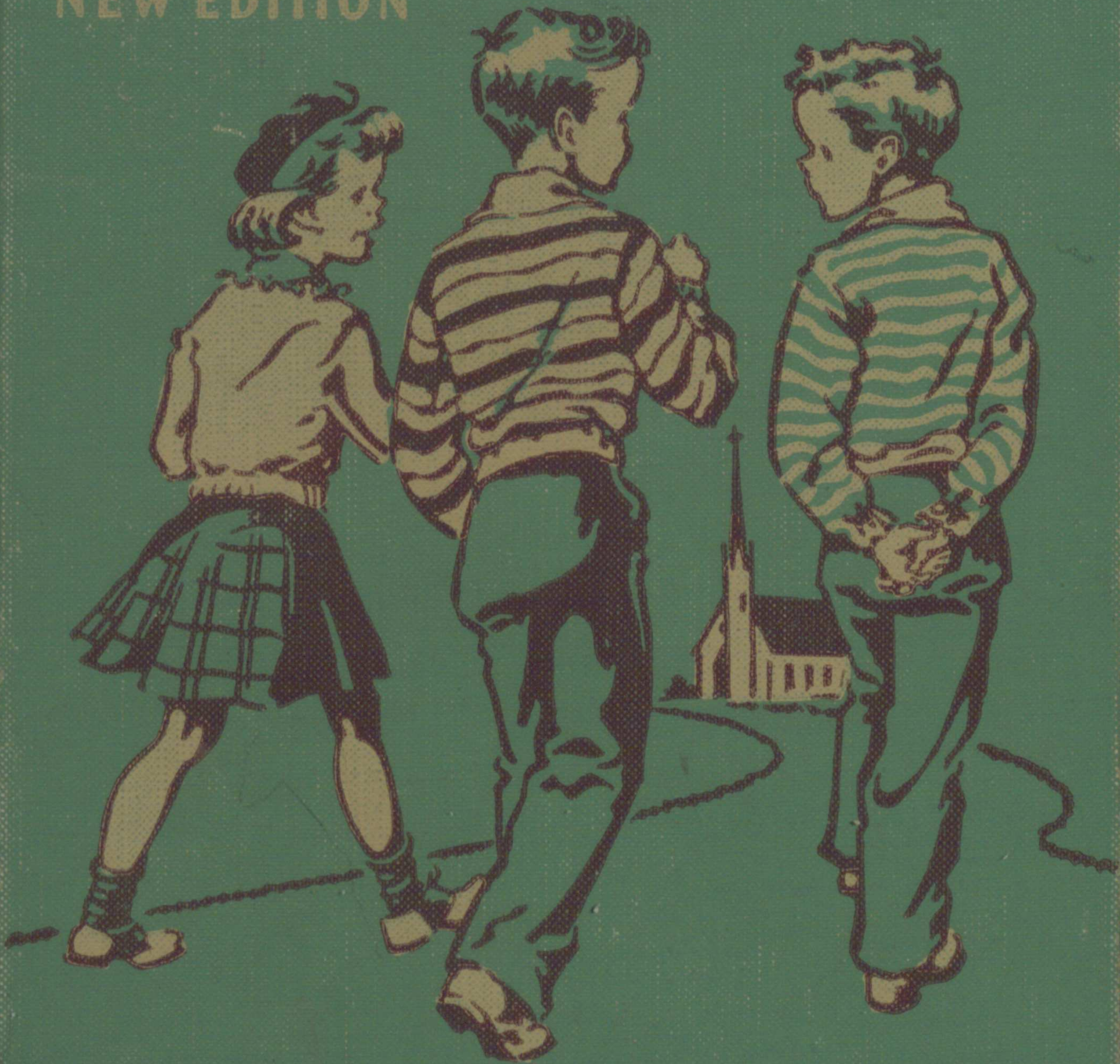


# This Is Our Parish

NEW EDITION



FAITH · AND · FREEDOM



KEVIN Cain



# Faith and Freedom

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# Faith and Freedom



NEW EDITION

# This Is Our Parish

*By*

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*and*

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IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE EDUCATIONAL PLAN OF  
RT. REV. MSGR. GEORGE JOHNSON, PH.D.  
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*Illustrated by Corinne Malvern  
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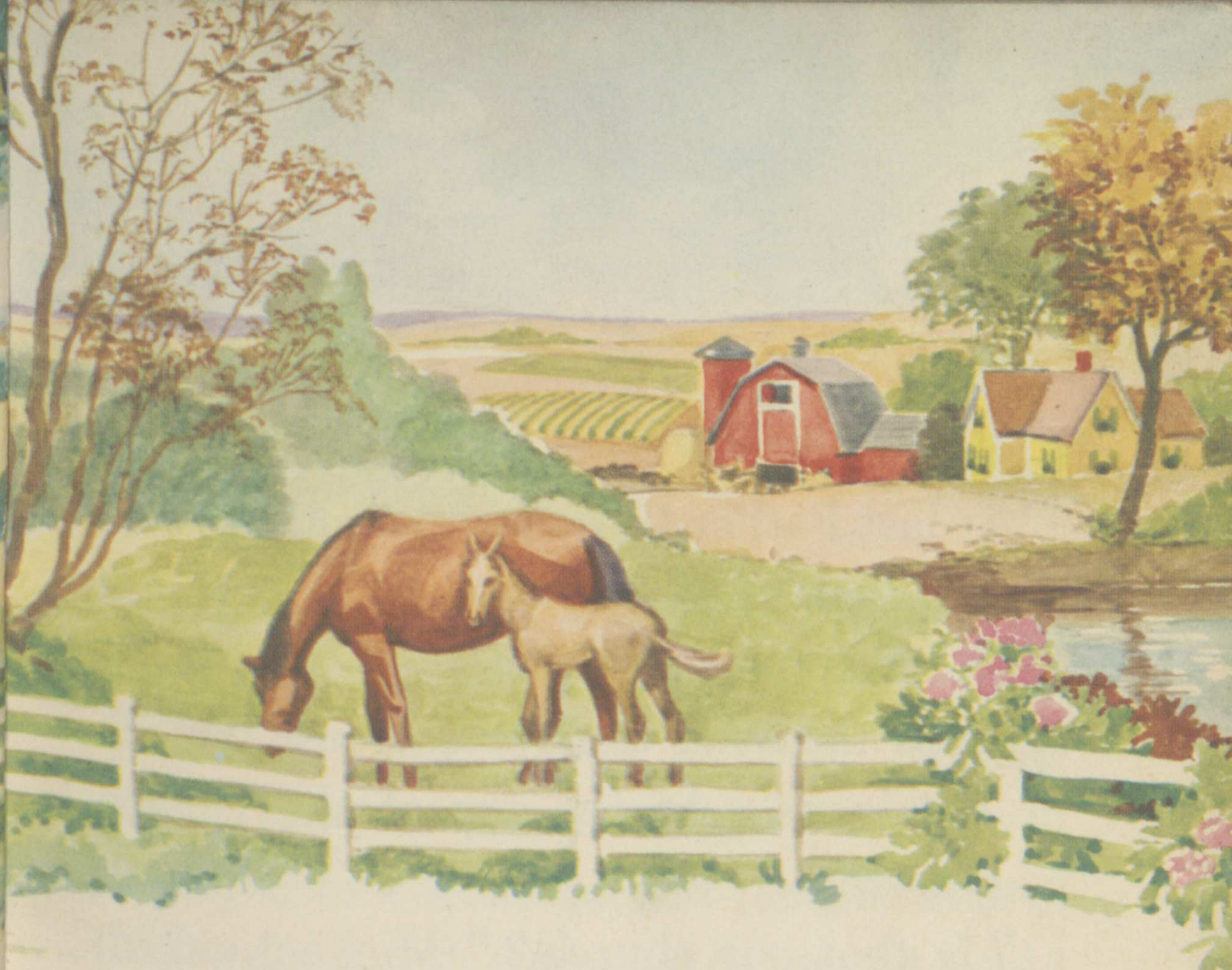




### Here We Come

It was a happy day for the Fay family. They were on their way to their new home.

They had lived in the city, but now they were to live in a small town.



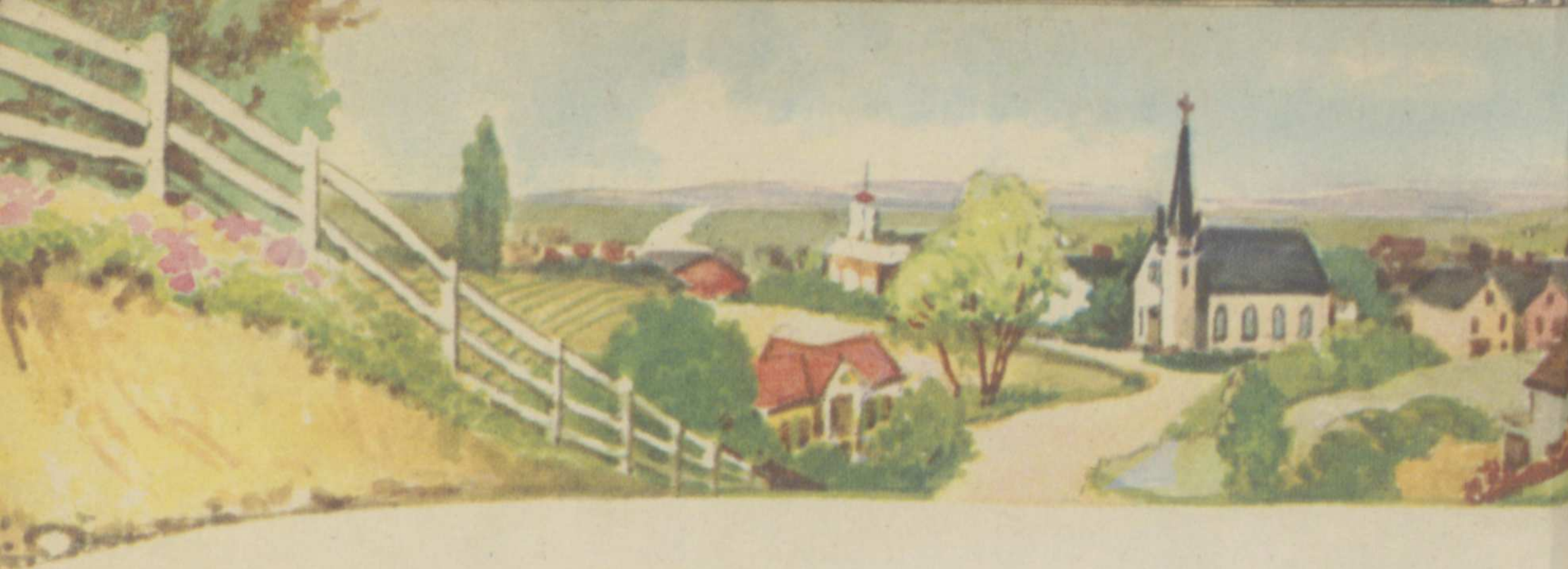
The three children, Rosemary, James, and Michael, laughed and talked as the car took them to their new home.

They had never been so far from the city. There were many new things to see.

They saw airplanes, trains, and boats.

They saw barns and farm houses. They saw chickens and ducks, cows and horses. They saw woods filled with tall fir trees. They saw rabbits and squirrels and birds.





At last Father turned into another road. Down that road was the little town of Fairlands, their new home.

From the road they could see a church in Fairlands. At the top of the church was a cross.

"Is that our church?" Michael asked.

"Yes," answered Father. "It is the Church of the Blessed Sacrament."

"Are all the people who live in Fairlands Catholics?" asked Michael.

"Oh, my, no," said Father. "There are many people in Fairlands who are not Catholics. But all of us who are Catholics belong to the parish of the Blessed Sacrament. It is the only Catholic church in this town."



"How can people belong to a parish?" Rosemary wanted to know.

Mother laughed. "I used to ask about that, too," she said. "I knew I belonged to my father and mother and to God too. But I often asked how I could belong to a parish."

"You don't mean that you belong to a parish," James said. "You mean that you live in a parish."

"No, we mean more than that," said Father. "We mean that we have our home in the parish. We go to Mass in the parish church. Mother and I work for our parish and go to parish meetings. You children go to the parish school."



"Are we going to live in Blessed Sacrament parish?" asked Rosemary. "I thought that we were going to live in the town of Fairlands."

"We shall live in both at the same time," Father said.

"And we shall work for both," said Mother. "Everything we do for our parish we shall be doing for our town."

"Fairlands, here we come!" cried James.

"Here we come, here we come!" called Michael and Rosemary.



### The New Home

The car went down a pretty street with houses on both sides. At last it stopped in front of a small white house.

"Here we are," said Father. He opened the car door. "Hop out, children," he said. "This is our new home."

The children hopped out of the car and stood on the walk. They looked and looked and looked at the house.





"Is that an apple tree in front of the house?" asked James.

"Are there other boys who live on this street?" asked Michael.

"Is our new school near our new house?" asked Rosemary.

"You ask so many things and all at one time," laughed Mother. "Yes," she said, "that is an apple tree in front of our house. I do not know if other boys live on this street. But I do know that your new school is near our house. It is on the next street."

"Now that all those things have been answered," said Father, "let's go into the house. Don't you want to see the rest of our new home?"

Father opened the front door, and the family went in.

The three children looked at all the rooms downstairs. They looked at all the rooms upstairs.

They went out to see the yard. They ran from one end of the yard to the other.

Then Father and Mother came into the yard. The children ran back to them.





"I can climb this tree," said Michael.

"There are other children who live on this street," said James. "I saw two boys next door. I think they are twins."

"And I saw a little girl in the house on the other side of ours," said Rosemary. "She said her name is Sue White."

"You learned a great many things in a very little while," said Father.

Father and Mother smiled. They were happy because the children liked their new home.

Father and Mother knew that they would all have happy times in their new home. They knew that they would have happy times in the town of Fairlands.

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### A Visit to the Pastor

"Now that you have seen your new home," said Father, "how would you like to see your new school?"

"Oh, we would like to, we would like to," said the children.

"Come on, then," said Father.

The children went with Father and Mother. They walked down their street and up the next one until they came to the school.

Next to the school was a white house, and next to that was the parish church.

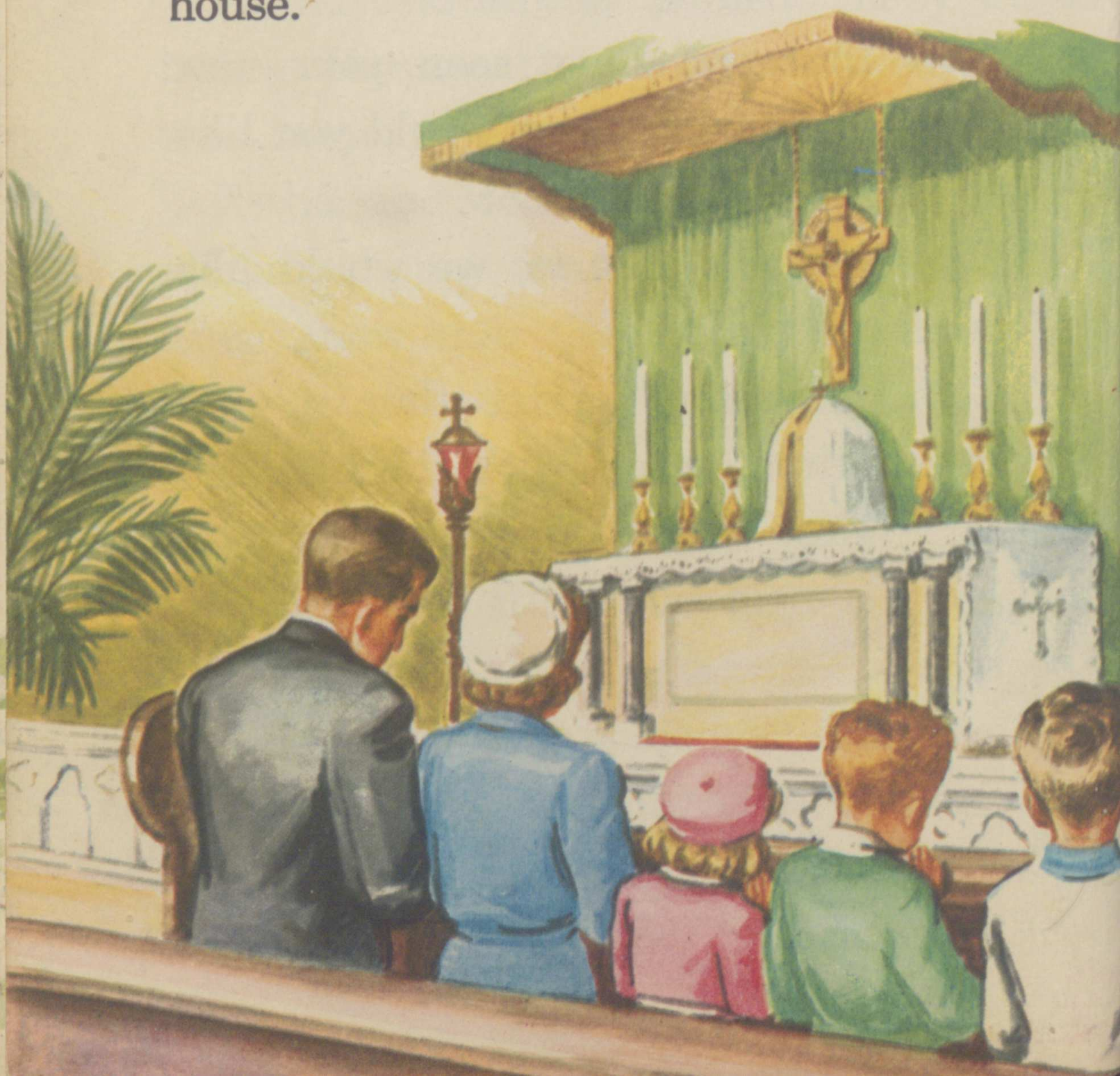
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The Fay family went into the church to visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. They thanked Our Lord and His Blessed Mother for their new home.

When they came out of the church, Father said, "The priests live in that white house. Shall we go over and see if one of the priests is at home?"

Mr. Fay rang the door bell of the priests' house.



"Good afternoon, Father," he said to the priest who opened the door. "Our name is Fay. We have just moved to the town of Fairlands. We are a new family in your parish. May our children come to your school?"

The priest smiled at the family. "Come in," he said. "I am Father Waters."

He shook hands with each one. "I am glad you have come to Fairlands. I am glad to know that you will belong to our parish," he said. "Please come in."





The Fay family went into the house.

Father Waters said, "Won't you sit down while I call Father Breen? He is our pastor."

The Fay family sat down to wait for Father Breen.

Very soon Father Waters came back. Another priest was with him. The children and their father and mother stood up.

"This is our pastor, Father Breen," said Father Waters. "I have told him that you have just moved to our parish."

Father Breen smiled at the Fay family. "We know you will like our town," he said. "And we are happy to have you in Blessed Sacrament parish."

The two priests sat down. Then Mr. and Mrs. Fay and the three children sat down again.

While the grown-ups talked, the children waited quietly. They wanted to see their new school, but they knew that they must wait.

At last Father Breen turned to the children. "Would you like to see your new school?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, Father, thank you," they answered. "We would like very much to see it."

"Come with me, then," Father Waters said.

He and the two boys and Rosemary started out to see the school. Father Breen and Mr. and Mrs. Fay followed them.





The Parish School

"School does not start until tomorrow," said Father Waters, "but the Sisters are here today. They are busy in their rooms."

"What grade are you in, Rosemary?" asked the priest.

"I am in the second grade," Rosemary said, as she tried to make herself look tall.

"Let's go into the second-grade room and see if Sister Claire Ann is there," said Father Waters.



"Here is a new little girl for your room, Sister Claire Ann," said Father Waters. "Her name is Rosemary Fay."

Sister gave Rosemary a big smile. Then she looked at Father Waters and said, "Thank you, Father. I am glad to have Rosemary in my room. We shall have many happy times together."

"I'll leave you with your teacher now," the priest said to Rosemary. "I'll take the boys to meet their new teachers."

After that Father Breen showed the family all the rooms in the school. Last of all he showed them the meeting room.





"We call this the meeting room," said Father Breen, "because many boys and girls meet in here. Sometimes the grown people of the parish meet here too.

"You will come here, James and Michael, to learn to be altar boys. You will come here to learn to sing in church too," Father Waters told them.

"Yes, and you will come here for Scout meetings," said Father Breen.

"We are not as old as Scouts, Father," said James.

"Then you two boys can be Cubs," said the pastor.

"Cubs? What are Cubs, Father?" asked Michael.

Father Breen laughed and said, "Cubs are small bears or small lions. Or they may be little boys who like to play they are bears or lions."

"Oh, Father Breen! May we be Cubs?" cried both boys together.

"Come to our meeting tomorrow, and I will show you the Cubs of Fairlands," said Father Waters.

"May I come to the Cub meeting?" asked Rosemary.

"No," answered the pastor kindly. "I am sorry, but we don't let girls come to our Cub meetings. Sister Claire Ann will ask you to the Brownies' meeting."

"What are Brownies?" Rosemary wanted to know.

"Sister will tell you about them," Father Waters answered. "You may ask her about them tomorrow."





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"What do Cubs do, Father?" asked Michael.

"They learn to play games and to make things. They learn to love their country. They learn to help at home. They learn to help other people.

"Cubs play and work, and they have fun at both," Father Waters answered.

"I am glad that I can become a Cub," said James.

"I am, too," said Michael.

"Good-by," said Father Waters. "I'll be looking for you children tomorrow."

"Good-by," said Father Breen. "God bless you all in your new home and in your new parish."



### Gifts for God

Rosemary, James, and Michael were awake with the birds the next morning. They dressed as fast as they could and then ran downstairs.

Mother and Father were waiting for them at the table.

"We shall all go to Mass this morning," said Father. "That will be the very best way to start the new school year."



"The Mass seems so long for me," said Rosemary. "I cannot read a big prayer book. I get tired just sitting still all the time."

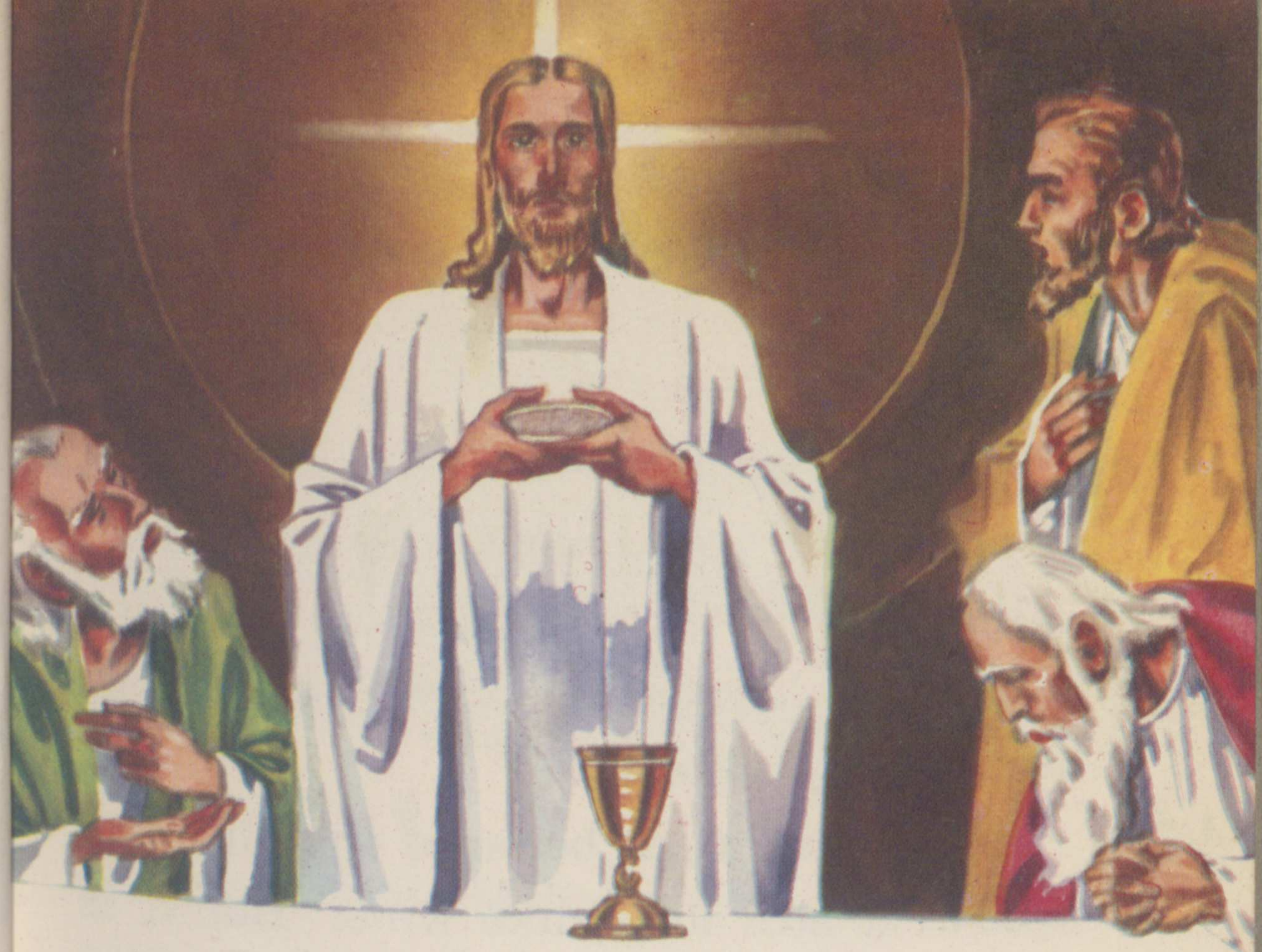
"That is because you don't know what the Mass is," said James.

Father looked at Rosemary. "At Mass we offer a gift to God, our Father in heaven," he said.

"But what can we give God?" asked Rosemary in surprise.

Mother answered, "At Mass we can offer Jesus Himself to His Father in heaven. That is what we all do when we go to Mass."

"I don't see how we can give Jesus to His own Father," said Michael.



"This is the way we do it," said Father. "First we give bread and wine."

"Then the priest takes the bread in his hands and says just what Our Lord said at the Last Supper, **This is My Body.**"

"The bread then becomes the Body of Jesus. It still looks like bread. But something very great has happened to it. It is now the Body of Jesus."





"Next the priest takes the golden cup with the wine in it. He says the same thing that Jesus said at the Last Supper, **This is My Blood.**

"The wine then becomes the Blood of Jesus. It still looks like wine. But it is now the Blood of Jesus.

"Jesus Himself is now on the altar, and we can offer Him as our Gift to God, the Father."

As the children walked into the church with their mother and father they saw other children and grown people there. They too had come to offer their gift to God on the first day of school.

Soon the bell rang, and Father Breen started the prayers of the Mass.

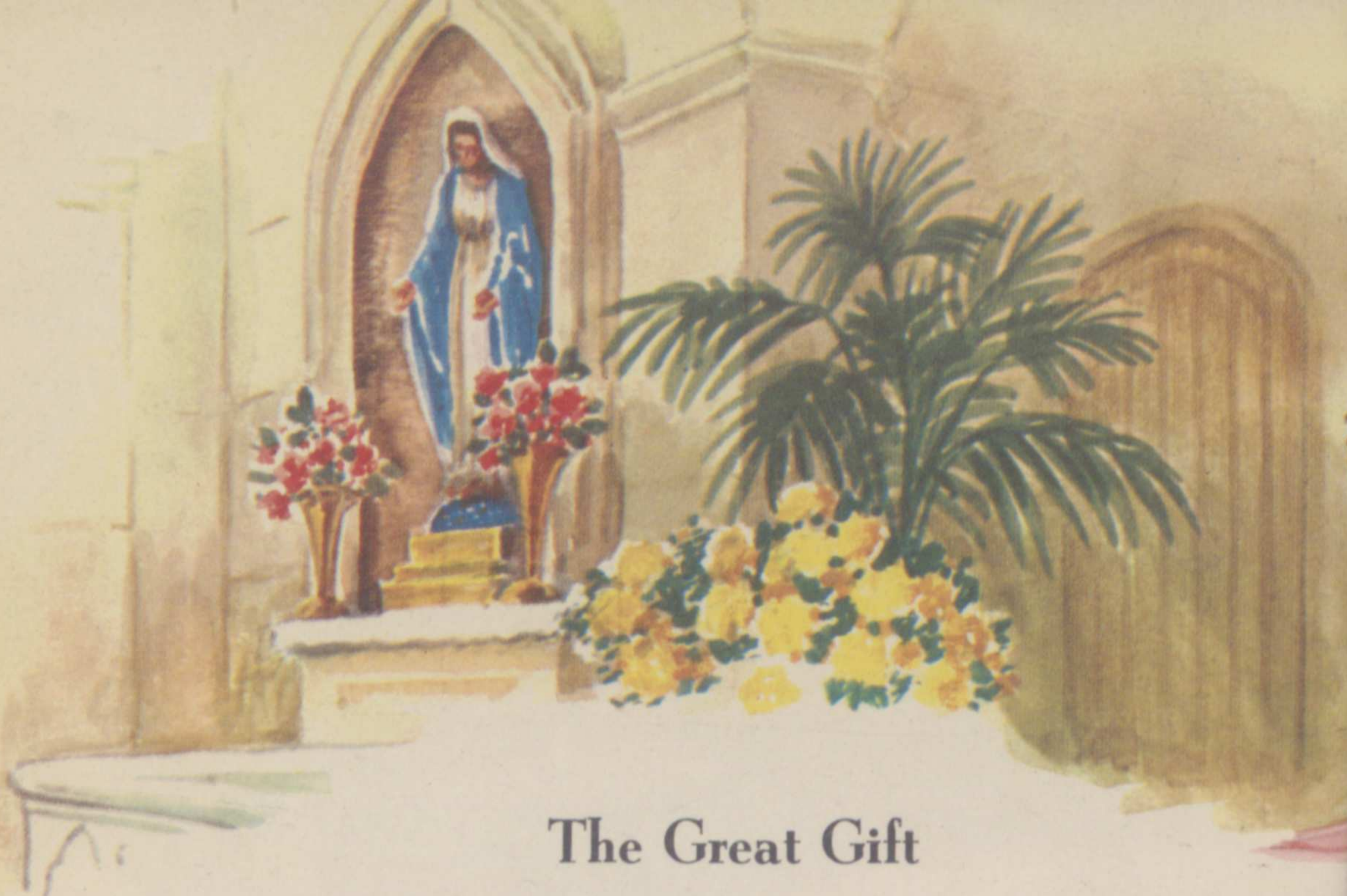


Father and Mother read the Mass prayers from their large prayer books. Michael and James read the Mass prayers from their small prayer books.

Rosemary looked at all the pictures in her little prayer book. Then she looked up at the altar and said this prayer.

"Dear God, how good You are! I want to love and obey You. I want to thank You for all the nice things You do for me. I want to give You a big Gift. I want to give Jesus to You."





### The Great Gift

Soon Father Breen held up the bread and offered it to God. Then he held up the golden cup of wine and offered it to God, too.

Michael said, "Dear God, this bread and this wine are only small gifts. We want You to have them. But soon they will become great gifts."

After a few minutes the altar boy rang a little bell. Everything in the church became very quiet. Father Breen held the bread in his hands and whispered, "This is My Body."



At that very minute, the small gift of bread became the great Gift of Jesus' Body.

Father Breen held the Body of Jesus up high for all the people to see. Everyone in the church looked up at Jesus and whispered a little prayer.

Rosemary whispered, "Dear Jesus, You are my Gift to God, the Father. He loves You, and He wants us to offer You to Him as a Gift."



After that the priest took the golden cup with the wine in it and said, "This is My Blood."

And at that very minute the small gift of wine became the great Gift of Jesus' Blood. The priest and the people offered this great Gift to God, the Father.

Rosemary prayed again, "Dear Jesus, You are my Gift to God, the Father. He loves You, and He wants us to offer You to Him as a Gift."

When the Mass was finished, Father Breen spoke to all the children in the church.

He told them that he wanted them to have a happy school year together. Then he gave them his blessing.

When they left the church, Mother and Father said good-by to the three children. Then Michael, James, and Rosemary ran down the street to meet their new friends at Blessed Sacrament School.



### A New Game

When the second-grade children were all in the schoolroom, Sister Claire Ann said, "Before we begin our work, I want you to meet Rosemary.

"She and her family have just moved to Fairlands. We are very happy to have Rosemary in our room. Boys and girls, I would like you to meet Rosemary Fay."

Rosemary was standing next to Sister in the front of the room. All the children in the second grade smiled at her, and Rosemary smiled at them.





"May the new girl sit next to me?" asked Agnes.

"Yes, Agnes, you may help her today," said Sister Claire Ann.

Rosemary sat next to Agnes. The two girls read from the same book. They worked together.

At playtime they went out together.

In the school yard all the children in the second grade came over to talk to Rosemary.

"They all know your name," said Agnes, "but you do not know their names."



"We'll tell Rosemary our names," said one of the boys. "I'll begin. I am Billy."

"I am David," said another boy.

"My name is Mary Ann," said one of the girls.

"And I am Jean," said another.

"This is fun," laughed Rosemary, "but how can I remember so many names?"

"I know," said Agnes. "Let's play a game. You stand here, Rosemary, and I'll bring each one up to you. Each one will tell his or her name. Then the girls will stand on one side, and the boys on the other. Like this. Come on, Tom. You and I will go first."





Agnes took Tom's hand, and together they marched up to Rosemary.

Agnes began the game. She made up a little song.

This is what she sang :

This is a game to tell my name,  
To tell my name, to tell my name.  
This is a game to tell my name,  
And I am a girl named Agnes.

Then Tom, who went with Agnes, sang :  
This is a game to tell my name,  
To tell my name, to tell my name.  
This is a game to tell my name,  
And I am a boy named Tom.  
All the children sang their names. Then they took their places on each side of Rosemary.

"Now we'll all make a ring," said Agnes. "Rosemary, you stand inside the ring. We'll march around you while you sing your name."



The boys and girls began to march around her. She sang as they marched:

This is a game to tell our names,  
To tell our names, to tell our names.  
This is a game to tell our names,  
And I am a girl named Rosemary.

Just then the bell rang. Playtime was over. All the children ran laughing and singing back into school.

"That was fun. Now I have many new friends," Rosemary said. "Now I know all the boys and girls in the second grade."

"And they all know you," said Agnes.

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### Trying to Forget

James and Michael made new friends, too. They soon knew all the boys and girls in their rooms.

Rosemary liked to play games out in the school yard with her new friends. James and Michael liked to play ball.

Sometimes Father Waters played ball with the boys. He was a good player. He could throw straight. He could catch the ball. He could run fast.

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One day at playtime the boys were having a very good time. It was Michael's turn to throw the ball. It was Carl's turn to catch it. Just then the bell began to ring. Playtime was over.

"It is time to go back into school," Father Waters called to the boys.

Michael did not hear him, or maybe he wanted to have his turn. He threw the ball, but Carl was not there to catch it. He had run with the other boys into school.

Michael threw the ball straight. He threw it too straight. For the ball went straight into one of the windows of the first-grade room.

Michael looked around. The boys had gone into school. No one had seen him throw the ball. Michael stood still for a minute.

"No one saw me throw that ball," thought Michael. "Maybe no one will know that I broke the glass in that window. I won't tell."





Michael ran after the other boys. He followed them into the schoolroom. He took out his reader and opened it. But he could not see what he was reading.

All that Michael could see was a broken window.

Would Sister Mary Joan ask, "Who broke that window?"

Would Jim, the workman, ask, "Who broke that window?"

Maybe Father Waters would ask, "Who broke that window?"

"If someone asks about that window," thought Michael, "I will not tell that I broke it."

It was near lunch time now, and no one had asked.

"Maybe no one knows that the window is broken," Michael thought.

Then he tried not to think about it any more. But he could not forget. He could not think of anything but the window.



### Michael Tells Someone

At last the bell rang. It was time to go home for lunch. As Michael walked to the door, Sister Joan stopped him.

"Michael," she whispered, "do you know anything about the broken window in the first-grade room?"

Michael grew cold. Then his cheeks grew red. He tried to look brave, but he did not feel that way inside.

"No, Sister, I didn't even know that a window was broken," he answered very fast.

Sister Joan looked at Michael as if she knew something. Then she told him to run home and get his lunch.



Michael walked slowly out of school. He didn't feel much like running.

James and Rosemary were still waiting for him. "Hurry, Michael," they called. "We'll be late for lunch."

The three children began to run up the street. They had not gone far when Michael stopped.

"I have to go back to school," he said. "Please tell Mother that I'll be a little late for lunch."

"Did you forget something?" James asked.

"No, I just remembered something," answered Michael. And away he ran down the street again.

Michael did not go to school. He went into the church. For a minute he stood in the back and looked all around.

No one was there, but he was not alone. He knew that Our Lord was in His home on the altar.



Very quietly, Michael walked up to the front and knelt down. He looked up at the altar and whispered this prayer.

"Dear Jesus," he said, "I did something that was not right. I told a lie about the window I broke this morning.

"I am sorry that I didn't own up. Please help me to own up. I love You, Jesus, and I want to do what is right now."

Then Michael went next door to the priests' house. Father Waters was walking in the garden. He was reading a book as he walked.





Michael stood at the gate. He did not want to stop Father while he was reading.

Then Father Waters looked up from his book. He saw Michael standing at the gate.

"Hello, there," he called. "Are you looking for someone?"

"Yes, Father," answered Michael. "I am looking for you."

Father Waters walked over to the fence and opened the gate.

"Come in," he smiled. "I am glad to see you, Michael."

Father Waters sat down, and Michael sat down, too. At first they did not talk.

Then Michael said, "Father, I broke a window in the school today. I did not mean to do it. If I had stopped playing ball when the bell rang, it would not have happened."

"Did you tell Sister Joan about it?" asked the priest.

"No, Father, I didn't tell anyone. That is why I came here to tell you," said Michael. "Sister asked me if I knew anything about the window, but I did not want her to know that I did it. I told a lie. Now I feel sorry about it."

"What do you think we should do about it now, Michael?" asked the priest.

"I can work and get some money to pay for a new glass," said Michael.

"Yes, you can do that," said Father Waters. He waited for Michael to say something more.

"I think that I should also tell Sister what I did," said Michael.



"That is just what I think you should do," smiled the kind priest.

"I have told Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament about it," said Michael. "May I tell Him in confession?"

"Yes, Michael, you may. But first run and tell Sister Joan. She will be glad to see you," said Father Waters.

"Thank you, Father," said Michael.

The small boy did not feel unhappy any more. He ran as fast as he could to Sister Joan.

He told her that he had broken the window. He told her that he was sorry for having told a lie about it.

"I am glad that you came and told me, Michael," said Sister Joan. "I think that Our Lord and Our Lady are glad, too."

"I feel glad, too," smiled Michael. "I feel much better inside than I did before I told you."



Sister Joan smiled at Michael. Then she said, "Run home now. Tomorrow you may help Jim put a new piece of glass in the window."

"Oh, I will, I will, Sister," said Michael. And away he ran. He was ready for some lunch now.





### Michael Helps Michael

That night, at bedtime, Michael told Father and Mother about all that had happened that day.

He told about the broken window and the lie. He told about his talk with Father Waters and with Sister Mary Joan.

"Michael," said his father, "today you fought well, and I am glad that you won."

Michael looked surprised. Sometimes he fought with other boys, but today he had not.



Father knew what Michael was thinking. "You did not fight against a boy," he said. "You did not fight with your hands. You fought against sin. I think good Saint Michael must have helped you."

"You are named after Saint Michael," smiled Mother. "He will always help you if you ask him."



"We all ask Saint Michael to help us," said James. "We ask him in the prayer we say to him after Mass every day."

"Shall we say that prayer tonight with our Rosary?" asked Mother.

"Yes, let's," answered the children.

"But first I should like to tell you the story of Saint Michael," said Father. "He is one of God's greatest angels. Hurry and get ready for bed. Then you may come downstairs. I'll be waiting to tell you the story."

Michael and James and Rosemary liked to have Father tell them a story. They got ready for bed as fast as they could. Then they ran downstairs to hear the story of Saint Michael.

Father sat in his big chair. The three children sat near him. Mother sat near the lamp so that she could see her work.

Then Father began his story.



### The Angels in Heaven

Long, long before God made the world, He made the angels. The angels were beautiful. They were holy and very happy, too. They were near God in heaven, but they could not see Him.

At first God did not let the angels see Him. He wanted them to show Him that they would always be good and holy. Then he would let them see Him.



There were many, many angels. One of these was very bright and more beautiful than all the others.

At first this beautiful angel was good and happy like all the other angels. Then, little by little, he became proud. He began to think that he was greater than God. He no longer wanted to obey God. He even told the other angels not to obey God.

Some of the angels did what this bad angel told them. They did not obey God. They obeyed him. They made him their leader and tried to get other angels on their side.

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The good angels would not listen to this bad leader. They loved God too well.

One of the good angels was also very bright and very beautiful. His name was Michael. Michael called all the good angels to him. He told them that they must fight for God.

The good angels listened to Michael. He became their leader. Michael and the good angels fought well and hard. They fought against the bad angels.

The good angels won that fight because they were on God's side. The bad angels and their leader were thrown out of heaven. They went straight to hell.

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The leader of the bad angels is still in hell with those who obeyed him. He is called Satan.

But Satan and the other bad angels do not always stay in hell. They sometimes come into this world of ours.

Satan and the bad angels do not want us to be good. They try to get us to listen to them and not to God.

Michael and the good angels who fought on God's side are now in heaven. But they, too, come into this world. They come to help us.

God has given each one of us a good angel to take care of us. That angel helps us to keep from sin and from danger. He helps us to obey God and do what is right.

Saint Michael is the leader of all the good angels. He too will help us fight against sin. That is why we pray to him at the end of the Mass.



"Let us say that prayer now," said Mother, "for it is after your bedtime."

Father, Mother, and the three children knelt down to say the Rosary. Then they said the prayer to Saint Michael.

"I am glad that I have the name of God's greatest angel," said Michael as he climbed into bed. "I shall always try to fight against sin as he did."





### A Brave Boy

Every day as they went to school, the three Fay children saw Timmy Baker.

Timmy was a big boy who lived next door to the library. He and his brothers and his sister went to Blessed Sacrament School.

One of his brothers was in the room with James. The other brother was in the room with Michael. His sister, Agnes, was in the room with Rosemary.

Every day the Baker children walked to and from school together. But Timmy always went first.

"Timmy walks like an Indian," James said one day.

"Don't Indians walk like other people?" asked Michael.

"No," answered James. "An Indian always puts one foot right in front of the other as he walks."

"Maybe Timmy learned to walk like an Indian while he was at Scout camp last year," said Michael.

"How do you know that he was at Scout camp?" asked James.

"His brother told me he was," said the smaller boy.

"Yes, and he did something brave at camp, too," said Rosemary. "His sister, Agnes, told me about it."

"What did he do?" asked James.

"Maybe he fought a bear," said Michael.

"No, it was not that," said Rosemary.

"I don't remember what he did. But it was something very brave."





Many weeks after that the three Fay children learned what a brave thing their friend Timmy had done at camp.

One night after supper their father looked up from the paper and said, "Are the Bakers the people who live next door to the library?"

"Yes, Father, they are," said James.

"Do you know Timmy?" his father asked.

"Yes," answered James. "He and his brothers and sister go to our school."

"The school must be proud of him," smiled Mr. Fay. "I see here in the paper that he will be given the Downs medal."

"What kind of medal is that?" asked Michael.

"The Downs medal is given every year to a boy or girl who has done something very brave," answered his father.

"Who gives it?" asked James.

"Many years ago," said Father, "a little boy named Dan Downs was playing near a river. He fell into the water. He was in great danger of going down.

"Another boy jumped in and saved him. To show his thanks, Dan's father promised to give a medal each year to a brave boy or girl."

"Does Mr. Downs give the medal himself?" asked Michael.

"Oh, my, no," said Father. "He died many years ago."

"Then how can Mr. Downs still give the medal?" asked Rosemary.

"When he died he left money to pay for a medal to be given each year," said Father. "This year that medal is being given to a boy in our town."





"I should like to know what Timmy did to get the medal," said James.

Father looked at his paper again and began to read. "Timmy won it for doing something brave near the Boy Scout Camp last year," he said.

"Some men were cutting down a large tree near the camp. The Scouts had been told not to go near the workmen, but one boy did not hear that. He began walking down the road just as the tree was about to fall.

"Timmy Baker saw the boy in danger. Like a flash he ran toward him. He reached him just in time to pull him away before the tree fell.

"The workers said that they had never seen a braver boy. That is why he will be given the Downs medal this year."



*Hurrah! Hurrah!*

The next morning James, Rosemary, and Michael wanted to hurry to school. They wanted to tell everyone about Timmy Baker and the Downs medal.

But when they got to school they found all the other children just as excited as they were. Everyone seemed to know the good news.

At ten o'clock Father Breen spoke to all the children in the school. He told them about Timmy and the medal he had won.



"You see, children," said Father Breen, "Timmy forgot himself in trying to help another in danger."

The children began to clap their hands. "Hurrah for Timmy!" they cried.

As they clapped and clapped, poor Timmy's cheeks grew redder and redder.

"I don't know why everyone should make so much of this," Timmy said. "I think that anyone would do what I did if he saw another child in danger."

But again all the boys and girls cried out, "Hurrah for Timmy! Hurrah for Timmy!"

Then Father Breen spoke again.

"Tomorrow afternoon everyone in the town of Fairlands will go to the park to see Timmy get his medal. Our school will march with a band because Timmy belongs to us."

"Hurrah, hurrah!" cried the boys and girls again.



### The Great Day

The next morning the children heard the wind as it blew around the house. The day was dark, and the clouds were black.

"Oh, dear," said Rosemary, "I think it's going to rain. It won't be fun to have a parade in the rain."

James said, "I shall feel sorry for Timmy if it rains. The parade is for him."

Mrs. Fay smiled. "The morning paper says that the sun will be out by noon."



It was still dark and cloudy when the three Fay children came home at noon. Then, all at once, while they were eating their lunch, the sun peeped out from behind the clouds.

"Hurrah!" Michael shouted. "The sun is out. The rain has gone away."

"But it has not even rained," laughed James.

"Well, it won't rain today," said Mother. "But you had better hurry. It is nearly one o'clock, and the parade is to begin at ten minutes after one."

The three children ran nearly all the way to school. They did not even have time to talk. Just as they reached the corner something happened to slow them up.

Rosemary was in a hurry to get to the parade. She forgot to look at the light before crossing the street, and she ran out just as a truck came around the corner.



"Rosemary, come back here!" shouted Michael.

James ran out toward his sister, but the man in the truck stopped, and Rosemary was not hurt.

The three children walked back and waited for the light to change.

"That was a brave thing to do, James," said his brother. "If that truck had not stopped so fast, maybe you would have won the Downs medal, too."



"You mean maybe we should not have a little sister any more," said James.

The Fay children got to school just in time to take their places in the parade.

First came two policemen on beautiful black horses. Then came the band. The children marched out of the school and down the street. They marched in time with the music.

The boys and girls saw many, many people in the park. All the children from the Hill Street School were there, too.

It seemed that all the people in town wanted to show how proud they were of Timmy.

When the band stopped playing, Father Breen and Timmy went up front. There the mayor and other people were waiting. The mayor shook hands with Father Breen and then with Timmy.

Everyone grew quiet. The mayor began to speak to the people in the park.



"This is a happy day for the town of Fairlands," he said. "Today one of our own boys is going to receive the Downs medal. We are all proud of Timmy Baker. His family is proud. His pastor and teachers are proud. His friends are proud, too."

"Hurrah, hurrah for Timmy!" cried all the people.

Then a man from the Hill Street School spoke. "Timmy Baker is not from our school," he said. "He is one of Father Breen's boys, but we want his school to know that we are happy to see him receive the Downs medal."

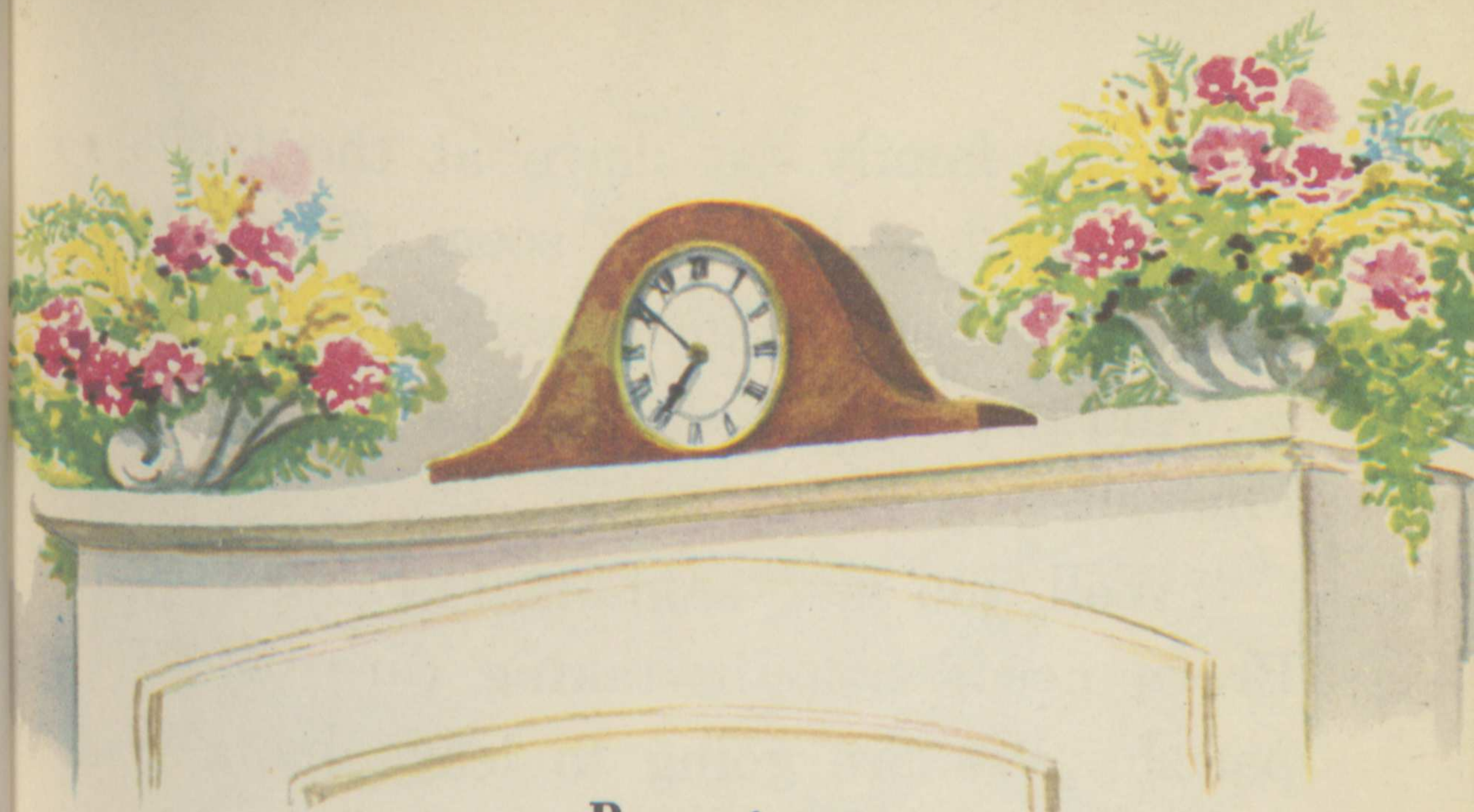


The mayor of Fairlands then opened a small box. Rosemary, James, Michael, and all the other children could see the bright, golden medal. The mayor took it out of the box and gave it to Timmy.

After that Timmy thanked the mayor, Father Breen, the man from Hill Street School, and all the other people.

The band began to play, and the people slowly left the park.

As Rosemary, Michael, and James hurried home, they saw Timmy with his family. The Downs medal had not changed him. He was still walking like an Indian, one foot right in front of the other.



### Brownies

"Oh, dear," said Mother one evening. "Father is not home from work yet, and we want to go to the parents' meeting tonight."

Just then Rosemary cried, "Here comes Father now!"

The front door opened, and in hurried Mr. Fay. "It is too bad that I had to work late this evening," he said. "Do you think that we shall get to the parents' meeting on time?"

"Yes, if we eat dinner right away, we can get there on time," answered Mother.



As the family sat down at the table, James said, "It must seem funny to parents to have to go to school."

"And to go in the evening too," laughed Michael.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Fay, "Father Breen needs help in taking care of our parish. We are going to learn how we can help him."

"But you had better hurry or you will be late for school," laughed Michael.

That is what Mother had to tell him every morning.

"Come, we shall have to eat or we shall be late," said Father.

When dinner was finished, James said, "We will clear the table and wash the dishes, Mother."

"We'll go to bed when it is time," said Michael.

"That will be a good way to help us," said Mother as she smiled at the children.



"We help you, and you help Father Breen," James said, as he began to clear the table.

"It is a good way to help each other," said Father.

Rosemary looked up. "That is what Brownies do," she said.

"Brownies? What are brownies?" laughed Michael.

"Brownies are funny little people," answered Father. "They do funny things and hide in all kinds of places. Sometimes they play tricks on people, too."



"Those brownies are not real. They are storybook brownies," said Rosemary. "Sister told us about them. I know some real Brownies. They are real children, and they love to help people."

"I think I like your Brownies better than mine," said Father.

"I am glad," said Rosemary, "because I am going to be a Brownie."

"May I be a Brownie, too?" asked Michael.

Rosemary laughed. "Oh, no, Michael! Only girls can be Brownies. We wear a Brownie dress. We have Brownie meetings and sing Brownie songs."

"Is that all there is to being a Brownie?" said Michael with a laugh. "That isn't much fun."

"Oh, it is fun," said Rosemary, "but it is work, too."

"What kind of work do you do?" asked James.



"We do work that helps other people," said Rosemary. "We help busy mothers and fathers. We help in church. We help anyone who needs us."

"Today I helped Mrs. King. I took care of her baby while she went to the store."

"And this evening you are going to help Father and me while we go to the parents' meeting," said Mother, as she and Father kissed the three children good-by.





### A Big Family

The next morning James, Michael, and Rosemary wanted to hear all about the parents' meeting. They asked a great many things while they were dressing.

"We'll tell you about it at the table," said Mother. "Now you had better hurry and dress."

"Or we'll be late for school," laughed Michael.

He began to hurry and dress. When he had finished, he ran downstairs.

"I won," he said, as he reached the table.

James and Rosemary hurried, too. Soon all the family was at the table. They said their prayer and then began to eat.

"What did you learn at school last night?" James asked his father and mother.

The family laughed. It seemed funny to talk about Mother and Father learning something at school.

"We learned that Father Breen has a very large family to take care of," said Mother. "We are part of his family. All the boys and girls in your school are part of that family. All their parents belong to that family, too."







"All the families who belong to Blessed Sacrament parish are a part of Father Breen's family," said Father.

"My, that is a large family!" said James.

"Yes, it is large," said his father, "and Father Breen takes good care of that big family. He is our good pastor."

"What does that word *pastor* mean?" asked Michael.



"The word *pastor* comes from another word that means 'to feed,'" said Father. "Our pastors give us food for our souls when they give us Holy Communion. They give us the other sacraments too."

"Our pastors teach us how to love and obey God. They teach us how to love our parents and families. They teach us how to be kind to all people."

"Our pastors help the poor. They care for the sick and old people. Our pastors help their big families in many other ways too."



"Is that why we call them Fathers?" asked James.

"Yes," answered the children's father. "Our pastors are fathers to their parish family. The pastor takes care of his large family just as a good father takes care of his children."

"Our parish is a big, big family!" cried Rosemary.

"And our parish is only one part of an even larger family," said Mother. "Blessed Sacrament parish and every other parish in the world belong to the family of Christ. Father Breen is the head of our own parish. Christ is the head of all the parishes in the world."

"Then we belong to the greatest family in the world," said James.

"Yes, that's right," said Father. "And all the people in that family are brothers and sisters. They all have the same great Father Who is God."



"That is why we say 'Our Father' when we pray to God," said Mother.

Michael again started to ask about something, but Father looked at the clock.

"No more time to talk this morning," he said. "It is time for me to go to work."

"And it must be time for us to go to school, too," said James.

Rosemary, James, and Michael said good-bye to their parents and hurried down the street.





### The Far-away Family

On Thursday morning, Sister Claire Ann said to the children in the second grade, "Would you like to do some kind work for Our Lord?"

"Oh, yes, Sister," answered the children in one big voice.

Sister smiled. She knew that she would find many good helpers in her room.

"Before I tell you about that work," she said, "I want to tell you about a large family to which we all belong."

The boys and girls looked at one another in a strange way. They thought about their own families at home.

Sister Claire Ann could guess what they were thinking about. So she smiled and said, "We belong to our own family at home, but we also belong to a far-away family."

Rosemary remembered what her father had said about the parish family. She looked at Sister and asked, "Do you mean our parish family?"

"Yes, we all belong to that family," said Sister Claire Ann. "But we also belong to another family that is even bigger than the parish family."

Then Rosemary told Sister all that her parents had said about the family of Christ.

"And just think, children," said Sister Claire Ann, "Christ is the head of that large family!"





"Are all the people in Christ's family Catholic?" asked Billy.

"No, they are not all Catholic," answered Sister Claire Ann. "God made all of them. They all belong to Him, but many of them do not know Him as well as we do."

The children of the second grade sat very quietly. They were thinking of all the people who did not know about the good God.

"How can people love God if they do not even know about Him?" asked Billy.

"There is a way for them to learn about God," said Sister Claire Ann. "Would you like to help them find that way? Would you like to help our far-away family?"

"Oh, yes, Sister," answered the children.

"That is the work you may do for Our Lord," said Sister.

"But, Sister, how can we help people who are far away?" asked Jean.

"I know a way in which we can help people who are far away, and yet stay right here," said Sister.

"Oh, Sister!" said Rosemary. "That sounds like a riddle."

Sister Claire Ann laughed. "Yes, it does sound like a riddle," she said. "And here is the answer to that riddle.





"We can help our far-away family in many ways. We can learn about them. We can pray for them. We can do things we don't like to do, and offer them up to God for our friends far away.

"We can do all these things right here. We can do them in school. We can do them at home. We can do them in church. We can all be stay-at-home missionaries."

"Sister, what are missionaries?" asked Billy.

"Missionaries are people who help God by teaching other people all about Him," answered Sister Claire Ann.



Just then the door opened and in came Father Waters.

"Good morning, Sister. Good morning, boys and girls," he said.

Father Waters smiled as the children stood up and said good morning to him.

"Did I hear you talking about missionaries when I came in?" he asked.

"Yes, Father. Sister had just told us what missionaries are," said Jean.

"Well, well, well!" laughed the priest.

"That is just what I have come to talk to you about. Shall I tell you about the very first missionaries?"

"Oh, yes, Father. Please do," said the children in one voice.

The children sat quietly in their chairs as the kind priest began his story.





### The First Missionaries

Our Lord is the one Who chose the first missionaries. Long ago, when Christ lived in this world, He chose some of His friends to do work for Him. He Himself taught these good friends to be missionaries.

First Our Lord taught them to love God more than anyone or anything in this world.

He taught them to show God how much they loved Him. He taught them to obey Him.



He taught them to do hard things and to give up things for Him. Then Our Lord showed them how to help each other in many ways.

He taught them to love and help their families and friends and all people. That was easy for them to learn.

But Jesus also taught them to love and help people they did not like. He taught them to be kind even to people who did not like them. That was hard to learn. But Our Lord wants His friends to do these hard things.



When Our Lord saw that His friends did all these things, He knew that they really loved Him.

He knew, too, that they were ready to do His work for Him. They were ready to go out into the world and become His first missionaries.

Christ said to them, "Go out and teach all people about My Father in heaven."

Father Waters finished his story. The boys and girls sat quietly. They were thinking about the first missionaries.

Then Rosemary asked, "Did the first missionaries have to go very far away to teach the people?"

"Yes, they did," answered Father Waters. "They went to all parts of the world, but they also taught the people of their own country."

Father Waters went on speaking to the children.



"Our Lord still wants missionaries to do His work," he said. "That is why many brave priests and Sisters leave their own country and go far away to teach the people about God."

As Father Waters spoke he held up a piece of white paper.

"Here is a letter from a poor missionary priest," he said. "This priest and ten Sisters are trying to teach many, many people about God, but they need our help. They need money to buy food and clothes for the poor. They must care for the sick. They must have books for their schools."



"Could we send them some food and clothes, Father?" asked Billy.

"I think it would be better to send the money," said Father Waters. "You see, the food would no longer be good by the time it got to the priest."

"Maybe we could have a little club to help the missions," said Sister Claire Ann.

"That is what I thought of, too," said Father Waters. "We are going to start a mission club in every room in Blessed Sacrament School."

"That will be fun," cried Rosemary. "I like to belong to clubs."

"Well, it's time for me to hurry on now," said Father Waters. "You may think of a good name for your mission club and of the kind of work you are going to do for the missions."

Then, as the priest walked toward the door, he said good-by to the children.



The Little Shoes

"May we plan our club now, Sister?" asked Billy.

"No, not now, Billy," said Sister Claire Ann. "It is time for some of us to read."

"Oh, good!" cried Rosemary. "I love to read."

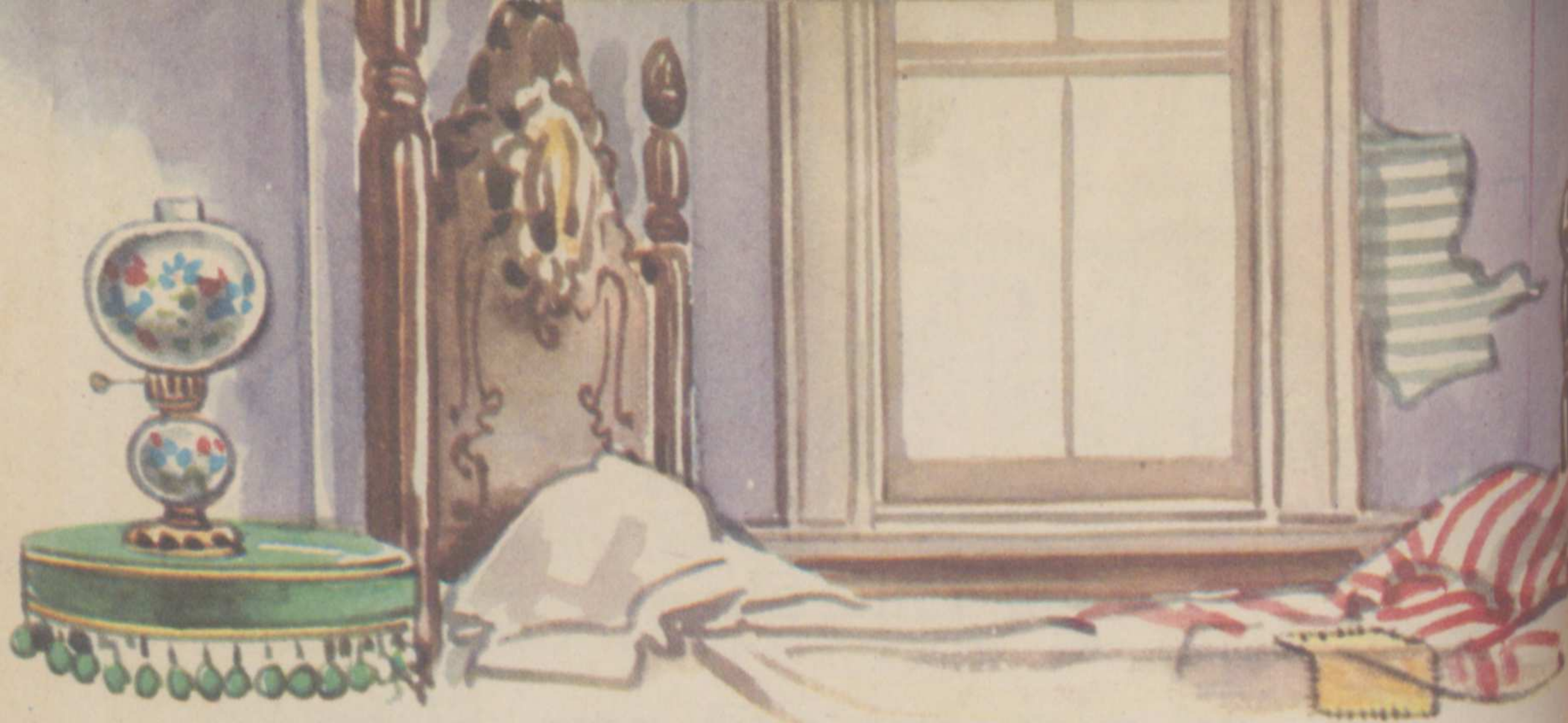
"So do I! So do I!" cried one child after another.

Sister Claire Ann gave some of the children quiet work to do. Then she called the others to the reading corner.

"Our story today," she said, "is about a little boy and how the good people of the parish helped him."

Then the children began to read this story:



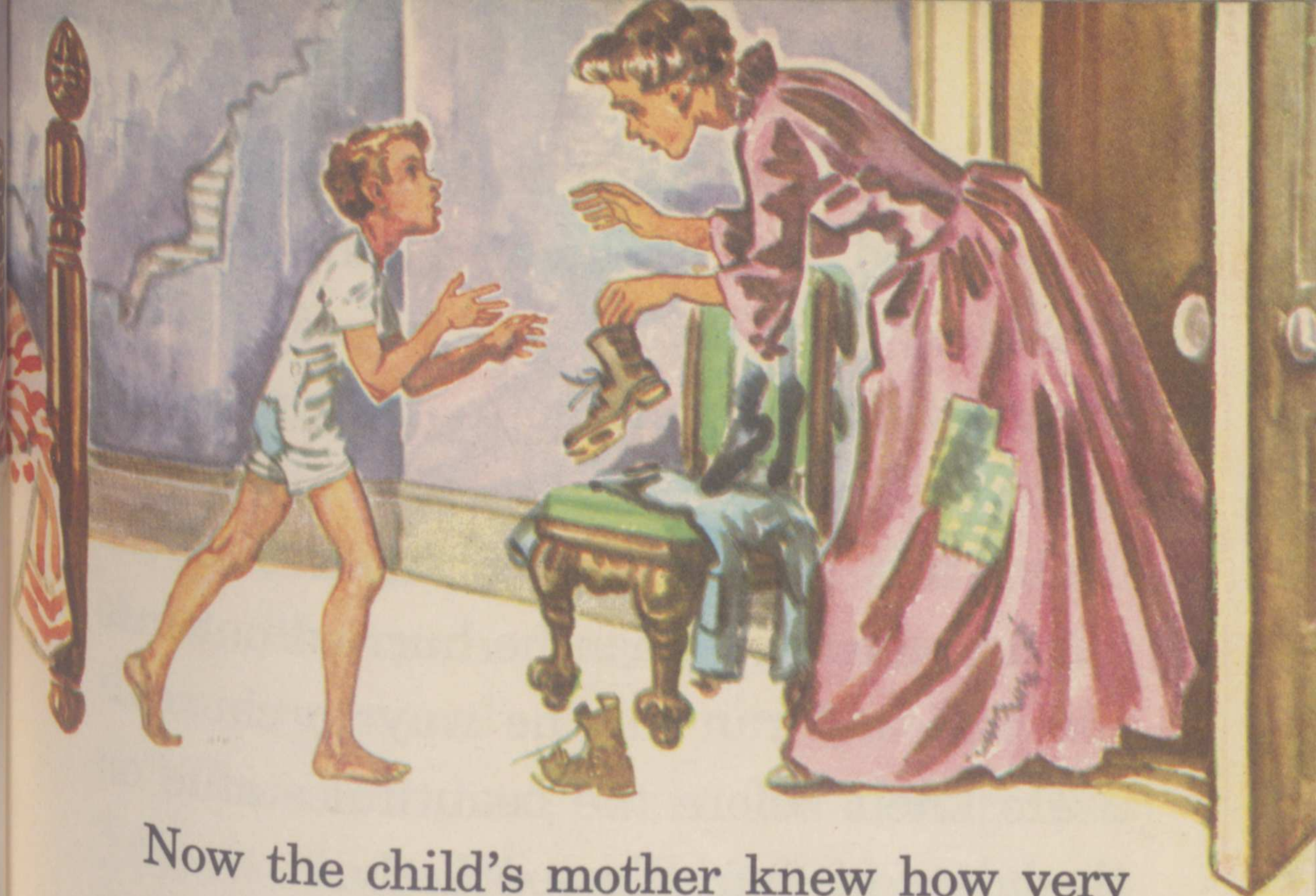


In a far-away country there once lived a little boy. His mother and father were very poor. Often there was not even food for all the family.

One cold morning while the little boy was putting on his patched clothes, his mother walked into his room. She looked at one of his poor little shoes.

"Your shoes are all torn," she said in a sad voice. "You cannot go out of the house with these on. They will no longer keep your feet warm."

"But, Mother, I must go to church," said the little boy. "I promised Blessed Mother that I would visit her and Baby Jesus every day."



Now the child's mother knew how very much her little boy loved Blessed Mother and her Son, Jesus.

So she said, "Well, you may go today, but it will have to be the last time. Tomorrow you must stay at home. I do not know how I shall ever buy a new pair of shoes for you. We do not even have food for lunch today."

The little boy knew that it was hard for his parents to be so poor. At one time, many years before, they had not been so poor.



The little boy himself did not care for money and fine clothes. He loved Jesus and Mary very much. And he was always happy when he could go to church to visit them.

On this cold morning he kissed his mother good-by. Then he hurried out into the cold and ran all the way to church.

He knelt before the beautiful statue on the altar of Our Blessed Lady.

"Dear Mother Mary," he whispered, "if I do not come here tomorrow, it is because I have no shoes to wear. See, these are all torn. Mother does not want me to come out in the cold with them on. So please, dear Lady, if you really want me to come, do something to help me."

As the child looked up at the statue, Our Blessed Mother seemed to smile at him. Then the boy got up to go home.

As he left the church, he saw the kind pastor of the parish.

Father John smiled. "I see that you come to church every day," he said to the child. "I shall look for you again tomorrow."

"But I cannot come tomorrow," said the boy. He began to cry. "Look at my torn shoes. My mother says I cannot walk in them any more."

"That's too bad," said the kind priest. "Maybe I can do something about those torn shoes."





Father John took the boy to the priests' house. There, in a corner of a room, stood a large box. The pastor took out a pair of shoes.

The shoes were new, but they were so big that Father John laughed. The little boy did not laugh.

"Here are many more pairs of shoes," the priest said. "You see, there are good men here in our parish who want to help others. They bring many things for me to give to those who need them. I think here is a pair of shoes you can wear."

The boy tried on the new shoes.

"They are just right!" he cried. "And, oh, how nice and warm they feel!"

"Then take them with you," said Father John. "I think the Blessed Mother herself must have wanted you to have this pair of shoes."

The happy child thanked the pastor and ran home as fast as he could.

The child's mother was very happy to see the fine, new pair of shoes. "Now you may go to church every day," she said.

Then she gave him an apple. That was the only food she could find in the house.

The little boy looked at the apple. He was very hungry.

"I won't eat this," he said to himself.

"I shall offer it to Baby Jesus and His Mother. It is all I have to give them."

So he hurried to the church and knelt again before the beautiful statue.

"Dear Baby Jesus," he said. "I offer this to You. It isn't very much, but it is all I have to give You."







The boy was very happy. He felt better than if he had eaten a big dinner.

Many times after that he knelt and prayed before the statue. And when he grew to be a man, he made beautiful songs and prayers about Our Blessed Mother.

"That was a good story," said Agnes Baker.

The other boys and girls began to talk about the story. But just then the bell rang. So they all put their books away and went out to play.

## The W.W.W. Club

In the afternoon before the children went home, Sister Claire Ann said, "Let's talk about our mission club and plan what we want to do."

"Yes, Sister," cried the children in one voice.

"I wish we could think of a good name for our club," said Tom.

"So do I," said Rosemary. "It is more fun to belong to a club that has a name. That is why I like the Brownie Club."

"All right," laughed Sister. "You may try to think of a good name at home this evening. Tomorrow we shall choose the one we all like best."

As Rosemary walked home with her two brothers, she told them about the second-grade club.

"We are going to have a mission club in our room, too," said Michael.





"And so are we," said James.

"Are you going to have a name for your club?" asked Rosemary.

"We named ours today," answered Michael. "It is called Mary's Little Missionaries."

"And ours is called The Missionaries' Helpers Club," said James.

"I wish we had a good name for our second-grade club," said Rosemary.

"Sister Claire Ann said that we should all try to think of a name. Tomorrow we shall choose the one we like best."

At the dinner table that evening the Fay family tried to think of a good name for the second-grade mission club.

"I know a fine name," laughed Father. "Why not call it the W.W.W. Club?"

"But what do the three W's mean, Father?" asked James.

"Well, let's see if any of you can guess what they mean," answered Father.

"Perhaps they mean Work, Work, Work," said Rosemary.

"No, each W stands for a different word," laughed Mr. Fay.

James guessed that W.W.W. stood for We Wish You Would Work.

"There are four W's in that name," said Mother, "and it sounds strange."

"Maybe it means We Will Work," smiled Michael.

"I think I shall have to give up," said Mother.

"All right," laughed Father. "W.W.W. means Wee Willing Workers."

"Oh, Father, that is a fine name!" cried Rosemary.





### Milk-Bottle Babies

When Sister Claire Ann walked into the second-grade room the next morning, she had a surprise. The children were all there. They were busy talking about the name for their mission club.

"Rosemary has the best name!" the children told Sister.

"What name did you think of, Rosemary?" Sister asked the happy little girl.

"My father really thought of the name," said Rosemary. "He said that we could call it the W.W.W. Club. No one at home could guess what the three W's mean."



"And we can't guess what they mean, Sister," said Jean. "We have been trying for a long time. Rosemary won't tell us."

"I thought it would be fun for you to guess," said Rosemary, "but I'll tell you if Sister wants me to."

"Perhaps you had better tell us now, Rosemary," smiled Sister Claire Ann.

All the children looked at Rosemary. They listened well.

Rosemary stood straight and tall.

"The name W.W.W. means Wee Willing Workers," she said in a loud voice.



"Wee Willing Workers! That's a fine name!" Sister said. "I like it very much."

"So do we!" shouted the children.

"All right, then," said Sister. "Our mission club will be named the W.W.W. Club."

"But what kind of special work shall we do, Sister?" Billy asked.

"That is just what I want to tell you about this morning," said Sister. "There are many different kinds of work to do."

"The missionary priests need money. Some of you may be glad to give a little for the missions every week."

"Perhaps we could stay away from a show once in a while and give that money to the missions," said Agnes.

"We could give up some of our candy money too," said Sister Claire Ann.

"But that little money won't help very much," said Rosemary. "Maybe the missionaries will need a lot of money."

"That is right. They do need a lot of money," said Sister. "But if everyone in this room gives a little, we'll soon have a lot of money for the missions."

"And here is a little secret about that money," said Sister. "In some of the places where missionary priests work, babies are found in the streets. Their parents sometimes put them there because they don't want them."

"Sometimes, too, the parents are poor and can't take care of their own children. They bring them to the missionary priests and Sisters and sell them."

"Do they sell real babies?" asked Billy.

"Yes, they sell real babies," said Sister.

"The missionaries are always happy when they can buy more little babies."

"They care for them. They feed them. They try to save their lives. They teach them to know and love the good God."



"Could we buy a baby if we had some money?" Rosemary asked.

"Yes, as soon as we get some money we shall write to some mission and ask the priest or the Sisters to buy a poor little baby with it," said Sister.

"I know something missionaries can use," said Tom. "My mother saves stamps for them. She said that in some far-away places stamps are nearly as good as money."

"That's right," smiled Sister Claire Ann. "We too can save stamps from old letters."

"Let's make a bank for our money and a box for stamps," said Billy.

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"I know a good way to make a bank," said Rosemary. "We can get a milk bottle and dress it up like a baby doll. Then every time we look at the doll we'll remember the baby we want to buy."

"And we'll put our money in the milk-bottle baby!" laughed Agnes.

"That's a good plan, Rosemary," said Sister.

"Let's dress one bottle to look like a boy doll and the other to look like a girl doll," said Billy.

It didn't take the second-grade children long to get two milk bottles and to begin work. Before ten o'clock they had two doll babies made from milk bottles. They also had two large boxes for old stamps.

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### The Circus Comes to Fairlands

"Mother! Mother!" shouted Michael.  
 "The circus has come! The circus has come to our town!"

Michael opened the door and ran into the house. James and Rosemary followed him. The three children had just come home from school.

Mother was very busy. She had just finished making some nutbread. After she placed it on the table Mother turned toward the children.

"Now tell me the news, Michael," she said. "What did you say about a circus?"

Michael looked at the nutbread.

"I see something that looks very good," he said.

"I see something that smells very good," said Rosemary.

"I should like to find out if it tastes as good as it looks and smells," said James.

Mother laughed. "The best way to find out is to eat some," she said. "James, you may cut the nutbread. Rosemary, please get some glasses. And Michael, you may get some milk to drink."







"May we please eat out on the porch?" asked Rosemary.

"All right. When you are ready, we'll carry the lunch out on the porch," said Mother. "While you eat it, you may tell me about the circus."

When the glasses were filled with milk and the nutbread cut, the children carried the lunch to the porch.

At first no one spoke. The children were hungry. They were busy eating the nutbread and drinking the milk.



"This nutbread tastes as good as it looked," said Michael.

"This nutbread tastes as good as it smelled," said James.

"Please, may I have another piece?" asked Rosemary.

"Yes, you may," smiled Mother. "I am glad that you like it. And now tell me about the circus. I can't wait any longer to hear your news."

"The circus has come to Fairlands," said Michael. "We saw the tents on our way home from school this afternoon."





"Where are the circus tents?" asked Mother.

"They are in a big field near the road," said Rosemary. "We saw elephants going into the tents."

"And we saw a cage of strange-looking animals in front of the tents," said Michael.

"There were lions and bears in cages, too," said James. "We saw men taking big cages out of the trucks."



"I saw a clown riding in a funny wagon pulled by a pony," said Michael. "Then the clown jumped out and did some tricks. He was very, very funny. Everyone near him was laughing."

"I saw five beautiful white horses," said Rosemary. "They were standing near one of the tents. A boy was going to feed them some hay."

"May we please go to the circus, Mother?" asked Michael.

"That would be fun," said Mother. "Perhaps when Father comes home from work we can talk to him about it."



That evening at dinner the Fay family talked about the circus.

They talked about the funny clowns and the tricks they would do. They talked about the elephants, the lions, and the bears.

The Fay children had never been to a circus, but they had a picture book about a circus. Now there was a real circus in Fairlands. They wanted very much to see a real circus.

"How long will the circus be in town?" Father asked.

"It will be here for only one day," said James. "Then it will move on to some other city or town."

"It will be here tomorrow only," said Michael. "Then the next day it will be gone again."

"Then we shall all plan to see the circus tomorrow," said Father.



### James and Michael Choose

That night when bedtime came, the three children were still talking about the circus. It was hard to stop talking about it and go to sleep, but at last they did.

All but James. He was nearly asleep when all at once he sat straight up in bed.

"Michael!" he whispered. "Michael, wake up! I have just thought of something."

At first Michael did not wake up. He was dreaming happy dreams about the circus.





"Is it morning?" asked Michael.

"No," answered James, "but I have just thought of something. We can't go to the circus tomorrow."

"Can't go to the circus!" cried Michael. "Why can't we go to the circus?" He sat up in bed and looked at his brother.

"Don't you remember?" said James. "Tomorrow is the day for our altar-boy class and for the choir boys too. We can't stay away. Father Waters wants us to be there."

"Can't we miss just this one time?" asked Michael.

He was thinking about the circus. He wanted very much to go to see it.

"We promised Father Waters that we would stay away from class only when we were sick," said James.

James, too, wanted to find some way to get to the circus.

"Let's go downstairs and ask Father what he thinks," said Michael. "Maybe he can find a way for us to go to the circus."

"Yes, let's ask him what to do," said James. "I don't want to miss altar-boy class. And you don't want to miss singing with the choir boys. But we both want to go to the circus."

The two boys went quietly down the stairs to the living room. Mother had gone to bed, but Father was sitting in his big chair. He was reading. When he saw the two boys, he put down his book.





"I thought you boys were asleep," he said. "Has something happened? Are you sick?"

"No, Father, we are not sick," answered James. "We came downstairs to ask you about something. Tomorrow is the day for altar-boy class and for choir singing."

James sat down on the arm of Father's chair. Michael sat on the floor.



"Father Waters told me that the boys in both classes are doing well," smiled Father. "I saw him on Friday and he said that he thinks the boys will be ready to sing the Mass on First Communion Day."

"He will soon choose two altar boys to serve Mass on that day, too."

Father smiled at Michael and James. He wished that Father Waters might choose them.

"That is just what we came to talk about," said Michael.



James said, "Tomorrow is the day for the altar-boy class and for the choir boys. Tomorrow Father Waters might choose the altar boys for First Communion Day. He might even choose one of us.

"But even if he does not choose us, we must be there. We promised that we would be at every meeting. We don't want to stay away, but we do wish that we could go to the circus."

"I see," said Father. "If you go to the circus, you will have to miss classes with the altar boys and with the choir boys. I am sorry that the circus and your meetings come on the same day. What do you plan to do about it?"

James and Michael did not speak. They were busy thinking about the circus. They were thinking of the clowns and their funny tricks. They were thinking of the bears and elephants and lions they would see at the circus.



Then they thought about their promise to Father Waters.

They thought about singing in the choir on First Communion Day.

They thought about serving the Mass on that wonderful day.

"I guess we must choose between the circus and our meetings," said James.

"It is not easy to choose," said Michael. "I still wish we could go to both."

"I wish you could," said Father, "but you can't be in two places at the same time. You must choose between the circus and the meetings."



James and Michael looked at each other. Father waited for the two boys while they talked it over together.

At last James said, "We will go to the altar-boy and choir-boy classes, Father."

Michael shook his head. He could not speak just then.

"I knew that you would choose the right way," Father said as he smiled at his two sons. He understood how hard it was for them to choose.

"You have done something that was very hard to do, and you have done it well. I am proud of both of you.

"Now you must go back to bed. In the morning we shall tell Rosemary and Mother about it. They may go to the circus tomorrow, and they will tell us about it. But the men in the family will wait until next year to see the circus. We three will go together the next time the circus comes to town."



### Father Waters Chooses

The next day when the altar boys and the choir boys waited for Father Waters they were very quiet. They did not laugh or talk while they waited for their classes to begin.

Today they were all thinking about the fun they had to miss. If only the circus had come to Fairlands on any other day but this one!

At last Father Waters came into the room. "Good afternoon, boys," he said.



The boys stood up. "Good afternoon, Father," they said. Then they sat down and waited quietly.

"I see that all the altar boys and all the choir boys are here today," Father Waters said.

"I am very glad. I hoped that you would all come. You know that today I must choose the boys who will serve Mass on First Communion Day.

"You have all done very well. You have come to each meeting. You have worked hard. I am proud of you. And I know that Our Lord is pleased with you, too."

The boys smiled at the priest. Each boy in the room was glad that he had not stayed away that day.

"You have all learned to serve Mass well. But I can choose only two to serve on First Communion Day. It is hard for me to choose two boys out of so many," said Father Waters in a kind voice.

James and Michael looked at each other. They knew how hard it was to choose. They remembered how hard it had been for them to choose between the circus and this meeting.

Father Waters spoke again. "James," he said, "you may be one of the boys who will serve Mass on First Communion Day. Joseph, you may be the other."

For a minute no one spoke. Then the boys who had not been chosen began to clap their hands.





Each boy wished that he had been chosen to serve. But each one was happy for the two boys Father Waters had chosen to serve on that wonderful day.

"Thank you, Father," said James and Joseph.

They wanted to say something more. They wanted to tell the priest that they would do their very best, but it was hard for them to say anything.

Father Waters understood. He smiled at the two boys.

"I know that both of you will try to do your very best," he said. "Ask Our Blessed Lady to help you. She will help you because you are really serving her Son every time you serve at Mass."

Then the priest spoke to the other boys. "The boys who were not chosen may serve a Sunday Mass during the year," he said. "And all of you may sing in the choir on First Communion Day."



Just then Jim, the workman, came to the door. He did not have on his working clothes. He was dressed in his Sunday clothes. He had his hat in one hand and something white in the other. He gave the something white to Father Waters.

"Here they are, Father," Jim said with a smile. "There is one for each boy and one for you."

"And what about you, Jim?" asked the priest.

"Oh, yes," said Jim. "I forgot. There is one for me too."

"That's fine!" said Father Waters. "I wanted you to have one. I'll need you to help me."



The boys did not know what Jim and Father Waters were talking about. They did not know what Jim had given to the priest. They did not know why Father and Jim laughed so hard.

The boys wished that they knew the joke, but no one told them.

"Well, boys," said Father Waters, "our class is over for today."

The boys were surprised. How could class be over so soon? They had not even started their work.

"Come with me, boys," said the priest, as he picked up his hat. "Come, follow me." And he walked toward the door.

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## A Guessing Game

The line of boys followed Father Waters. They marched out of the room. Father was at the head of the line. Jim, the workman, was at the end of the line.

They all marched out into the school yard.

"It's like one of the games you play outdoors," laughed Jim. "I think you call it Follow the Leader."

"This is like guessing riddles too," said Father Waters. "Who can guess where we are going?"

"I guess we are marching to church to sing," said Michael.

"I guess that we are marching home," said Joseph.

"No, you have not guessed the right answer to my riddle," laughed Father Waters. "I think you had better tell the boys where we are going, Jim."

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"Do you all give up?" asked Jim.

"Yes, yes, we give up!" shouted all the boys. "Please tell us where we are going."

"We are going to a place where there are lions and bears in great big cages. We are going to see elephants and horses. We are going to see clowns do tricks and . . ." But Jim could not finish.

"To the circus! To the circus!" shouted the boys.



They clapped their hands. They danced up and down and jumped over each other. They shouted hurrahs. They were going to the circus!

Now they knew what Father Waters and Jim had laughed about in the class room. Now the boys knew the joke.

"Do you like my guessing game?" laughed Father Waters.

"Oh, yes, Father, we do! We do!" shouted the boys in one glad voice.



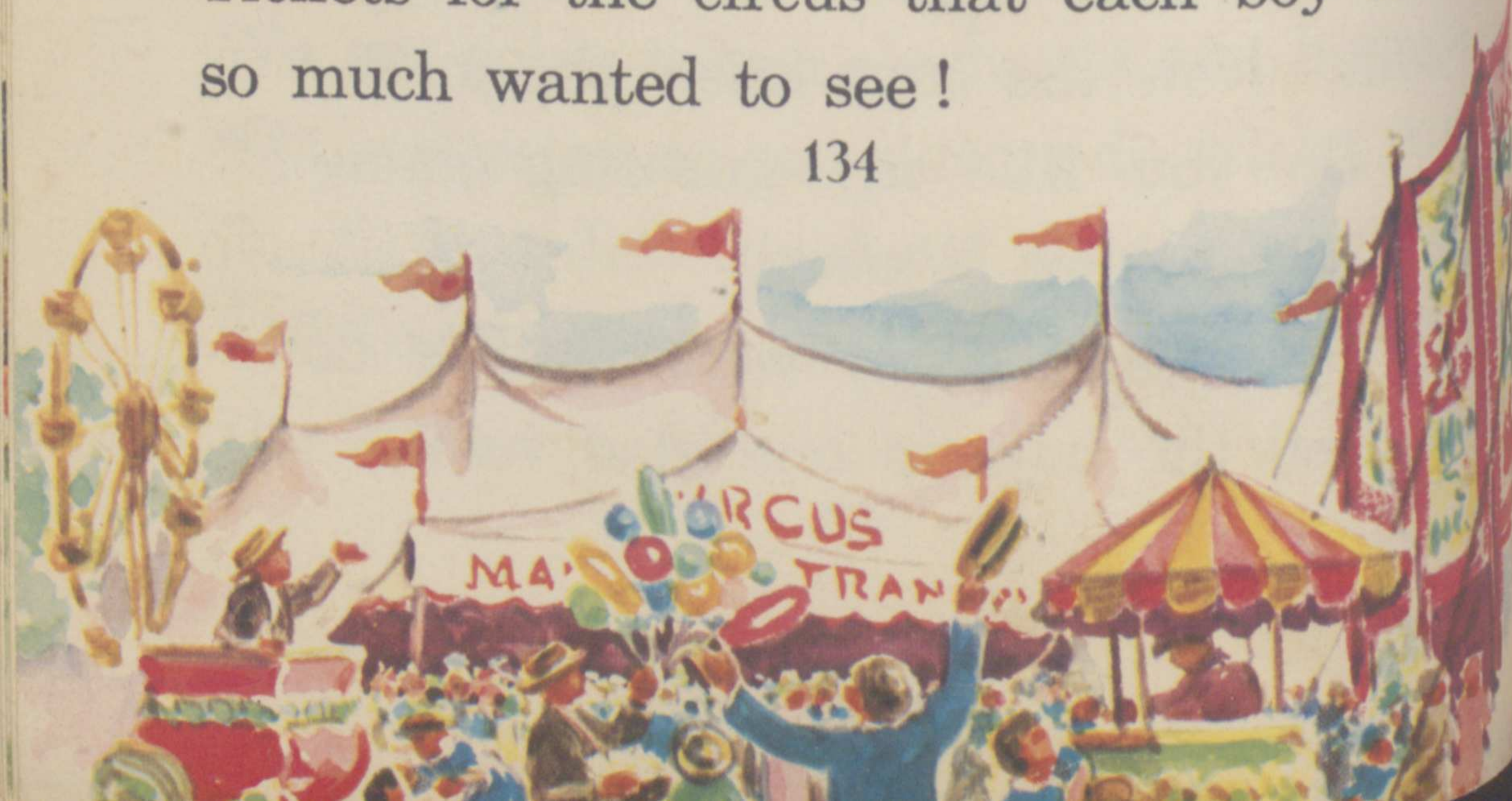
"But don't forget the other game," said Jim. "Don't forget to follow the leader."

The boys began to march. Father Waters was again at the head of the line. Jim was again at the end of the line.

Down the street they marched until they came to a big field near the road. There they saw the circus tents.

The line of happy boys marched into the big tent. As they walked in, Father Waters gave the man at the gate a ticket for each boy and one for Jim and one for himself.

Now the boys knew what it was that Jim had brought to Father Waters. Jim had brought the tickets for the circus. Tickets for the circus that each boy had so much wanted to see!



## The Great Servant and His Wonderful Gift

### *Getting Ready*

The second-grade children were nearly ready for the greatest day of their lives. In just two weeks they would receive their First Holy Communion.

One morning Sister Claire Ann was teaching the children some prayers to say on their great day. The door opened and in walked Father Breen, the pastor. The children stood and said good morning.

"Good morning, boys and girls!" said the priest. "The greatest day of your lives is coming nearer and nearer. I have come to tell you more about Our Lord. You will love Him and serve Him better if you know more about Him."

"Today I am going to tell you a story about the first Holy Communion Day."

The children were always glad to have Father Breen tell them a story. They sat quietly and waited for him to begin.





### *Our Lord's Friends*

When Our Lord lived in this world, He had many friends. But there were twelve men who were His very special friends. These men were called the twelve apostles.

Jesus had chosen them because He loved them, and He wanted them to be His helpers.

The twelve apostles were with Our Lord nearly all the time. They walked and talked and prayed and ate with Him. They listened to Him while He told the people about His Father in heaven.

One Thursday morning Jesus called two of His apostles to Him. Their names were Peter and John.

"Today, you know, is a great feast day," Jesus said to them. "Go into the city and get everything ready so that we all can eat supper there this evening."

The two apostles looked at Jesus. They did not know anyone in the city. They knew that Jesus had no home there.

So they asked, "But, Jesus, where shall we find a room in which to have the supper?"



Our Lord answered, "When you reach the city you will meet a man carrying a pitcher of water. Follow that man to the house where he will go. There you will meet the man who owns the house. Ask him for a room where we can have our supper on this feast day."

Peter and John said good-by to Our Lord and hurried away. When they reached the city, everything happened just as Our Lord had said it would.

They met the man carrying a pitcher of water. So they followed him and did as Jesus had told them to do.

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### *The Great Servant Comes with His Gift*

That Thursday evening Jesus and the other ten apostles came into the city. They went to the house and up to the room where Peter and John had supper ready for them.

This was to be Our Lord's last supper with His twelve apostles. On the next day He was going to die on the Cross for our sins.

The apostles did not know that this was to be their last supper with Jesus. But they could tell that something had happened. Our Lord seemed sad as He walked into the room.

They saw Our Lord do something strange, too. He did not sit down at the table with the twelve apostles, but went over to one corner of the room. He came back with a pitcher of water. Then He knelt down before Peter.

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All the apostles looked at one another. Now they knew that Jesus was going to wash their feet.

You see, in those days, people did not wear the kind of shoes that we do. When they walked along the dusty roads, their feet became very dusty. So when they went into a house, a servant always brought a pitcher of water and washed their feet.

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On the evening of the Last Supper Jesus made Himself a servant to the apostles.

He washed the feet of every one of them. He did this to show them and to show us that no one should ever be too proud to help others.

The apostles felt very strange when they saw Jesus, the Son of God, doing the work of a servant. Our Lord understood how they felt.

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So when He sat down at table with them, He said, "Little children, love one another."

"Be kind to one another and help one another. I will be with you for only a little while. But before I leave you I want to tell you that I shall always know that you love Me if you are kind to others."

The apostles did not know that Jesus was going to die on the very next day. They were surprised to hear Him say that He was going to leave them.

They all looked at Peter as if to tell him to ask Our Lord where He was going.

So Peter spoke up and said, "Lord, where are You going?"

Our Lord looked at Peter and answered, "You cannot follow Me to the place where I am going now. But someday I will come and get you and take you to My home in heaven."

Our Lord had planned to give the apostles and all the world a wonderful gift before He died. That wonderful Gift was Jesus Himself.

After He had washed the apostles' feet, He sat down at the table and talked to them.

Then all at once everything in the room became very quiet. There was not a sound.

The apostles looked at Jesus. His face seemed more beautiful than ever before. In His holy Hands He held a piece of bread.

They saw Jesus bless the bread. Then they heard Him speak.

**"Take this and eat, for this is My Body,"** He said.

Then Jesus held up a cup of wine. The apostles saw Him bless the wine. They heard Him speak these words, **"Take this and drink, for this is My Blood."**





The bread and wine were changed into the Body and Blood of Jesus.

The bread still looked like bread, and the wine still looked like wine. But the words of Jesus and His power as God changed the bread and wine into His own Body and Blood.

That night at the Last Supper the apostles received the Body and Blood of Jesus in Holy Communion.

It was the very first time that anyone in this world had ever received this wonderful Gift. It was the apostles' First Holy Communion Day.



But it was something more for them, too. Jesus not only gave them Himself in Holy Communion at the Last Supper. He also made them His first priests. He gave them the power to change bread and wine into His Body and Blood.

In every Mass the priest changes bread and wine into Christ's Body and Blood. Every Catholic priest has the power to do this.

Father Breen's story was finished. The children sat very quietly.

They were thinking about Jesus and His wonderful Gift. They were thinking that soon they would have that same, kind Jesus in their own souls. They wished more than ever that the day of their own First Communion would come soon.





### The Parish Is a Family

The next day Father Breen came again to talk to the First Communion class.

The school children were always happy to have their pastor visit them. He knew each one of them and loved them all. They knew and loved him, too.

"Are you going to tell us another story today, Father?" asked Agnes.

Father Breen smiled. "I have told you a story about Our Lord's great love for us," he said. "Today I shall tell you a story about how we can show our love for Our Lord."

Then Father Breen began his story.

When I was a little boy, a family from a far-away country came to Fairlands. They had a long and strange name which no one in the town could say. So the people here called them by the name of Stone.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Stone and their children. Ann, Mary, and Dora were the girls. John, Joseph, and Peter were the boys.

The Stone children were very good boys and girls. They did what their father and mother told them to do.

They came to our Blessed Sacrament School, and they did what the Sisters and the priests told them to do.

They learned to speak, but they could not say things very well. They had come from a country where people do not speak as we do in our country.

But the Stones tried hard to learn. Everyone knew that before long they would speak like the other children here.





Dora was the smallest of the Stones. She was the only one of them who had not yet made her First Holy Communion. She was in the second grade here. She was happy that she would be with the other children of the class on that great day.

"We shall walk, two by two, up to the altar," Dora told her parents. "We shall kneel there. Then we shall receive the great Gift of God, the Body and Blood of Our Lord."

"You will always remember that day," Mrs. Stone said. "I shall never forget the day when I made my First Holy Communion."

"Did you have a white dress and a veil, Mother?" Dora asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Stone. She opened a box tied with ribbon. She had brought this box from the far-away country. "I have always kept my veil. Here it is!"

"Oh, Mother! May I wear it on the day of my First Holy Communion?" cried Dora.

"Yes, dear," said her mother.

"Maybe Rose will walk with me to the altar," Dora said. "I like Rose. I like May too. I like all the girls in my room."





Dora's mother was happy as she made a lovely white dress for her little girl.

Mrs. Stone was glad that Dora had friends in the school. She was glad that Dora could receive her First Holy Communion in this new country.

"You will never forget that happy hour," the mother said to her child.

Dora often thought of how happy she would be when Our Lord came to her. She thought, too, of how happy she would be to walk up to the altar with one of her little friends.

One day Sister Catherine said that a tall girl would walk with a tall girl, and that a short girl would walk with a short girl.

"That means I shall walk with Jean or May," Dora thought. "I am too short to walk with Rose. But if May walks with Jean, perhaps I shall walk with Sue."



On the day before the great day of First Communion Sister Catherine told the children that they would go into the church.

"You will take the same places you will have on First Communion Day," Sister Catherine said. "Before you go, each one may choose a friend to walk with."

"May I please walk with Jean?" asked May.

"May I walk with Sue?" asked another little girl.

No one thought of Dora. No one chose her.



### *Dora Walks Alone*

All the children went over to the church. The girls walked two by two. Only Dora walked alone.

She knew that one girl had to walk alone, for there was one girl too many.

"But I am that girl because no one wants to walk with me," Dora thought.

She started to cry as they went into the church. She was as sad now as she had been happy.

She had been so glad to think of the great day when she and her friends would receive the great Gift of God. Now she could not help crying when she thought of it.

On that day her parents would be in the church. They had been happy because they thought she would walk with a friend. Now they must see her walk alone.

Dora knew they would feel sad.



Dora walked up to the altar. "Dear Jesus," she prayed. "I will be happy when You come to me, but I wish I did not have to come here alone."

She was alone when the boys and girls went out of the church to go back to school. The pastor was standing near the door of the school. He saw that Dora was crying.

"What is the trouble?" he asked.

She did not want to tell him, but he put his hand on her head and looked into her eyes. "Tell me, my child," he said.

"Why are you crying?"

"I shall have to walk all alone on my First Communion Day," said Dora.





"Don't cry," the pastor said to Dora. "I know that the children did not mean to hurt you. They just did not know what they should do."

He walked with the little girl into the schoolroom and stood with her in front of the class.

"Soon you children will receive your First Holy Communion," he said. "You know how Our Lord loves you. Don't you want to show Him how much you love Him?"

"Yes, Father," answered all the boys and girls.

"Our Lord showed us the way," the pastor said. "He told us to love one another."

"Here is a little girl who came to us just a few weeks ago. She does not know us very well yet. She does not know that a parish is a family where we all love and help one another. So we must show her. How shall we do that?"

The children looked at the priest.

"We don't want her to be alone when she goes to the altar for her First Holy Communion, do we?" asked the pastor.

"No, Father," said the children.

"Then who will walk with her?"

Every girl in the room put up her hand.

"Oh, Father, thank you," said Dora.

As Father Breen finished the story, the children sat very quiet. They seemed to be thinking of what they might do for one another to show their great love for Jesus.



## The Little Flower of Jesus

This is a story that Sister Claire Ann told. The children asked to hear it again and again.

Therese was a little child in a big, happy family. Her good father and mother took care of her just as your parents take care of you.

Therese did the same things other little children like to do. She played with her toys. And she had a great many toys.

She had dolls and a doll house. She had tiny doll dishes and a toy bird in a cage. She had a sailboat which she liked very much.



Her father liked to go fishing, and the little girl often went with him. Sometimes she sat beside him and played she was catching fish.

Sometimes she sat on the grass near him and looked at the little birds as they flew high over her head.

Sometimes she picked flowers while her father fished.

Therese loved flowers of all kinds. She loved those that grew in her garden. She loved those that grew in the woods and fields. She loved every flower and everything that the good God made.





### *The Little Way*

Little Therese wanted to become a saint, but she knew that she could not do strange, hard things. So she asked Our Lord to show her a way that would be easy. And He did.

Our Lord taught Therese an easy way to become a saint. Therese called it "The Little Way."

She gave it that name because it is <sup>so</sup> easy. Boys and girls, and grown-ups too, can all follow the "Little Way of Saint Therese."

Therese was told the story of Our Lord's wonderful Gift. She was told about the Son of God Who would come to her in Holy Communion. She often thought about Him and wished that the day of her First Holy Communion would come soon.

Therese knew how much Our Lord loved her. She knew how much He loves all of us. And she wanted to give Him some great gift too. She wanted to thank Him for His great Gift to us.

Jesus told Therese the one gift that He wanted from her. He wanted her to give Him all her love.

That is the gift that Our Lord wants from each one of us. He wants our love. He wants all the love that we can give.

Therese gave Our Lord her love. She gave Him all of it. First of all she tried to please Jesus in everything that she did. She tried to do everything in the way that He wanted her to do it.



That is very hard to do. Therese knew that she could not do it without God's help. She knew that no one can do anything without God's help.

So little Therese prayed for God's help. She asked Jesus and His Blessed Mother to help her. And they did.

Therese wanted to make her soul into a lovely home for the Child Jesus. She wanted her soul to be a place where He would always be happy to come.

And this is the way she did it.

When she was given something to eat that she did not like, she ate it. And she did not let anyone know she did not like it.

When she was told to wear a dress that she did not want to wear, she put it on anyway. And she tried to look happy.

Sometimes she had work or lessons to do when she wanted to play. But she did the work or the lessons, and she tried to be glad about it.



Therese learned to smile even when she felt cross. She learned to say kind words, and not words that hurt others.

She learned to think of others. She learned to be kind and good.

These are all hard things to do, but Therese offered them all to Jesus. In that way they became easy because she was doing them all for Our Lord.





That is the way Therese learned to become a saint. That was her "Little Way." She did the everyday things in the very best way she could. And she offered them to Jesus with her love.

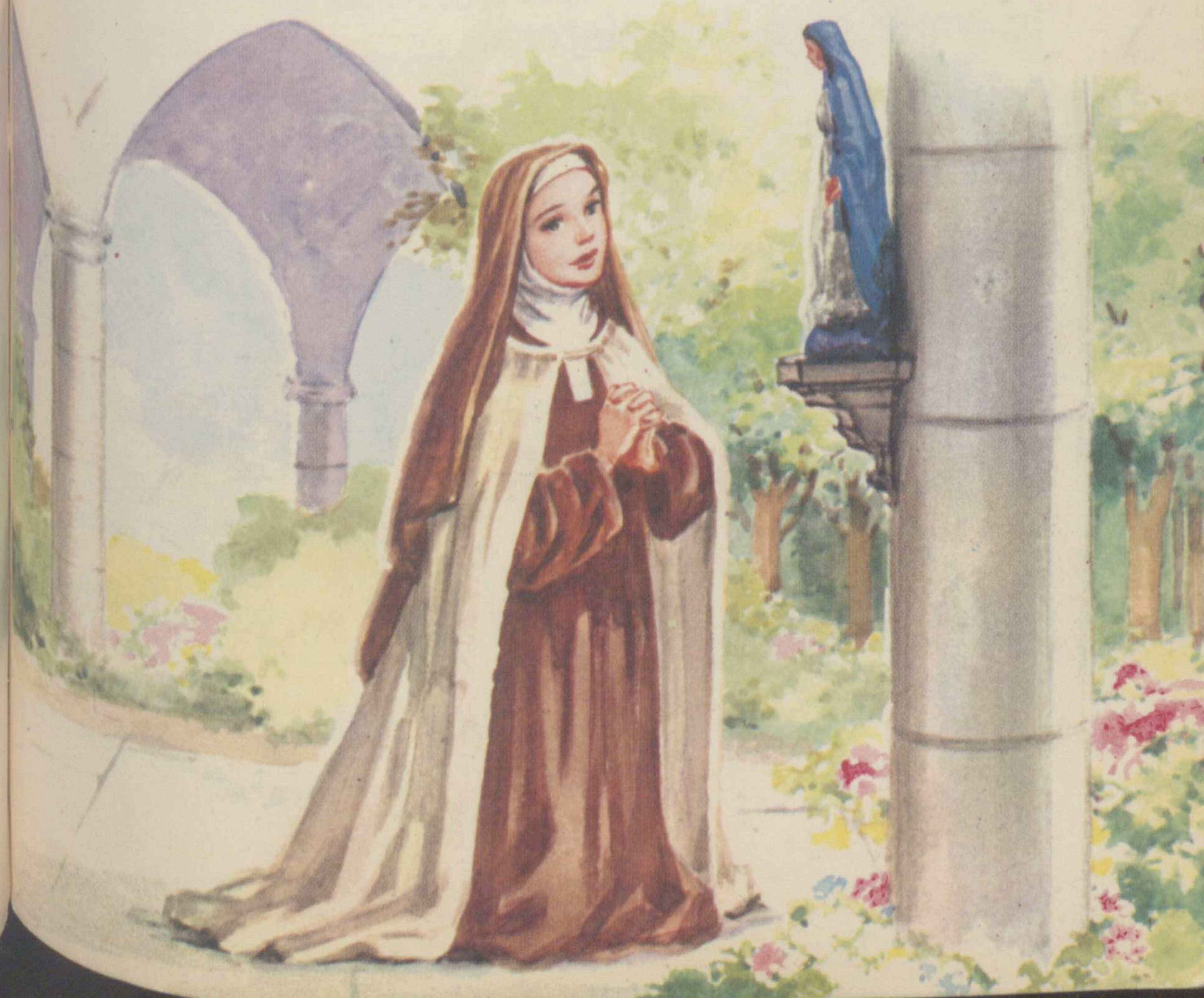
That is the way Therese got her soul ready for Jesus on her First Communion Day. That is the way she made her soul into a lovely little home for Him.

When Jesus came to her in the Sacred Host on First Communion Day, Therese whispered to Him, "I love You. I give myself to You forever and forever."

## *Flowers from Heaven*

Therese did give herself to Jesus forever. She wanted to spend her days on earth in loving and serving Him. She wanted everyone in the world to love God in the way she loved Him.

Therese wanted to be a missionary, but she could not. So she became a missionary helper. She helped far-away missions with her prayers. She became known as the Little Sister of the missionaries.





When little Therese grew older she became a Sister. She offered herself to God to do His special work. She asked to be called Sister Therese of the Child Jesus.

Sister Therese of the Child Jesus wanted her prayers and her work to help save souls. She wanted to help priests in the great work they do for God.

When Sister Therese of the Child Jesus was still very young, she became ill and died. She was not much older than some of your own big sisters.

Before Therese died she made a promise. She promised that when she went to heaven she would help people here on earth.

She said, "I will spend my heaven in doing good on earth."

God made Therese a saint in heaven because she had served Him so well here on earth.



People call Saint Therese the Little Flower of Jesus. She loved God's flowers that grow here on earth. She loves God's flowers in heaven.

When Therese died she promised that she would send roses from heaven. And she has kept that promise.

God's flowers in heaven are the blessings that He has for us. Little Therese loved and served God so well on earth that He now lets her help Him in heaven.

God lets the Little Flower drop down to us the blessings that we pray for. Her roses are the answers to our prayers.





### First Communion Day

Two weeks went by. At last the happy day of First Holy Communion came for the children of Blessed Sacrament parish.

In the Fay home, Rosemary was up long before the rest of the family. She ran to the window of her room and looked out to see if it was a nice day. The golden sun was just peeping out of the clouds.

Rosemary looked around in her room. She saw her clothes placed on a chair. She and her mother had put them there the night before.

Her new shoes were there. Her lovely white dress and veil were there. It would soon be time to put them on. Rosemary wanted to look her very best when she received Our Lord for the first time.

Kneeling down, she said her morning prayer. It was a happy prayer, for soon Our Lord Himself would come into her soul.

After Mother had helped her to dress, she put a new white prayer book into Rosemary's hand.





"God bless you, dear, on this wonderful day," she said, as she kissed her.

Rosemary and Mother went downstairs. Father, Michael, and James were ready, too. The family walked down the street on their way to church.

When they came to the house next door, Sue White was standing on her porch.

"Hello," she said. Then she said to Rosemary, "How nice you look! Why are you all dressed in white this morning? Why do you wear a veil?"

"I am going to church to receive my First Holy Communion," Rosemary said.

"How do you do that?" asked Sue.

"All the boys and girls who are ready to receive Our Lord will walk into church. All during the Mass we shall get ready for Jesus. Then later on we shall kneel at the altar. The priest will bring Jesus in Holy Communion to each one of us while we kneel there."

"I wish I could see you receive your First Holy Communion," said Sue. "We do not do that in our church. It must be very nice."

"May Sue go with us?" Rosemary asked her mother.

"Why, yes," answered Mrs. Fay. "She may come if her mother says she may."

"Run in and ask your mother," said Rosemary.

Sue ran as fast as she could into the house. "Don't forget to wear your hat," Rosemary called to her.

It did not take Sue long to ask her mother and to get her hat. She walked quietly down the street with the Fay family. She was happy to go with them.





Sue White waited at the door of the church while Mr. and Mrs. Fay took Rosemary to the room where the First Communion class was to meet.

James went with the altar boys who were serving the Mass. Michael went with the boys who were singing in the choir.

The church looked beautiful. Sue had never before seen the inside of a Catholic church. She had never seen an altar with a cross and flowers and candles on it.

She saw the little red lamp burning brightly near the altar. "What is it for?" she said to herself.

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When Mr. and Mrs. Fay came back, Sue had ever so many things to ask.

"Why is that little red lamp burning there?" she asked Rosemary's mother before they went into the church.

"That lamp burns all the time, Sue. It shows that Our Lord is there. He is in the little house on the altar," Mrs. Fay answered quietly.

"Can I see Him?" asked Sue.

"Yes, dear, you will see Him soon. The priest will give Him to the children who receive Holy Communion," said Mrs. Fay.





"Will He look like the pictures of Jesus?" asked Sue again.

"No," whispered Mrs. Fay. "He will be hiding in something small and white and round. It is called the Sacred Host. The Host is only bread until the priest blesses it and changes it into the Body of Our Lord."

"Will I know when the bread has been changed into Jesus?" asked Sue.

Mr. Fay saw that many people were going into the church. There were many grown-ups and children.

Then he said, "Don't you think we had better go into church now? It is almost time for Mass to begin. The children will be coming very soon."

"We'll answer this one thing for Sue," said Mrs. Fay. "Then we must go in."

Mrs. Fay began to tell Sue about the part of the Mass when Jesus comes on the altar.

"You will know when Jesus comes from heaven to be on our altar," said Mrs. Fay. "You will hear a little bell ring. Then the priest will hold Jesus in the Sacred Host up high for all of us to see."

"We shall kneel and look up. We shall see only the round, white Host, but we know that Jesus is in it. We shall tell Him that we love Him."

"I shall kneel and tell Him that I love Him, too," said Sue.

Then she walked into church with Mr. and Mrs. Fay.







Sue was not a Catholic, but she belonged to God. Perhaps some day He would let her receive Him in Holy Communion like Rosemary. Sue began that very day to pray that He would.

Rosemary's mother and father prayed for her, too. They prayed that Sue and all the children in the world would some day know and love and obey God. They prayed for everyone in the parish, in the town, and in the world.

The music began to play softly. Then it grew louder, as the First Communion class walked slowly into the church.



The Mass began. The children prayed and sang a few holy songs together. Then at last the happy minute came.

The children walked, two by two, until they came to the altar. There they knelt and waited.

Father Breen gave the Sacred Host to each waiting child. As he did this, he said these holy words, "May the Body and Blood of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, keep your soul forever."

The children had received their First Holy Communion. Jesus Himself was in the soul of each happy child.



### Doctor Wood's Visit

The boys and girls in the second grade were making Easter baskets when Doctor Wood came to their school one morning.

Doctor Wood was the school doctor. Every few weeks he visited Blessed Sacrament School.

Each child had to go to him. When he had looked at each child, Doctor Wood gave him a red or a blue card to take home.

If the card was red, the child was told to stay home until he was well again. If the card was blue, the child was all right and could stay in school.

"Oh, dear!" thought Rosemary when she saw Doctor Wood. "I hope he will not give me a red card today. I want to finish my Easter basket."

Rosemary was proud of her basket. She was planning to fill it with candy and give it to her mother for Easter.

Sister Claire Ann looked at the children, and they all stopped their work.

"Doctor Wood wants to talk to you this morning about the Red Cross," she said.

Doctor Wood began to speak. "Perhaps you have heard your parents talk about the Red Cross. Do any of you know what it is?" he asked.

"I think I know," answered Agnes.

"Can you tell us what the Red Cross is, Agnes?" asked the doctor.

"I think it must be something like a club," said Agnes. "People give money to help others who are in trouble."







"That was a fine answer," said Doctor Wood. "The Red Cross is a club that does good for others who need help. It helps those who have lost their homes. It helps those who are sick or hungry. It helps anyone who is in trouble."

"May children belong to that club?" Billy asked.

"That is just what I wanted to talk to you about today," said Doctor Wood. "There is a special club for children. It is called the Junior Red Cross. Father Breen and I thought that perhaps all the boys and girls in Blessed Sacrament School would like to belong to it."

"What must we do to belong?" Billy asked.

"Well, I have a box here for each room in the school. If you wish to give some money to the Red Cross, you may put it in here. Each one may give as much money as he wants. If there are some children who cannot give anything, that will be all right, too. The Junior Red Cross wants to help others in trouble."

"I have twenty-five cents," said Agnes Baker. And she walked up and dropped it into the Red Cross box.

Doctor Wood smiled. "Every cent helps," he said. Then he placed the box on the table. "I know that each one of you will do all you can," he said.

After that the doctor spoke to Sister for a few minutes. When he had finished, he walked to the door. "I must go to the other rooms and tell them about the Junior Red Cross," he said. "I hope that all the children in Blessed Sacrament School will do their part to belong to the club."



## A Surprise for the Hospital

By the first of the week every child in the second-grade room had brought some money to help the Junior Red Cross. They all wanted their school to belong to the club that helps people when they are in trouble.

The next afternoon Sister Claire Ann told the boys and girls one way in which their Junior Red Cross club could help others.

"I think you all know what a hospital is, don't you?" she asked.

"I do," cried Billy. "I was in the hospital for a few days last year when I broke my arm."

"A hospital is a place where sick people are taken care of," said Rosemary.

"How many of you have ever seen our Fairlands Hospital?" Sister asked.

"I have!" "So have I!" cried one child after another.

"Well, in that hospital there is a large room just for helpless children," said Sister Claire Ann. "Some of those boys and girls cannot walk. Many of them cannot use their arms. Some cannot even sit up. How should you like to help make those children happy on Easter?"

"Oh, that would be fun!" cried the boys and girls.





"Father Breen and Doctor Wood thought it would be nice for the Junior Red Cross club of our parish to plan an Easter surprise for Fairlands Hospital," said Sister.

"Each room will take care of a different part of the hospital. Our surprise will be for the helpless children."

"What shall we do for them?" asked Jean.

"What do you think the helpless children might like?" Sister asked.

"Colored Easter eggs!" cried Jean.

"Candy!" said Billy.

"Maybe they would like some toys and games to play with, too," said Rosemary.

"Yes, I am sure that the helpless children would like all those things," smiled Sister. "But first let's plan to fill Easter baskets. There are twenty-five helpless children, and there are twenty-five children in this room."

"Then each one of us can fill a basket," Billy said.

"May each of us make a basket?" asked Jean.

"Yes, each one of you may make a basket and fill it with whatever you want to give to a helpless child," said Sister Claire Ann.

The boys and girls were excited and happy when they walked home from school that afternoon. They talked about the nice things they planned to put into their baskets for the hospital.

The next day the children in the second grade made their baskets in school. Then they took them home to fill.







### The Strange Little Hen

When Jean got home she found a box with her name on it. It was an Easter gift from her grandmother.

"May I please open the box right away, Mother?" she asked.

"Yes, it is yours and you may open it whenever you wish," said Mother.

Jean was so excited that she could hardly get the box open.

"What can it be?" she said over and over. "I am sure that I smell chocolate candy."

Jean's eyes grew big and bright as she opened a pretty yellow box.

"Oh, Mother, come and see," she cried. "Here are chocolate eggs and rabbits and little candy chickens. But what is this?"

Jean picked up a funny little yellow hen, and a wee red candy egg fell out.

She shook the little hen, and a wee brown candy egg fell out.

"How strange!" laughed Jean. "This hen can lay candy eggs."

Just then Father came home, and Jean showed him her Easter gift. When Father held up the yellow hen to look at it, a wee green candy egg dropped out.

And each time anyone picked up the strange little hen, a colored candy egg dropped out.





Jean started to play with it. She tried to see how many candy eggs the hen could lay. Then all at once she remembered her basket for the helpless children at the hospital.

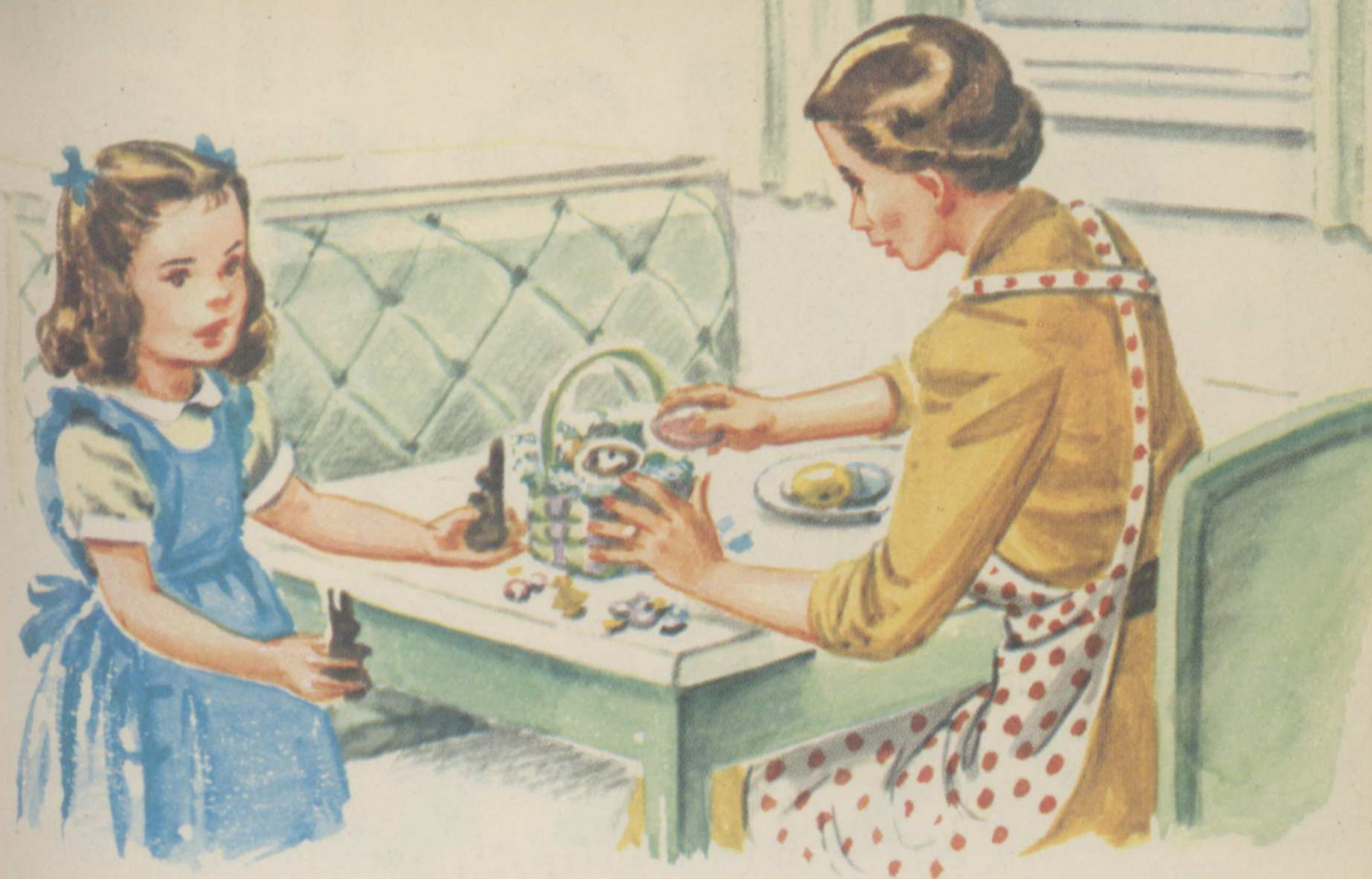
A strange thought came to her. "Shall I keep the little hen, or shall I put it in my basket for the hospital?"

"I'll keep it," said Jean to herself. "After all, it's my gift."

But then her angel seemed to whisper softly, "Give the hen to one of God's poor little helpless children at the hospital."

For almost a minute Jean was willing to do as her angel wanted. Then she thought, "No, I had better keep the little hen. Grandmother might not like to have me give her gift away."

That evening Mother helped Jean color eggs to put into her basket for the hospital. When they had finished, they made a nest of colored grass and placed the eggs in it.



"Perhaps you would like to put in one or two of your chocolate rabbits," Mother said to Jean.

Jean was glad that Mother did not say anything about the funny little hen. So she said, "Oh, yes, Mother, let's put in these two little candy rabbits."

Jean took two small chocolate rabbits out of the box. Carefully she put them in the little grass nest.

"Come, now," said Mother. "It is after your bedtime."

So Mother and Jean went up the stairs.





The next day all the second-grade boys and girls brought their baskets for the helpless children. Sister Claire Ann placed twenty-five lovely baskets in a large box.

"Father Breen will take these over to the hospital this evening," she said. "And just think how happy those little children will be when they see them! I know that you too are happy because you have done something for others."

Jean felt just a little strange inside. She felt that she had not been as kind as she could have been.

"Oh, dear," she thought. "I wish that I had done something harder. I could have given my funny little hen."

Then she tried hard to forget about it again.

As soon as Jean came home for lunch she opened Grandmother's Easter box. She looked at the funny little hen once more. She was still thinking hard when Mother called her to lunch.

Jean began to eat, but she didn't seem to be very hungry.

"What is the trouble, Jean?" asked Mother.

Then Jean told Mother what she was thinking about.

Mother understood how Jean felt. She said, "You don't have to give away your little hen. But I am sure that it would make some little child very, very happy. If the Child Jesus were at the hospital, would you give it to Him?"





"Oh, yes! I should be proud and happy to do something for Little Jesus," cried Jean.

"Well," said Mother, "remember that every little boy and girl in this world is one of God's children. Every time you do something for any one of them, you do it for God."

"Do you really think that God would like my funny little hen, Mother?" Jean asked.

"If God were a little sick child, He would," said Mother. "And I am sure that He would like one of His poor helpless children to be made happy."

"I think He would, too, Mother," said Jean. "I'm going to take my hen to school this afternoon and put it into my basket for the hospital."

Jean ran almost all the way to school. She went into the schoolroom. There was no one there yet. Jean put her funny hen into the basket.

No one saw her do it, no one but God Who sees everything.

No one knew how much Jean wanted to keep the little hen, no one but God Who knows everything.

He must have been pleased with the brave little girl.





## Flowers for Saint Joseph

The children in the second grade of Blessed Sacrament School were very happy.

They had brought flowers for Our Blessed Mother's altar. There was a big box of beautiful white flowers on the library table.

When it was time to go home, Sister Claire Ann chose Rosemary and Jean to stay to help her with the flowers.

They took the box over to the church.

When it was opened, Rosemary cried, "Oh! What lovely flowers!"

Jean asked, "Sister, please may we give some flowers to Saint Joseph? There is not one flower before his statue."

Sister Claire Ann smiled. "Saint Joseph likes to have Blessed Mother's altar filled with flowers, but I will give you one vase of flowers for his altar."

The little girls filled the vases with water. They helped Sister to put the flowers in the vases. Then they helped her to carry the vases to the altar.

At last there were only two vases of flowers left. One was large, and one was small.

Rosemary started to take the large vase for Blessed Mother, but Jean stopped her.

"That is for Saint Joseph," she said.

"Oh, no, Jean!" said Rosemary. "I am taking this little one for him. Sister gave it to me."





"He is going to have the big one," said Jean. She took hold of the large vase so fast that Rosemary dropped the small one. Tiny pieces of glass flew all over the floor.

Sister came to the door. Two little girls with very red faces were crying.

"Jean did it!" said Rosemary.

"Yes, Sister, I did it," said Jean. "But Rosemary would not let go. I wanted the big vase for Saint Joseph. Blessed Mother would want him to have the big one."

"Dear child!" said Sister. "Do you think Saint Joseph wants you to be cross about it? I guess that Saint Joseph can have no vase at all now."

"I am sorry, Sister," said Jean. "I have some money in my bank. Mother will let me spend it for a vase. May I go and buy it now?"

When Sister said "Yes," Jean ran home. Soon she came back. A tall man was with her. He had a large box.



"Mr. Green wants to give Saint Joseph a vase, too," said Jean.

"Yes, Sister," smiled Mr. Green. "When this little girl came into my store to buy a vase, I thought I too would like to give a gift to Saint Joseph. So here is a pair of vases for his altar."

"It's a good thing I went to Mr. Green's store," Jean told Sister, "because I had only twenty-five cents."

"Twenty-five cents!" said Sister in surprise. "Vases cost much more than that!"

Mr. Green smiled at Sister. "We'll forget about the cost," he said. "These vases are gifts for good Saint Joseph."





Before they went home the two little girls knelt at Saint Joseph's altar to say a little prayer. The statue looked down at the two beautiful new vases filled with lovely flowers.

Then they knelt at Blessed Mother's altar. Jean said, "Dear Blessed Mother, I am sorry that I was cross, but I know that you are glad Saint Joseph has the flowers."

Last of all they knelt before the Blessed Sacrament. The light from the window made the altar very beautiful.

"Dear Jesus," Jean prayed, "make me kind and good. I am sorry that I was cross. Please make me good because I love You."

Then Sister Claire Ann came and knelt near the little girls.

"Dear Jesus," she prayed. "Help these children. Saint Joseph, keep them from danger. Blessed Mother, teach them to be kind and good.

"God bless all the little children in the second grade of Blessed Sacrament School. Bless all Your children everywhere. Help us all to come to You."







### The Parish Party

Each year between the time of First Communion and the school vacation, Blessed Sacrament parish had a party.

If the day was nice, it was a garden party. If there was rain or it was too cold, the party was given in the meeting room of the school.

First Holy Communion was over, and now the time had come for the parish party. The sun was out. The day was warm and lovely, and so the party was to be held outdoors.



For many days everyone in the parish had been busy making plans. They had worked hard to make the party a good one.

School children, their older brothers and sisters, fathers, mothers, and even grandmothers and grandfathers, all helped in some way.

The day of the party came at last. All morning the mothers of the parish were busy. They baked until the smell of the good food made everyone hungry. But no one could taste any of it until time for the party.





All the good things had to be put into boxes and baskets. The older boys and girls carried them very carefully to the school.

Each mother gave the kind of food her family liked best. Then all the families would share the food at the parish supper.

The children of the parish could hardly wait for supper time to come. They wanted the party to begin.

There would be all the chicken a hungry boy or girl could eat. There would be home-made bread, cookies, and pies. And best of all, thought the boys and girls, there would be cake and ice cream.

There would be every kind of cake that anyone could think of. There would be large white cakes.

There would be big chocolate cream cakes filled with nuts. There would be small cakes with pretty colors on top of them.

There would be milk for the children to drink. There would be coffee for the grown-ups.

Each one who helped in any way was doing his best. Everyone in the parish wanted the garden party to be the best they could make it.







### The Good Supper

Father Breen stood at the gate to speak to the people as they came. School boys and girls stood near by to take the grown-up people to the tables.

Mothers stood behind a very long table. On the table were large plates of food, pitchers of milk, and pots of coffee.

The people at the party were given paper plates and paper cups. They took these to the big table where they were served the food that looked so good. Their cups were filled with coffee or milk.



Then they took their plates and cups back to the tables. There they ate supper with their families and friends.

Not all the people who came to the party belonged to Blessed Sacrament parish. Some of them belonged to other churches in Fairlands. They were the friends and neighbors of the people in the parish.

Anyone could come to the garden party. And those who came had a good time.



When the supper was over, there was still much food left. Cubs and Brownies helped to put it carefully into baskets.

Then Boy and Girl Scouts carried these baskets of food to the Fairlands Hospital. They wanted the sick people there to share in the party of Blessed Sacrament parish.

Many willing hands helped to clear the tables and wash the dishes.

When all the work was finished, Father Breen said, "Let's sing some of the songs we all know. Which one shall we sing first?"

Some people called out the name of one song. Some called out the name of another.

"That would be strange music if we each sang a different song," said the pastor. "Perhaps we had better take turns. Let's begin with our school song."



### Big-Family Fun

Father Waters went into the school. He would play while the people sang.

He opened the schoolroom windows so that everyone could hear the music.

Father Waters began to play the school song. Everyone stood up. All the boys and girls, and the grown-ups too, sang. When the song was finished, they sat down.



Then Father Waters offered to play any song the people would choose. Grown-ups and children took turns.

They sang new songs and old ones. They sang school songs and church songs. They sang Scout songs and Cub songs and Brownie songs.

It seemed that they sang every song they knew.

When they were tired of singing, Father Waters played music for a march.

Around and around the yard the people marched, laughing and happy. They were having a fine time together.

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The pastor stood near the gate and looked at his big family. He loved them all. Boys and girls, fathers and mothers, all were his children.

They worked well together. They had their good times together. They prayed together. They helped each other and their neighbors. They helped their priests, and their priests helped them.

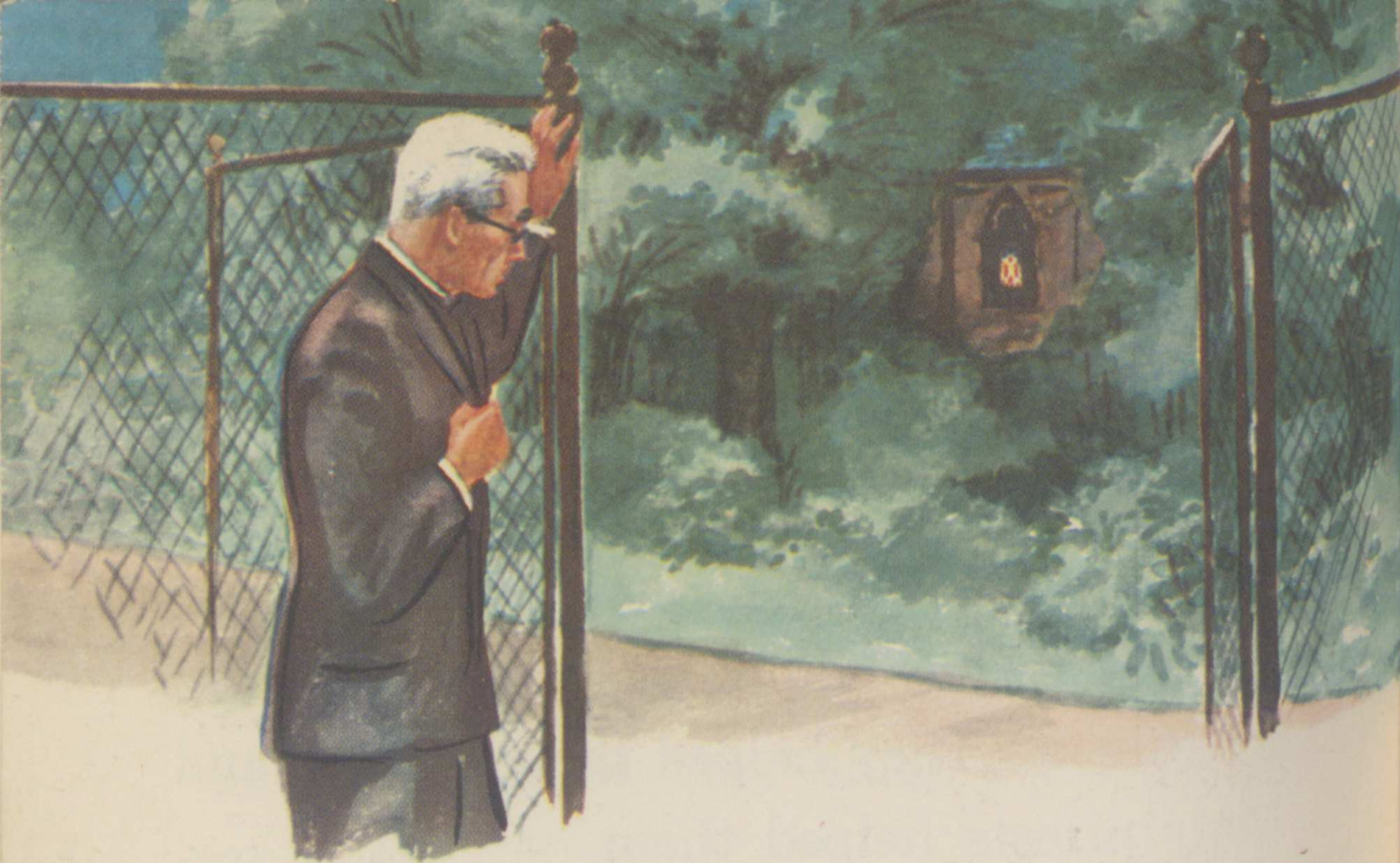
Father Breen was glad that he and Father Waters were their priests.

He was glad that he was their pastor. He was happy that God had chosen him to offer Holy Mass for them and give them the sacraments.

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Father Breen looked toward the church. Night had come, and it was dark. But he could see the little red lamp burning, clear and bright, before the Blessed Sacrament.

"Thank You, dear Lord," he whispered softly. "Thank You for letting me teach this big family to love You. Thank You for letting me help them on their way to heaven.

"Please help me, dear Lord, to be a kind father to them. Bless each one of them and keep them always near to You."

## The Sick Call

Father Breen was still standing at the gate when he heard someone coming down the street. It was Billy Burns's father.

No one in Billy's family had been to the parish party. They had stayed at home with Grandmother Burns because she was very, very ill.

"Good evening, Father," said Mr. Burns. "I have come to tell you that Grandmother is very ill. The doctor does not think she will get well again. Will you come to see her as soon as you can?"





"I will come at once," said Father Breen. "I am sorry to hear that Grandmother Burns is so ill. I know how sad you and Mrs. Burns must feel."

"Thank you, Father," said Mr. Burns. "Shall I wait for you?"

"No, thank you, do not wait," answered the priest. "One of the boys will come with me. I shall come as fast as I can."

Mr. Burns hurried home to get ready for the priest. Father Breen went to look for one of his altar boys. He saw James not very far from the gate.

"James," he called, "will you please come with me? Billy Burns's grandmother is very ill. I am going to take the Blessed Sacrament to her."

"Yes, Father, I shall be glad to come," James said.

He walked over toward Father Breen. "Is Billy's grandmother going to die?" he asked.

"I do not know, James," answered the priest. "She may die or she may get better. That is in God's hands. May His holy will be done. But I must go at once to see her."

"I am glad that Mr. Burns came for me before it was too late. Come, we must hurry."

They went into the church. James lighted two candles on the altar. Then he knelt quietly on the altar step.

Father Breen carefully took out the Blessed Sacrament.







Father Breen walked quietly out of the church. James put out the candles and followed him.

He did not speak to Father, for the priest was carrying Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Together they hurried along to Billy's sick grandmother.

## Jesus Visits the Sick

Billy's father opened the door. He was holding a lighted candle in his hand. He did not speak. He only knelt down to say a little prayer to Our Lord.

"How wonderful it is, dear Lord, to have You come to our home," he prayed. "Thank You for coming. Please bless our pastor for bringing You. And, if it is Your holy will, please make Grandmother well."





James went into the living room to wait until the priest was ready to go home.

Mr. Burns went upstairs. He carried the lighted candle. Father Breen followed him into Grandmother Burns's room.

Mrs. Burns was waiting there. She had everything ready for the priest.

Next to the bed stood a little table. On it was a clean white cloth. A cross stood on the table. On each side of the cross a blessed candle was burning brightly.

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Grandmother Burns turned to the priest and smiled. She was happy to see that he had brought Our Lord with him.

She knew that she was very ill. She thought that she would soon die. The Blessed Sacrament would make her soul ready for heaven.

Grandmother Burns was glad that her family had not waited too long before they called the priest. She was glad he had come while she could still speak and think and pray.

Father Breen walked over to the bed. "Should you like to have me hear your confession now?" he asked Grandmother Burns.

"Yes, I should, Father," the old lady whispered.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns went quietly out of the room while Father Breen heard Grandmother's confession. Then they came back and knelt near her bed.

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Father Breen then gave the Sacred Host to Grandmother Burns. She received Jesus in Holy Communion.

After that the priest gave the other Sacrament for the sick and then gave his blessing.

"May God bless you!" he said as he got ready to leave. "And if it is His holy will, may He make you well again."

Mrs. Burns stayed with Grandmother while Mr. Burns went downstairs with Father Breen.

"Thank you for coming, Father," he said to the priest.

"I am glad that you asked me to come," replied the priest. "Our Lord is greater than any doctor on earth. Sometimes He makes sick people well when doctors cannot do anything for them."

"I shall ask all the people in the parish to pray with you that Grandmother Burns may soon get well. Good night, and may God be with you and your family."

Father Breen and James walked down the dark, quiet street. They did not talk much. James seemed to be busy thinking.

"What are you thinking about, James?" asked the priest in a kind voice.

"I am thinking about Mrs. Burns," replied James. "Will she die, Father, or will she get better?"

"That is hard to answer," said the priest. "If it is God's holy will to take her to heaven now, she will die. But she will be happy, for she has received Our Lord in Holy Communion."





James became quiet again as they walked home. This was the first time he had gone on a sick call with a priest, and he had much to think about.

"Father," he said at last, "I have been thinking about Our Lord when He lived on earth. He visited the sick and made them well. Now Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament visits the sick people right here in our own parish."

"Yes, James, and just think," said the priest, "Our Lord visits the sick in every parish in the world."

James had much to tell his family when he got home that night. Before they went to bed, Mother, Father, and the children said a prayer for Grandmother Burns.

### Books for the Parish Library

"Hurry, hurry, Rosemary and Michael!" shouted James one evening, when he called them home for dinner.

"Why do we have to hurry so fast?" asked Rosemary as she and Michael began to run.

"Maybe we are going to have some company tonight," said Michael.

"Oh, I hope so," laughed Rosemary. "I like to have company for dinner. That means that we shall have something special to eat."

"Let's guess what it will be," said her brother.

"I think that perhaps it will be a big chocolate cake with nuts on the top," guessed Rosemary.

"I am sure it will be apple pie and ice cream," said Michael. "Anyhow, that's what I hope it will be."





The two excited children ran into the house and upstairs. It took only about five minutes for them to change their clothes and wash for dinner. Then they hurried downstairs.

"No company?" cried Michael when he walked into the room.

"Where is the company?" asked Rosemary in a surprised voice.

"Company?" said Father. "Who said that we had company?"

"No one really said it," replied Michael. "We just guessed it because James told us to hurry so fast."

"Mother and I must go over to the school again this evening, and we don't want to be late," said Father.

"Are the parents going to meet again?" asked James.

"Yes, and we have planned to do a lot of work at our meeting this evening," answered Father. "That is why we want to start on time."

"Do you mean that you will have to work just as we do in school?" asked Rosemary.

"No, we mean that we are going to think very hard, and that is work, you know," laughed Father.

"We are going to make plans for a parish library," said Mother.

"A library of books?" James asked.

"Yes," replied Father, "a library that everyone in the parish may use. It will have books for children and books for grown-ups."

"It will cost a lot of money to buy so many books, won't it, Father?" asked Michael.



"Yes, it will," answered Father. "But all the parents will help."

"I am sure that many people have nice books at home that they could give, too," Mother said, as she looked at Father.

"We have a lot of them right in this house," smiled Father. "I hope that you children will be willing to give up some of your storybooks."

"You can have mine," said James.

"Mine too," said Michael.

Rosemary kept quiet. She had many lovely storybooks, but she wanted to keep all of them.

"Perhaps while Father and I are at the meeting tonight, you children can get out the books you want to give to the parish library," said Mother.

Father looked at the clock. "It is getting late, Mother," he said. "I think that we had better start or we shall be late for the meeting."



Many and Only a Few

While the three children cleared the table and washed the dinner dishes, they talked about the new parish library.

"Do you think we'll have library cards like those we use for the Fairlands Library?" asked Michael.

"It will be fun to go into the library and look at all the books," said Rosemary. "Maybe we can go every day if the library is near the school."

"I think it is going to be in one of those large rooms on the second floor of the school," said James.



When the dishes were finished, Michael said, "Let's get out all our books now and see how many we have to give to the parish library."

The three children ran upstairs to their bedrooms and began to look at all their storybooks.

James had many books, but he had read all of them, and he knew that he would not want to read them again. So he carried them downstairs and put them on the living-room table.

"Here are mine," he said.

"Maybe Mother won't want you to give away all your books," Rosemary said when she saw her brother with so many books.

"Mother won't care," laughed James. "She will be glad that she won't have to dust them any more."

"I'm going to give all mine away too," said Michael, as he came downstairs with his arms filled with books.



Rosemary looked at each book in her bedroom. She picked up *Peter Rabbit*.

"This story is funny," she thought to herself. "I'll keep this book."

She picked up *The Christ Child*. "The pictures in this book are beautiful," she thought. "So I'll keep it too."

She looked at one book after another. She liked all of them, and it was hard for her to give any of them away.

At last Rosemary walked into the living room and placed three books on the table.



"Is that all you are giving to the parish library?" James asked.

"That is all I can give," replied Rosemary. "All my books are clean and almost as good as new. They are too nice to give away."

As Rosemary placed her three little books on the table, she picked up one that Michael had put there. It was filled with lovely pictures.

"Michael, are you giving this nice book to the parish library?" she asked. "It's all about Our Lord and the saints."

Rosemary kept on looking at the book. "I wish I could read it before you give it away," she said.

"You may read it if you wish," said Michael. "I'll give it to the library when you have finished."

"I am going to begin reading it right away," said Rosemary. She sat down, opened the book, and read this story.



### Who Is My Neighbor?

One day, when Our Lord was teaching the people, He told them to love God. He told them to love their neighbors.

A man who was listening asked Jesus, "Who is my neighbor?"

Then Jesus told this story:

A good man went on a trip to a city far from his home. The road was long and filled with danger.

Some bad men took his money. They hurt him very badly. Then they went away.



For a long time the man lay near the road. He could not move. He could not cry out. He could only moan a little. Then he heard footsteps on the road.

The footsteps came nearer. A proud man came down the road. This proud man liked to pray where everyone could see him. He prayed in the morning, at noon, and in the evening. The hurt man had often seen him pray.

Now the hurt man was happy to see him. Surely this man would help him! The hurt man moaned.

The proud man heard the moan and came nearer. He saw that the man near the road was badly hurt. He saw the blood on his head. He saw the pain in his eyes.

But the proud man did not feel sorry for him. He looked at the hurt man, but he did not speak.

Then the proud man turned away and walked down the road.



The hurt man still lay near the road. For a long time no one came. Then he heard footsteps once more. They came nearer.

The hurt man looked up again. This time he saw a young man. This young man could do hard work. He was always busy. He went from place to place doing work for many people.

The hurt man was happy again. Surely the young man would help him. He called out to the young man.

The young man heard him and came nearer. He saw that the man was hurt. But the young man was in a hurry. He turned away and walked down the road.



It began to grow late in the evening. The hurt man was frightened, for he knew that no one would come down this road after dark.

Then he heard a sound on the road. Clop-clop-clop-clop, it came.

"It is the sound of a donkey's feet," the hurt man thought. "Someone is coming down the road. Perhaps he will help me." But he moaned, for he thought that the rider would not stop.

Clop-clop-clop-clop, the sound came near. The helpless man near the road called out to the rider of the donkey.

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The sound of the donkey's feet stopped. Soon the hurt man heard footsteps. He looked up and saw a tall man coming toward him. He saw that the tall man was from a strange country.

"He is a stranger! He will not help me. My people and his people are not friends," thought the hurt man.

But the stranger came nearer. He saw that the man near the road was in pain. He felt sorry for him.

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The stranger knelt beside him. He felt his head and found blood there. He stood up and went back to his donkey. He took a bag from the donkey's back and came back to the man near the road.

From the bag the stranger took wine and a clean, white cloth. He put a little wine on the cloth. Then he carefully put it on the hurt man's face.

In a little while the hurt man began to feel better. The pain was not so great. He tried to get up then, but he fell back on the road.

"I cannot go," he told the man who had helped him. "I thank you for what you have done for me, but you must go on."

"I shall not go without you," the stranger said. He knelt beside the hurt man and helped him to get up.

"I cannot walk," the hurt man said.

"You need not walk," said the stranger.

"I will help you."



He put the hurt man on his donkey.

"I will hold you so that you will not fall," he said.

He walked beside the donkey as they went down the road. The donkey's feet went clop-clop-clop-clop as they came near a town.

In the town they came to a place where people could stay for the night. The stranger spoke to the owner of the place and told him to take care of the man who had been hurt so badly.

"I have no money to pay for a room," said the hurt man.

"Do not think about that," replied the stranger.



The next morning the stranger took some money from his bag. He gave it to the owner of the place to take care of the hurt man until he was well again. Then the stranger went on to his own country.

Jesus ended the story. He turned to the man who had asked him, "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus said, "Which of these three men was neighbor to the man who had been hurt on the road?"

The man said, "The man who was kind to the hurt man was his neighbor."

Jesus said, "Then go your way and be like him."

When Rosemary finished the story, she asked Michael if she could take the book to school. "Then I can read this story to the boys and girls," she said.

"Why don't we give it to the parish library?" Michael asked. "Then all the children can read the story."



### Rosemary Learns a Lesson

When Mother and Father came home from the parents' meeting, they saw all the books on the table.

"Well, it seems that the Fay family is willing to do its share," laughed Father.

"You mean some of the family are willing," said Mother, as she looked at the books. "Rosemary has many more books in her room. She does not seem to be very happy about giving them to the library."



The next morning Mother talked to Rosemary about the books and the library.

"You see, Rosemary," she said, "if every child in your school felt as you do, we could not have a parish library."

"But, Mother, I am giving up three nice storybooks," said Rosemary in a quiet little voice.

Mother understood how the small girl felt. Rosemary had many lovely books. She took good care of them, and she wanted to keep them.

Mother picked up the three books which Rosemary had chosen to give away. One was badly torn. One was very old. One was not very clean.

"Why did you choose just these three books?" Mother asked Rosemary.

"Well, I really don't want them any more," replied Rosemary.

"Do you think that other children will want to use them?" asked Mother.



"But, Mother, you would not want me to give away my good books, would you?" asked Rosemary.

"You don't have to give them up if you don't want to, dear," replied Mother. "But it would be very nice to share your books. You could make many of God's little children happy with them. You would be helping our parish too, because the library belongs to the parish and all the people in it."

Rosemary sat very still for a while. She was thinking hard. Slowly she walked out of the living room. She went upstairs and looked at her books again.



All at once she heard Michael calling, "We'll be late for school if you don't hurry, Rosemary."

Rosemary ran down the stairs. She kissed Mother good-by and hurried to school with her two brothers.

Michael and James had their arms filled with books for the parish library.

"I'll help you carry some of those," Rosemary offered.

"Where is your share of books for the new library? Didn't you pick some out last evening?" asked Michael.

"Yes, I chose three, but Mother said they were too old and torn to give away," replied Rosemary.



As the three Fay children walked into Blessed Sacrament School that morning, they saw all the boys and girls carrying many, many books.

Rosemary was the only one in the second grade who had no book for the new parish library. She felt strange and tried to keep very quiet.

All at once she saw Agnes with only one book under her arm.

"Well, one book isn't much," thought Rosemary. "I am glad that Agnes is almost like me."







"Hello, Agnes!" said Rosemary as she walked over to her little friend.

"Hello, Rosemary," answered Agnes.

Rosemary looked at the book in Agnes' hand. She saw that it looked like a new book. It had a very pretty picture of a fairy on the outside.

"Are you giving that nice new book to the parish library?" she asked as she opened it.

"Yes, it is the only good book I own," replied Agnes. "I received it for my birthday a few weeks ago. I have read it over and over again, and I never get tired of looking at the pictures in it."

"Well, then, why don't you keep it?" asked Rosemary.

"Mother told me that I could make other children happy with my book," said Agnes. "And don't you remember what Father Breen told us? He said that every time we do something kind for someone, we really do it for God. He said we could show God how much we love Him by being kind to others."

Yes, Rosemary did remember Father Breen's words, and she felt more strange than ever.

When the bell rang she sat down, but she hardly heard anything that Sister Claire Ann talked about. She was thinking of what Agnes had said.

At lunch time Rosemary told Mother about Agnes and what she had said.

You can guess what Rosemary did with her books after that. Yes, she gave every one of them to the new parish library.





### Vacation Plans

The school children began to talk about vacation weeks and weeks before it came. They talked about the fun they would have when all their lessons were over.

They would go camping. They would go fishing. They would pick berries. They would go to the park and ride on the merry-go-round and swings. They would do many other nice things.

One day Father Breen came to talk to the school children. They went to the meeting room to hear what he had to say.

When all the children were in the room, Father Breen said, "Vacation days are coming nearer and nearer. You can run and play without a thought of lessons. I know that you can hardly wait for vacation to begin."

All the children smiled. Father Breen understood. He remembered the fun of vacation time when he was a small boy.

"What would you think if I asked you to do some work during your vacation?" he asked with a smile.

The boys and girls looked at each other. Work during vacation time! They had never thought of that.

"I shall need some help this vacation," said the pastor. "I thought that I might find some willing helpers in Blessed Sacrament School. Will any of you help me?"

"Oh, yes, Father, we'll help."

"What can we do?"





"When shall we begin?"

It seemed that every boy and girl in the meeting room wanted to help the pastor.

Father Breen smiled. "I thought I should find some willing helpers, but I did not know I should find so many," he said. "There is much work to do, and so I shall need all the helpers I can get."

Father Breen told the school children about the work that had to be done during vacation time.

"You know," he said, "that all your teachers will have a vacation, too. Father Waters and I will be away from Fairlands for a little while. Jim, our workman, must have some rest, too. But some of our work must be done even in vacation time."

"The altar and the church must be kept clean and beautiful. Some of your mothers will do the work while the Sisters are away. But they will need help."

"May we help them, Father?" many of the boys and girls asked.

"I think that would be good work for our girls to do," said the pastor. "The altars must be dusted. There must always be flowers and clean vases to put them in. The church must be dusted and the floors must be kept clean."

"Oh, Father, that is work for boys," called out Billy. "I know how to take care of floors. I help with that work at home."

"All right, Billy, you may take care of keeping the church floors clean. You may choose your own helpers and plan how you will do the work," said Father Breen.

"Choose me, Billy, choose me," the boys called out.





"Wait a minute," said Father Breen. "There is other work to do. There is the grass to cut and the garden to take care of. The men and the older boys of the parish will cut the grass. The plants in the garden must be watered and weeded. Who will help with that work?"

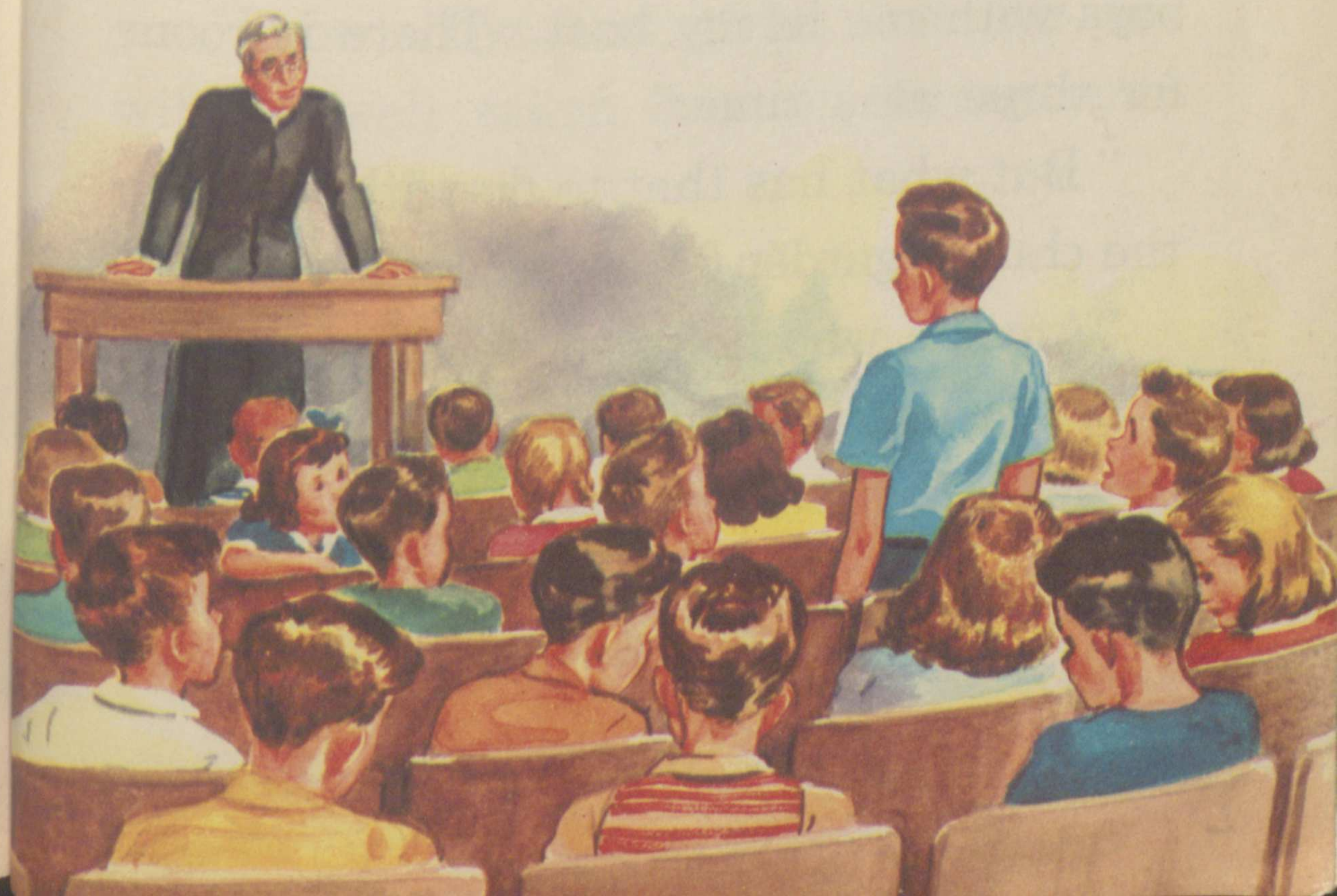
The room was quiet. No one spoke. Not one child offered to weed the church garden. No one wanted to do that.

## A Good Plan

Father Breen waited quietly. There was not a sound in the room. The children were thinking about their gardens at home.

Weeds, weeds, and more weeds! They always seemed to grow as fast as you pulled them. No one liked to pull weeds.

At last James stood up. "I don't like to weed gardens," he said, "but if that job must be done, I guess I had better be the one to do it. I almost always choose the easy things to do. This time I'll choose something hard that I don't like to do."





"Good for you, James!" said Father Breen, and he smiled at the boy. "I am glad that you chose something that is hard to do. You may choose your own helpers for that work. You may find it hard to get boys to help you pull weeds."

"I don't think so, Father," said James with a smile.

"Why not?" asked Father Breen.

"Well, you see, Father," James answered, "my grandfather has made me a boat. He is going to teach me to sail it during vacation. When I know how, I can sail it myself. Then I can take other boys with me in my boat. There is room for three at a time."

"But what has that to do with weeding the church garden?" asked Father Breen.

"Anyone who helps to weed the garden may go with me in my boat," replied James. "Those who are the best helpers may learn to sail it. I will teach them."

"I'll weed!"

"So will I!"

"I will, too!"

Soon all the boys in the room were calling out, offering to help to weed the garden.

The pastor smiled. "Well, James, it looks as if you will have many helpers for your work."

Everyone laughed. Everyone wanted to sail the new boat.

"I think that the church and the gardens will be well taken care of during your vacation," said Father Breen. "And you know, boys and girls, that you too will be well taken care of during your vacation."





"Every Sunday your priests will offer Mass for you and your families. All parish priests do that during the year. Even when you are far away, your priests will be offering Mass for you.

"Now it is time to go home. Tonight your fathers and mothers will meet here to plan how they can take care of the church during vacation. God's house will be kept clean and beautiful with so many little children willing to help. God bless all of you."

As the children left the room, Father Breen saw many excited boys stop to talk to James. The priest smiled. He knew that the church garden would not have any weeds in it this vacation.

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### The Feast of the Blessed Sacrament

Vacation time had come. Now the children and grown-ups were busy making plans for another great day in their parish. The feast of the Blessed Sacrament was coming. And that day, you know, is a very special day on which we show special love for Jesus in the Sacred Host.

On the evening before the feast, Mr. Fay and some of the other men of the parish were busy making altars out in the yard.

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The children were busy picking flowers. Some of them would be used on the altars. The little girls would carry some in the procession the next day.

The mothers were busy putting clean white cloths on the outdoor altars.

When the bright stars came out that evening, everything was ready for the lovely feast.

The next morning the parish church was filled with people who had come to show their love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Breen began the prayers of the Mass, and the people prayed with him. When the Mass was over, the music played softly as the procession began to move slowly out of the church.

First came Billy's big brother carrying a large golden cross. On each side of him was an altar boy with a lighted candle in his hand.

Next came the people of the parish, singing a song to the Blessed Sacrament. Then came the choir boys and flower girls. At the very end of the procession was Father Breen carrying the Blessed Sacrament.

The procession went into the yard. There it stopped at each of the three small altars, and the people said special prayers. Then Father Breen blessed them with the Blessed Sacrament.

How pleased Our Lord must have been to bless these people who worked together, had their good times together, and best of all, came together to show their love for Him!





## To the Teacher

*This Is Our Parish* (New Edition) is the second level basic reader to be used in Grade Two after the completion of the New Edition of *These Are Our Neighbors*. This Advanced Second Reader introduces 233 new basic words, 172 of which (starred in list below) can be recognized independently by the pupil through application of the various word-recognition techniques developed in the teaching manuals of the earlier books of the FAITH AND FREEDOM series and continued in that accompanying this present text.

Further growth in Christian Social Living is provided for through story material based on the Catholic child's experiences in the life of the parish church and school. The book aims to develop a deeper understanding and appreciation of parochial relationships, a realization of the need of active and co-operative participation in the spiritual and material functions of the parish, and a lasting interest in parish life and activities.

### Word List

6. Fay*	17. shook*	28. golden*	39. throw*
town*	18. Breen*	cup*	straight
7. James*	19. started*	Blood	40. threw*
Michael	followed*	29. pictures*	41. windows*
8. Fairlands*	20. grade*	30. held*	glass*
Catholics*	second	minutes	42. lunch*
parish	21. teacher*	31. high	43. brave*
9. mean*	22. Scout*	32. spoke*	feel*
meetings*	Cubs*	33. begin*	44. slowly*
10. both	23. bears*	standing*	late*
11. sides*	lions	34. Agnes*	45. knelt
12. ---	24. country	35. we'll*	lie*
13. downstairs*	become*	remember*	46. gate*
14. learned	25. year*	36. marched*	47. should*
15. visit*	26. offer*	song*	also*
pastor	27. bread*	37. ring*	48. confession
16. rang*	wine*	38. ---	49. piece
bell *	Body*		

50. fought*	72. clear*	100. felt*	130. ---
won	73. tricks*	101. choose*	131. line*
51. fight*	74. real*	102. ---	132. ---
against*	mine*	103. perhaps*	133. ---
sin*	75. kissed*	wee*	134. brought*
52. ---	76. ---	104. bottle	135. servant*
53. world	77. part*	105. ---	136. twelve*
holy*	78. word*	106. special	apostles
54. proud*	79. souls*	lot*	137. Peter*
leader*	Communion	107. sell*	feast*
55. listen	80. Christ	108. stamps*	138. pitcher*
hell*	head*	bank*	139. ---
56. Satan	81. ---	109. ---	140. dusty*
danger	82. Thursday*	110. circus	141. ---
57. ---	which*	111. tastes*	142. ---
58. Baker*	83. strange*	drink*	143. face
brothers*	84. ---	112. porch*	144. power*
59. Indian	85. sounds*	113. tents*	145. ---
foot*	riddle	114. field	146. ---
camp*	86. missionaries	cage	147. Stone*
60. done	87. ---	115. clown*	Dora*
medal	88. chose*	116. ---	148. kneel*
61. ago*	taught	117. ---	149. veil
promised*	89. easy*	118. class*	kept*
62. toward	90. ---	choir	150. Catherine
63. hurrah	91. clothes	119. ---	short*
excited*	92. send*	120. arm*	151. ---
64. clap*	club*	floor*	152. ---
band*	missions*	121. serve*	153. trouble
65. parade	93. shoes	might*	154. ---
sun*	plan*	122. ---	155. ---
66. shouted*	94. torn*	123. wonderful*	156. Therese
corner*	warm	between*	sail*
67. change	95. son	124. understood*	157. fishing*
68. mayor*	pair*	125. ---	158. ---
speak*	96. fine*	126. hoped*	159. ---
69. receive	statue*	127. ---	160. lessons*
70. ---	97. John*	128. during	161. ---
71. evening*	98. ---	129. ---	
yet*	99. ---		
parents			



162. Sacred*	181. ----	204. ----	229. ----
Host*	182. colored	205. ----	230. clop*
163. spend*	sure	206. ----	donkey
earth	183. ----	207. ----	231. ----
164. young	184. hen*	208. ----	232. bag*
ill*	chocolate*	209. ----	233. ----
165. drop*	185. lay*	210. ----	234. ----
166. ----	186. ----	211. step*	235. ----
167. ----	187. carefully*	212. ----	236. ----
168. ----	188. ----	213. ----	237. ----
169. ----	189. ----	214. cloth*	238. ----
170. candles*	190. ----	215. ----	239. ----
burning*	191. ----	216. ----	240. ----
171. ----	192. vase*	217. replied*	241. ----
172. almost*	193. ----	218. ----	242. ----
173. hold*	194. ----	219. company	243. ----
174. softly*	195. cost*	220. ----	244. ----
175. ----	196. ----	221. ----	245. ----
176. doctor*	197. ----	222. ----	246. ----
Easter*	198. vacation	223. ----	247. ----
baskets*	199. ----	224. ----	248. ----
177. ----	200. share*	225. ----	249. ----
178. Junior	201. cake*	226. ----	250. ----
179. twenty*	coffee*	227. ----	251. ----
cents*	202. plates*	228. moan*	252. ----
180. ----	203. neighbors	pain*	253. ----