but nobody brought us the message." There is a very sad ring to that—"No one brought us the message."

Please ship all items intended for the needy missions direct to our mission centers. Address: "Society of Missionary Catechists" at:

1. Holman, New Mexico.
2. Anton Chico, New Mexico.
3. Los Cerrillos, New Mexico.
4. Box 30, Montezuma Route, East Las Vegas, New Mexico.
5. 620 W. Fifteenth Street, Gary, Indiana.
6. Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory Mount, East Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Express and freight shipments for Holman and Anton Chico are sent via Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Brevities

THE Missionary Field is pre-eminently the domain of the Precious Blood because Jesus Christ shed His Most Sacred Blood for sinners and pagans as well as for those of the household of the Faith. Not all can be Missionaries, but, all can be true auxiliaries to the Missionaries in at least two ways: first, by making a daily oblation of the Blood of Jesus to His Heavenly Father for the success of all Missionary labors and for the spreading of Christ's kingdom; second, by giving material support to the already existing Burse in honor of the Precious Blood or by founding a second one. Thus, those lovers of the Precious Blood of Jesus, by maintaining a Catechist in the Field, will be honoring the Precious Blood in an especial manner, and, they themselves will have the consolation of knowing that in their many pressing spiritual and temporal needs they have a share in their Catechist's prayers and in all her good works.

Requests for petitions in the perpetual Novena of the Catechists continue to come to us almost every day. We wish to assure all of our readers that we shall be pleased to include their intentions—both for the living and the dead—in the daily Novena we offer in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

Look at the wrapper of your magazine. If there is a "July 1928" imprinted in conjunction with your address, your subscription expires with this issue, and should be renewed at once. Just sign your name to the renewal blank enclosed in this expiring number of your magazine, and, along with fifty cents, mail to us. Kindly lend us your support and encouragement then, by renewing your subscription promptly for one, two, or more years. Better still, subscribe for life.

Many of our good Catholic people have taken kindly to the "2500" club which was started at the beginning of the new year. To be sure, the coveted goal of 2500 members has not yet been reached but each week sees new contributors added to the list. Even though 1928 is half over, it is not too late to join this worthy Club. New recruits may pay the amount they are arrears and complete the year, or, they may just become members for the remainder of 1928.

Constant requests come to us for detailed information concerning our "Annuity Plan." We welcome the opportunity to supply such information. Should you be contemplating remembering the poor Missions of the Southwest in your will, we suggest that you investigate our "Annuity Plan." We feel certain that once you thoroughly understand this plan you would prefer to make your contribution under it, rather than by the provisions of your will. Our plan appeals on account of its absolute security, its good rate of interest and its certainty that after death the principal will be applied for charitable purposes.

Are you still undecided about your vocation to the Missionary life? If so, the Society of Missionary Catechists invites you to join its ranks, and thus become a partner of the First Great Missionary, Jesus Christ, saving the souls of the poor, the ignorant, the neglected for whom He suffered and died.

HELP DOUBLE OUR CIRCULATION BY SENDING AT LEAST ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.

"With The Hilt, The Aged, And The Infirm"

FLOJO stands dejectedly. He does not relish the prospect of traveling two miles up grade to Alta Vista, a small out-mission we are accustomed to make every Wednesday. The buggy with its storm curtains and narrow slit of isinglass, through which to watch the road, presents a picture which might have been cut from a carriage manufacturer's catalog in 1858. The roads are fairly dry, but rough. The strong breezes which sweep the mountain country quickly dry the mud-holes. The road before us, a dull belt of red clay, girts the mountain to the left, and looks down to the right upon deep-cut arroyos, scalloped by the rushing waters of melting snows. The towering mountain crags, with Northern exposure, like stern-faced Spartan mothers, must yet betray a maternal tenderness by cherishing on their rock bosoms the soft white snows of February.

At last the buggy, horse, and its shaken-up occupants arrive at Alta Vista.

From our title the reader might assume this village consists chiefly of older folk. It enjoys this unique distinction, provided you include the smaller children, for several months of the year. As soon as the weather warrants it, the fathers and older boys go to work on distant ranches as sheepherders, or to the beet fields of Colorado, or again to the cotton fields of Texas. Consequently, those who remain in the village are too old or too infirm to go away to work.

The closest home to the public hitching post by the general merchandise store is that of Senor Trujillo. He is past seventy and crippled with rheumatism; yet he has found an occupation for his hands. A bundle of orange-colored willows are being shaped into attractive, as well as durable, baskets. They will be sold for half their worth at a nearby town. His wife has greased the top of their small stove, preparatory to making tortillas. She is very grateful for the bottle of eyewash that we give her. The strong winds, with their dust-laden air, easily inflame the eyes.

We find poor Senora Padillo in bed. "It is rheumatism which I have," she informs us. The oil of wintergreen, or an ointment with similar properties which we leave with her to use on her aching limbs, calls forth profuse thanks, and innumerable benedictions. Senor Padillo is chopping wood outside, while standing shyly by the bed is Maria, age six, their little granddaughter. Her mother and father died of the smallpox when she was quite a baby, so her grandparents are raising her.



SUNSET AT SANTA FE.

Sol's chariot gold slid down the sky,
At close of autumn day,
Hid by a hill now dark and dry,
Behind old Santa Fe.

The hill was crumbling rock and sand,
With here and there a weed,
While here a pinon graced the land,
And there a sage in seed.

Beyond, the mountains, long and still,
Stretched mottled sides and gray,
Dull tone to match the nearer hill,
In softly waning day.

Long shadows stretched to slender girth,
But as the orb of light
Hid lower down behind the earth,
It sent forth rockets bright.

Of fire that blazed the western sky
And threw reflected flood
Upon the mountains far and nigh,—
Their dullness turned to blood.

"Sangre de Christo"—"Blood of Christ!"
Cried Spaniards long ago,
When they beheld these mountains dyed
In sunset's brilliant glow.

Sangre de Cristo, name sublime,
We call them to this day,—
Majestic piles, defying time,
Bathed there in blood array.

—Ahlee James.

"Grandpa fixes the meals, while Maria keeps the house tidy, and dries the dishes," explains Senora Padillo. "Of course, I must direct everything from the bed."

Senora Augilar is making a rag rug of bits of colored calico, to brighten the long dark room, with wide rough boards, and only one window. A bright red geranium, blooming in an old tin can, already gives an air of cheerfulness.

In the adobe-house with the tin-patched roof lives an old blind man, who gains his livelihood by playing a fiddle at the "bailes" (dances) which occur during the course of the year. Even now faint strains of his companion in darkness reach our ears. A lean-looking dog, with face on the ground, guards the house and its master.

Senora Madragon, with a square scarf tied around her chin, forms a quaint picture as she kneels on the flat roof of her house, patching the leaks with fresh adobe.

The day is far spent and the contents of our medical kit somewhat depleted, when we turn to Flojo. He neighs joyfully on catching sight of us. Well he knows the return trip is to be down grade and a manger of alfalfa awaits him.

FRANCISCAN FATHERS

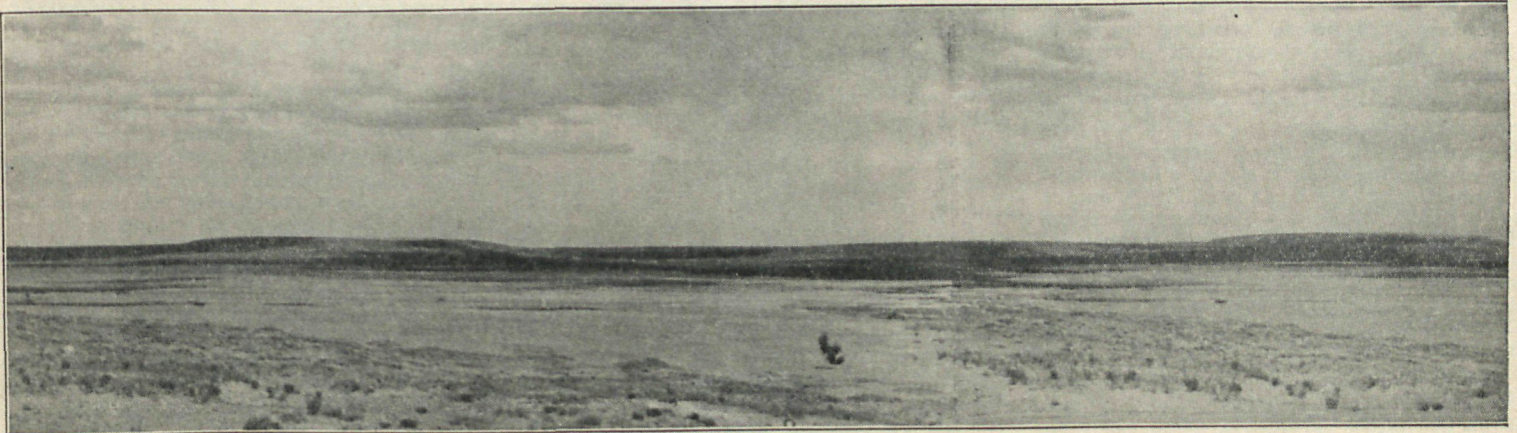
Cerrillos, New Mexico

Dear Rev. Father:

Last week I straightened up three marriages and about four or five others are on the list. The work now demands all my time and energy. On Sundays I rarely have a moment to myself any more. I keenly realize, dear Father, that all this religious activity is directly due under God to the efforts of our devoted Catechists. At Madrid the Protestants are now apeing the work of the Catechists. Every Sunday a young preacher comes down from Montezuma College, Las Vegas, and holds forth in the school house. He tries to drum up an attendance from among the single men boarding at the hotel. The story is now going the rounds of the camp that he approached one of our young men and asked him why he didn't attend "Sunday School." The young man in question gave a very good answer that pleased and heartened the rest. "Man," he said, "I went to Mass this morning before you ever thought of getting up."

Sincerely yours in Dmno.,

FATHER OLIVER, O. F. M.



"The Southwest—a wilderness of happy silence, an atmosphere of content wherein one lives and dies and is glad."

ARE YOU NEGLECTING YOUR RENEWAL BLANK?—FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY.

The Associate Catechists of Mary

AN A NO. 1 A. C. M. MEETING.

WHEN? WHERE?

Sunday evening, June 3, Chicago, Ill.

WHO WAS THERE?

Mrs. Service, Chief-Promoter of Chicago, and hostess of the day, and about twenty of the noble and generous members of her band. Among these members, we are pleased to mention Mrs. McMahon, one of the very first A. C. M. workers in Chicago, whose fervor and generosity have never lagged since her enrollment five years ago.

WHAT WAS THERE?

Many articles of clothing for needy children in the Southwest. Thirty First Holy Communion outfits, complete. By complete, we mean that there were stockings, underwear, beautiful white dresses, trousers and blouses, new shoes, veils, wreathes, neckties, scapulars, rosaries and prayer-books. There was also a big supply of made-over clothing, cleaned, pressed, and mended until each article seemed to have a brand new appearance and lease on life.

HOW WAS ALL THIS OBTAINED?

"Three for a quarter" is the greeting of good Mrs. Service as she comes upon a group of her friends. A raffle on some beautiful article is the main source from which money is obtained to buy the materials. Inventive minds and skilled hands also count for a great deal, for example, one member turned a number of big house dresses into servicable and really pretty dresses for little girls. A box of prayer-books, at least forty, was obtained from the janitor of a near-by church, who collected the forgotten and uncalled for books which had been left in church.

RESULTS OF THE MEETING.

Over thirty packages were made ready to bring a sparkle to dark eyes in New Mexico Missions. The usual fifty cents dues were collected and applied to the support of a Catechist in the field. Hearts were happy with the knowledge that more good was accomplished for Christ's little ones, and that the Catechists were once more aided in performing their spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

FUTURE RESULTS.

Happier and better days await the heretofore abandoned children of the Mexican people, and surely, many blessings are in store for our generous and self-sacrificing co-workers, the Associate Catechists of Mary, whom the Catechists daily remember in their offerings of prayer and Missionary labor.

Dear Juniors:

During this month you are trying to think of all the ways you can to honor the Precious Blood of course.

It is through the merits of this Blood that our souls are made white and clean in the Sacraments of Baptism and Penance. Speaking of baptism reminds me of a letter that I read not long ago. It came from one of our busiest Mission centers. Three children were baptized one evening, and made their first Holy Communion the next morning, with the regular First Communion class. That was a big day in the lives of the children, as you know from your own first Holy Communion day.

The great morning came, although it seemed to eager, young hearts that it would never get light. Everybody was right on time but Juan. He had been so regular for

"Giving."

At times we all grow weary of the unending series of appeals for worthy causes; but as a poet has said:

"For giving is living," the angel said;

"Go feed the hungry sweet charity's bread."

"And must I be giving again and again?"

My selfish and querulous answer came.

"Ah no!" said the angel; his look pierced me through,

"Just give till the Master stops giving to you!"



Junior Associate Catechists of Mary

Catechism classes that everyone was surprised. Tomasito and Santiago went to see what was wrong. In the twinkling of an eye, they were back, leading Juan. Poor Juan had a sad story. He didn't have any clothes that were fit to wear. His mother had said she would get him some, but the poor woman hadn't been able to.

Well, something had to be done, and it had to be done quickly, for Mass would start in fifteen minutes! Catechist flew to the clothes room to see if she could find anything that would do. Sure enough, she found all that Juan needed, except shoes. So Juan wore his old tattered tennis shoes, with his little brown toes peeping out like they wanted to see what was going on, and received Dear Jesus with the rest of the class.

When we read the letter written by Our Blessed Lady of Victory's band in Lafayet-

Dear Catechist Supervisor:

May our Heavenly Father grant you all your petitions through the merits of the Precious Blood of His Divine Son!

Since I have been in New Mexico, I have enjoyed reading about A. C. M. affairs in "The Missionary Catechist." It is the one connecting link to all the pleasant remembrances I carry with me of my A. C. M. friends.

There has been a heart-rending siege of illness here in Anton Chico. Since Easter, six little ones have been called to their Heavenly Home. Our nursing kit and white aprons have been in constant use. Thanks to the goodness of Jesus and Mary and through the tender nursing care of two of our Catechists, one little boy who had double pneumonia is well on his way to recovery.

Yesterday a little girl stopped in to tell us that her brother was very ill. The family lives quite a distance from here,—too far to walk, so we could only promise to come if she could send a conveyance. Apparently she could not get anyone to come for us; all we can do is pray for the little boy.

We do need a car badly here in Anton Chico. To reach our outmissions by means of the buggy and horses we now use is daily becoming more and more of an impossibility. It takes almost an hour to travel four miles. In this day of concentrated and efficient activity, such out-of-date conveyances hamper our work in every way.

Did we but have a car we could not only care for our present outmissions more efficiently, but we could also take in other outmissions thus reaching more children. The scope of our social-service and nursing activities would also be extended.

Though the imperative need of a car has long been realized, the difficulty of obtaining funds has seemed insurmountable. Now a collection is being taken up among our people. Due to their poverty, it will without doubt be very small. Hence, we must rely to a great extent on outside help.

Would that some generous member or group of members of the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY would take up this cause, and thus assure us of a car in the near future!

Devotedly in O. B. L. V.

Catechist D. M. Schneider.

te, Ind., you may be sure we were very happy that there were shoes in the box they sent. There were 120 articles in this box! Wasn't that fine?

Don't forget that I'm expecting to hear from every single band and every single member of the Home Band this summer! With so much time to spend any way you like, you'll just have to work hard for the Missions to keep out of mischief, as pennies, nickles and dimes, clothing, medals, rosaries, holy pictures, and toys, are all needed by poor little Mission children!

Missionarily yours,
Jr. Auxiliary Catechist.

Address all A. C. M. or Jr. A. C. M. communications to:

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,
Associate Catechists of Mary,
Victory-Noll
Huntington, Ind.

HELP DOUBLE OUR CIRCULATION BY SENDING AT LEAST ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Letters To Mary

"All for Jesus thru' Mary"

Mission Center

My dear Mary:



Yesterday afternoon we rode over to Ricardo to sing Vespers. It was the eve of the Feast of Mt. Carmel. The sky, across the entire Western horizon, was a brilliant orange which faded gradually, as the eye travelled upwards toward the zenith, into a cold turquoise. The squatty junipers, interspersed with sword-pointed yuccas, were silhouetted against the riotous background. Mother Earth has learned her lesson well. While the "Heavens are telling the Glory of God" she lies dark and colorless in order not to detract from His glory. Once we passed through a short narrow gorge, the solid rock formation on either side rising to such precipitous heights as to bewilder one. Can you divine the sensation it produced in me? It seemed I were passing thru' God's fingers!

The beautiful feast of Mt. Carmel is one of the most popular in New Mexico. Indeed, it is not to be wondered at when we recall that practically everybody from the six-months old baby to the hoary-headed octogenarian wears the brown scapular. It is quite a rare thing to find a native who has not been enrolled and who does not wear this sign of protection of the Blessed Mother of God, often conspicuously, somewhere on his person. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules. A year ago, a venerable old man of ninety years was invested with the scapular. How he happened to miss former investitures will always remain a mystery to me.

One day an aged Mexican stopped at our doors to procure from us a brown scapular. To our surprise, he knelt at our approach, begging that we place the scapular about his neck, with our own hands. He declared a spiritual affinity would be established which would draw down God's blessing upon him. Needless to say, we humored him. Theirs is truly a deep and childlike Faith.

If the Mexican's devotion to the Brown Scapular is noteworthy, so is his reverence and love for all medals,—scapular, miraculous and others. Little Pablita, age five, has had her ears pierced and wears a tiny gold miraculous medal suspended from both. Gilberto, one of our bright Catechism lads, although quite large in stature now, wears a scapular medal suspended about his neck on a white cord. Since his soft collar is usually turned back, it is very noticeable. Far from being ashamed of this mark of Catholicity, he takes pride in displaying it.

Catechist M. one day gave each of her little children in the Prayer Class a miraculous medal. Imagine her surprise and edification on returning a few days later to this same class, to find that everyone of the children wore their medals about their throats.

Pedro Lavato carries in his vest-pocket a medal about the size of a silver dollar, and I fancy the boy who would seek to deprive him of it would need a legion to defend himself against the furious onslaught of the avenger.

Practically every married lady belongs to

the Carmelita Society. They often care for the altars in the churches, thus resembling our Altar Societies. At the annual Fiesta, or during the public processions, these women carry a beautiful banner with the image of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel painted upon it.

You may be sure after reading this letter that we will be very grateful for the medals and holy pictures you promised to gather together for us. Such articles with us, last about as long as snowflakes in July.

Praying Our Dear Mother, under Her consoling Title of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel to bless you, with Her Divine Son, I am,

Affectionately your friend in O. B. L. V.,

CATECHIST BLANCHE RICHARDSON.

"At the Plaza, in old Santa Fe, was the end of the covered wagon's trek. The old plaza is visited by thousands of tourists every year—from this and foreign lands. The ancient Palace of the Governors, facing the Plaza, though restored, is practically as it was when over it in the centuries passed, floated the flag of Spain, the flag of Mexico, and then our own stars and stripes. The Palace now is a museum of priceless treasures and an art gallery on whose walls hang paintings of the Southwest, modern master pieces by noted artists. In the old palace one is shown the room where General Lew Wallace, then territorial governor of New Mexico, wrote the greater part of his famous book, Ben Hur.

"Old Santa Fe is a glorious place for a protracted stay—a place in which to dream how brief the visit must be. Those who make some study of its history will have a greater appreciation of its charm."

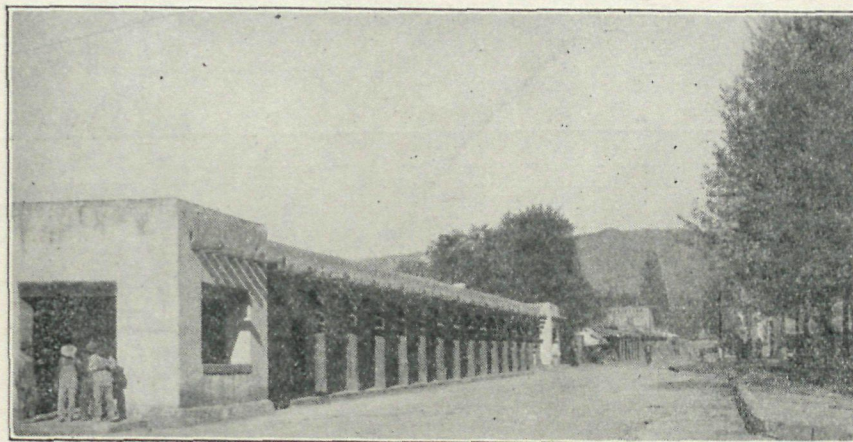
Soperton, Wisc.

Dear Catechists:

Enclosed find check for 6.00 to pay for three months in the "2500 Club" for my father, brother and myself.

Hoping that you succeed in enrolling 2500, I am,

Yours sincerely,
E. E. Q.



Old Governors' Palace at Santa Fe.

Reading Something Worth While

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"A LITTLE BOOK ON CHRISTIAN CHARITY"—by Dr. E. Krebs, translated by Isabel Garahan, B. A.—B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.50.

Dreamless of a millenium of peace and brotherly love, built upon a materialistic and purely natural concept of charity, do well to read this very informative, theologically sound, and stimulating little work of Dr. Krebs. Natural love has its sphere, but, alone, it cannot save society. Natural love, unless warmed by the breadth of the Holy Spirit, is often a cold, cruel and selfish thing. The Reverend writer is conversant with Scripture, Old and New, with pagan philosophy and history. Drawing on all these sources, he proves that neither in Judaism nor in pagan philosophy, does charity come into its own, but thrives under the beneficent sun of the Holy Ghost, is quickened by His gifts and watered by the grace of the Sacraments, particularly by the grace which flows so freely in the Mass and in Holy Communion.

"MEDITATIONS FOR THE LAITY"—by the Rev. Albert Rung.—B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price \$3.50.

This volume of more than 500 pages, offering a meditation for each day of the year, is to be recommended not only because it inspires devotion but because it is an epitome of the Church's teaching on Christian Perfection. Theological soundness is vouchered for by the fact that the Reverend author follows the masters of the Spiritual Life as St. Francis de Sales, Thomas a Kempis, Scupoli, St. Ignatius Loyola and Father Faber.

This day of high education and of much reading is the era of low living and of little thinking. Meditation is thinking. May this book of meditations aid our good, Catholic lay folk to a little more thoughtfulness and a higher spiritual life.

"Mah bredren," shouted Parson Potluck, "Yo' want t' be ready to jump when yo' heahs Gabriel blow dat horn."

"Fo' goodness sake!" murmured Brother Simpson, "am he a-comin' in a autymo-beel?"

ARE YOU NEGLECTING YOUR RENEWAL BLANK?—FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A MISSIONARY DIOCESE.

(Continued from Page 1)

and prove his assertions. Texas had a land boom some fifteen or twenty years ago and this was followed by a few years considered lean, because the crops were not everything that was expected of them. It has come back, but slowly, till a few years ago when it had an oil boom. It now is in the slump following this latter, not that the oil and gas has given out, but rather because there is an over-production of them. The real future seems to be in agriculture. The soil is excellent and a bumper crop puts the farmer so far ahead that he can get by for a year or two in which adverse weather conditions may ruin the crop. And if a practical means of irrigation would be found for use there, it would nullify what little threat there is in these adverse weather conditions. There probably will be a big road building program throughout this territory within the next few years, and thus assure the tourists of good travelling not only in the dryer periods, but also when the much-needed rains come. This should open the eyes of many to the possibilities in the agricultural line, and this coupled with the healthful climate augurs well for the future of Catholicity in the Lone Star State.

A zealous Priest had as one of his prospective converts an old gray haired darkey. The poor colored man could neither read nor write. His memory, too, was very short. When the Priest came to the instructions on the Sacraments, he had the greatest difficulty in making Sambo understand that there are seven Sacraments. In desperation he asked him: "How many days are there in the week?"

"Seven," promptly answered the aged pupil.

"Good! now there are just as many Sacraments as there are days in the week—seven in all." Then the Priest went on to enumerate them, and finally thought that he had gotten the lesson fixed in the colored man's mind.

To test Sambo, he asked him in his next instruction: "How many Sacraments are there?"

"Seven," promptly and proudly replied Sambo.

"Good! Now what are these Sacraments?"

"Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday."

Minnesota.

Reverend dear Father:

I just received a copy of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST sent by some friend. I am enclosing \$1.00 and wish to become a subscriber for one year.

I notice you are asking people to send

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\$1.00 a month to help a Missionary Catechist. I wish I might do so, Father, but I have been in a sanitarium for nearly six years fighting tuberculosis. I expect, however, to be well again by next summer. In the meantime I have an income of \$5.00 a month and each month when I receive THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST I will put a dollar in an envelope and send it to you. Some months I might not be able to spare a dollar, but with God's help I hope to be able to do so.

Asking your prayers that I might soon be allowed to join the Third Order of St. Francis, I remain

Very sincerely yours,
S.

We are pleased to note that so many of our readers have become life subscribers on the installment plan. During February many sent \$1.00 with the promise of sending \$1.00 a month for nine months to pay a full life subscription.

SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS,

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

Please enter my name on your subscription list for The Missionary Catechist. I am enclosing 50c for one year's subscription. ONLY \$10.00 for a Life Subscription.

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