

St. Catherine's Academy Gazette ©

June 2011, Issue 17
Month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus



† FEASTS AND FAST DAYS THIS MONTH †

June 2 - Ascension Thursday

June 12 - Pentecost Sunday

June 23 - Corpus Christi

Fast days - June 11 - Vigil of Pentecost,
June 15, 17, 18 - Ember Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday

THE ASCENSION

Jesus had risen from the dead on Easter Sunday. He told the Apostles that he would stay with them for a while, but then he would have to leave them. He was going back to heaven. He said: "Go and teach the whole world what I have taught you. And even though you will not be able to see Me, I will be with you always, until the end of the world." Then He told the Apostles that after He had gone, the Holy Ghost would come and stay in their souls.

One day, it was a Thursday, forty days after Easter Sunday, Jesus was standing on the top of a high mountain. His Blessed Mother was there. The Apostles were there. Many people were there listening to Jesus. While He was talking, He blessed them. Then Jesus began to go up, up, into the air. He went higher and higher. Soon they could not see Him. He went into the clouds of heaven.

Everyone was so surprised that even though they could not see Jesus, they still stood looking up into the sky. While they were watching, two beautiful white Angels appeared to them and said, "Why do you stand looking up into the clouds? Jesus has gone up to Heaven. He will not come back until the end of the world."

The Apostles were sad. They had tears in their eyes as they turned around to go away. They were already lonesome for Jesus and they were afraid. What were they going to do without Him?

The Blessed Mother and the Apostles went back to the Cenacle to pray. Jesus had promised them that He would send the Holy Spirit. They wondered, "When will the Holy Ghost come?" They prayed that He would come soon.

~ "The Catholic Mother's Helper," Imprimatur



THE COMING OF THE HOLY GHOST

The Blessed Mother and the Apostles were praying again in the Cenacle. They had prayed for nine days. They were waiting for Jesus to send the Holy Ghost.

Suddenly on the tenth day—it was a Sunday—while they were praying, they heard a strange noise. It grew louder and louder. It sounded like a big wind. It came nearer and nearer.

Then, just as suddenly, it stopped and right above the head of each one was a little flame of fire.

Jesus had sent the Holy Ghost! The Apostles were very happy. They were no longer afraid. The Holy Ghost made them feel brave. Now they could do anything for Jesus.

They would work for Him. They would fight for Him. They would even die for Him. We call this day Pentecost. It is the day that our Church was made known to the whole world. The Blessed Mother and the Apostles were to take care of the Church.

Pentecost is a happy day!

SEE ACTS 2:1-47

~ “The Catholic Mother’s Helper,” Imprimatur 1948 ~

TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

Love of the Heart of Jesus,
 Inflame my heart.
 Charity of the Heart of Jesus,
 Flow into my heart.
 Strength of the Heart of Jesus,
 Support my heart.
 Mercy of the Heart of Jesus,
 Pardon my heart.
 Patience of the Heart of Jesus,
 Grown not weary of my heart.

Kingdom of the Heart of Jesus,
 Be in my heart.
 Wisdom of the Heart of Jesus,
 Teach my heart.
 Will of the Heart of Jesus,
 Dispose of my heart.
 Zeal of the Heart of Jesus,
 Consume my heart.

“Heart Talks With Jesus,”
Imprimatur 1929



It is a good practice to start a Novena to the Holy Ghost on the Friday after Ascension Thursday, so that we too may receive His Gifts on Pentecost Sunday.

THEY FACED DEATH SINGING

Nero the Emperor was giving a splendid garden party. All the high society of Rome was there. Gentlemen and ladies strolled to their places where silken cushions were spread on marble benches under the trees. A banquet table was piled high with food. Well-trained slaves began to serve dishes of roast peacocks and thrushes, wild duck stuffed with mushrooms, perfect fruits, the finest wines. It was growing dusk, and the show was about to begin. "Light the lamps!" ordered Nero.

Slaves ran here and there through the gardens, carrying torches, setting a fire at each of the rose-hung marble pillars. To each pillar, a living human body was chained, covered with tar so that it would burn well. As the flames sprang up, a sound was heard, rising and swelling; a sigh, a sob, a prayer, a great hymn taken up by one after another of the victims. These were Christian martyrs, each one a living torch which the emperor had provided to light his garden party.

The guests were thrilled. Wasn't Nero just too wonderful as a host! Always thinking of something interesting! While they cheered, a troop of guards led in a little group of men, women, and children oddly dressed. They were covered with the bloody skins of recently butchered animals, and were left to stand, bound and helpless, in the middle of the show ring. These, too, were Christians. The Emperor's slaves led in a pack of savage hunting dogs and turned them loose to slash and tear the victims to pieces. More entertainment!

Nero, the mad Emperor, swelled with pride as the gentlemen guests roared with laughter, and the ladies twittered happily, and every-body got very drunk. But not even their drunken revels could drown out the mighty voice rising to heaven as the dying Christians joined in the hymn—the prayer sung to music, the great creed of the martyr. It consoled and strengthened them, and told the Faith for which they died. When we say it today, do we think what it cost the early Christians?

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His Only Son, Our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried. And on the third day He rose again from the dead..."

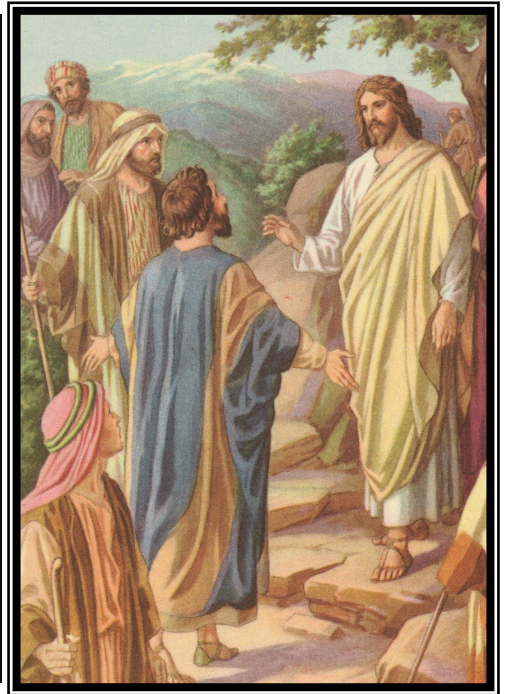
Sobs and moans of pain were lost in the mighty chorus of Faith that swelled and rose up to heaven. The night drew on to a close. One by one the voices were stilled as the saints went home to God. It was a great moment in the history of the Church, for the martyrs had triumphed over fear and torture and death. It was only thirty years since Jesus had died on the cross, and already He was known and loved even in the heart of pagan Rome. Pagans could be cruel and heartless, with no regard for human life. Christ's way of charity had already begun to overcome this pagan world. Within three hundred years Rome would be Christian, and the marching Church would spread out from there to baptize and soften the hard hearts of men, "even to the ends of the earth."

~ "Crusade Adventures from Our Catholic Heritage" Imprimatur 1956 ~



CATHOLIC DOCTRINE DRILL 63—
THE EIGHT BEATITUDES

1. Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.
2. Blessed are the meek; for they shall possess the land.
3. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.
4. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice; for they shall be filled.
5. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.
6. Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God.
7. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.
8. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.



ONE FINE morning in the month of June, old Mother Birch tree told her children not to be a bit frightened should someone come in the course of a few hours and cut them down. “Yours may be a glorious lot,” she said. “But only the fine, tall, straight trees will be taken. Listen, my children, it may be your happiness to stand honorary guard when the Lord Jesus moves in triumph through the streets on the feast of Corpus Christi tomorrow. It is indeed true that afterwards you will have to die, but you will see that which is the most beautiful on the face of God’s earth, and you will be giving your lives for Him. I could not see Him when I was young, because I have grown crooked.” And Mother Birch sobbed.

Nearly all the young Birches were delighted with the prospect; only a few tried to hide themselves, faint-hearted, behind their mother. The others were only proud of the honor that might be accorded them and looked forward with joy to the hour of their glorious sacrifice. “After having seen what is fairest under the sun,” they said to each other, “we can afford to die; for then a nameless longing would consume us, and we would die slow deaths anyhow. As it is, we shall die like so many martyrs.”

Now, one tiny little Birch heard all this, too; but it was too frail, too small, too gentle—a mere baby Birch. And when it hesitantly asked whether it would probably be taken also, the others only looked sympathetic and shook their leaves most doubtfully. Then the little Birch became very sad, indeed; not even its mother, nor the sunshine, nor the birds that sang so jubilantly in its branches every morning, could console it in its sorrow. To see the Lord Jesus! Oh, the twinkling stars up above its head so high had told it so much about this dear, good, God; when the others were asleep it used to listen to their wonderful talk for a long, long, time... To adorn the way along which He would walk; to see Him; to die for Him—what an enviable lot!

Suddenly the tread of heavy feet was heard, and rough voices sounded. Ah, surely, many of the youthful Birches, so brave but the moment before, must have trembled then, even in spite of themselves. But they were quickly cut down, one after the other. With pain, and yet joy, did Mother Birch tree look upon her children as they fell before her very eyes. Theirs was to be a happy lot, indeed!

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“Oh, if they would only come to me,” the weak little Birch sobbed in a whisper.

“Enough!” called out one of the voices. So it was not to be taken, after all! Oh, how it had hoped against hope that it would be needed anyhow! A dewdrop ran down its fair white trunk like a tear.

“One is still wanting,” a voice said again, “but there is not a single nice tree left. Ah, here, this one will do...” A blow, a fall, and the little Birch, happy in its very pain and all aglow, was piled onto the wagon with the rest.

It is the great feast of Corpus Christi. All in a row the Birches stand proudly side by side along the flower-covered road, young and fresh and smiling in their bliss, each beautiful leaf trembling in adoration, the favored guard of honor of the Lord God, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, to be adored forever! But where is our little Birch, the blessed one? Oh, the good fortune that fell its lot! In addition to other larger and leafier trees two smaller ones were wanted in order the more symmetrically to adorn the high altar in the open. They were placed just next to the tabernacle. And one of them was our thrice happy little Birch!

Oh, how long it seems before the Eucharistic King comes! Now the last Gospel is being read. And lo! the procession enters: first the little girls, dressed in white, with wreaths upon their hair, looking for all the world like angels; then the priests in their gold-embroidered vestments; and then, beneath the starry baldachin, the venerable bishop reverently bringing the Most Blessed Sacrament. The little Birch sees the Lord at once; it cannot turn its eyes away from Him, the God of all, Whom the stars spoke about in those night watches and Whose delight it is to be with the children of men under the humble appearance of bread.

He has come to the altar at last. The little Birch can see Him from very near. And oh! what a trembling passes through it from head to foot when the bishop places the golden monstrance upon the altar of spotless white and its branches touch the glowing gems. Now it will die gladly—oh, so gladly! It has seen that which is the most beautiful on the face of God’s blessed earth—Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

The *Te Deum* is intoned. All join in, and the mighty volume of sound jubilantly ascends on high. So it must be in heaven, where the saints and angels sing the praises of God; such melodies must be in the hearts of those whose constant prayer is this, “Thy Eucharistic kingdom come!”

But the little Birch was dead. Too great had been its happiness: it had died of joy. The other still stood proudly there, fresh and strong. But baby Birch let its leaves hang pitifully low. Its withered branches drooped as they leaned lightly against the tabernacle, a touching symbol of love clinging in death to the Lord Whom it had joyously clung to in life.

~ “Tell Us Another,” Imprimatur 1925 ~



GOD'S GREATEST MISSIONARY

Conversion of St. Paul

KILL THE fool Stephen, and be quick about it!" the young man shouted to the mob. "Here, I'll watch your coats," he added. Coats of many sizes and colors were hurriedly thrown at the feet of Saul of Tarsus.

The short trial was over. It had been decided that Stephen—believer in Christ and "a fool"—was to be stoned to death. He was an enemy of the Temple and the Law, the Pharisees said.

"Jesus have mercy on you," Stephen cried, as several huge, hairy-armed men grabbed him and began dragging him to the rocky hillside outside the walls of the city of Jerusalem. "Your Jesus is dead; He can't help you!" the men jeered. They began hurling sharp rocks at the Saint.

"Jesus lives, I see Him sitting at the right hand of the Father in Heaven!" St. Stephen exclaimed as a huge stone struck him.

Saul, standing by the pile of cloaks, shook his head. How could anyone believe in such things? "I wish I had been on Calvary the day He died," he thought. "And then I could have seen for myself. But now the believers in Christ are saying that Jesus not only rose from the dead but that He also ascended into heaven! What nonsense! These Christians are getting to be dangerous!"

It was a short time after the death of St. Stephen that Saul of Tarsus began looking for more Christians to punish. He would enter a home, drag out the followers of Christ, and have them thrown into prison. To escape the persecution, Christians left the city of Jerusalem in great numbers, and with them the Faith was spread throughout Palestine.

One day Saul decided to go after the Christians who lived in the city of Damascus. He would bring them back to Jerusalem to stand trial. He went to the high priest for letters giving him the right to arrest them and bring them back as prisoners.

The year was 33 A.D. Saul, mounted on his horse, began the journey. With him were a few friends. They traveled slowly over the desert road for a time and then faster when they reached the rich, farming soil. At last the buildings of Damascus were just ahead.

All at once a brilliant flash of light came from the heavens. It struck Saul like a thunderclap, and he fell from his horse. A mysterious and wonderful Voice spoke to him: "Saul, Saul, why do you persecute Me?"

Saul, lying on the ground trembling

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and afraid, asked, “who art Thou, Lord?” “I am Jesus,” the Voice answered. “He whom you are persecuting.” Saul’s lips shook as he tried to form the words: “What dost Thou wish, Lord?” And Jesus said, “get up, go into the city. There you will find out what you must do.” And the light was gone.

“What happened?” Saul’s companions wanted to know. They helped him up from the ground. “What was that bright light?” Saul rubbed his eyes. “Did you hear the Voice, too?” he asked. “No,” the men replied. “We heard nothing. But we saw the light.” Saul opened his eyes. But all was still dark.

“I can’t see—I can’t see!” he cried. Then he gasped: “I am blind!” His companions led him into Damascus. For three days Saul prayed and begged God’s forgiveness. Then Ananias, the head of the Faithful Christians in the city, cured him of his blindness.

Soon Saul, the man who had hated the Christians, was baptized one of them. He went back to Jerusalem and St. Peter received him as a true Apostle of Christ. He came to be known as St. Paul the Apostle.

The rest of St. Paul’s life was one missionary journey after another. Following the words of Christ—to teach all nations—Paul traveled to the eastern part of the Roman Empire, to Greece, Asia Minor and Cyprus. To the west Saint Paul went as far as the city of Rome. He was the first Apostle to work among the people who were not Jews. The fourteen epistles, or letters, that he wrote tell people how to live good Christian lives. They also explain much of the Church’s teaching.

For twenty years, until his martyrdom in 64 A.D. Saint Paul passed through many different countries and then came back again, spreading the word of God. Paul, the Church’s greatest convert, was truly God’s greatest missionary.

~ *Crusade Adventures From Our Catholic Heritage,* Imprimatur 1956 ~



God of my heart! How can I dare
To give this heart to Thee,
With thoughts and wishes lurking there
I blush myself to see?

A heart, O God, clean, undefiled,
Create in me I pray.
Then I shall be indeed Thy child,
And childlike duty pay.

Would that the purest thoughts alone
Found shelter in this breast,
So oft Thy Eucharistic throne,
The Dove’s beloved nest.

O God! Thou knowest, knowest well
Thy feeble creature’s heart.
Yet here Thou dost delight to dwell,
Come, Lord, and never part.

~ “Heart Talks With Jesus,” Imprimatur 1929 ~

ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND

Margaret was an English princess. She sailed to Scotland with her mother when a bad king conquered their land.

King Malcolm of Scotland greeted them and fell in love with Margaret, who was very beautiful. Soon, the king and the princess were married.

When she became queen, Margaret made her husband and her country much better. She taught everyone in the castle how to be gentle and kind. Soon, all the princes had better manners, and the ladies tried to imitate her goodness.

Margaret built schools and churches for all the people of Scotland. She loved to make the churches beautiful for God, and made many lovely vestments for the priest with her own hands.

God sent King Malcolm and Queen Margaret six sons and two daughters.

They loved their children very much, and taught them how to love God and be good. The youngest boy became a saint. We call him St. David.

When Queen Margaret was dying, she learned that her dear husband and her son, Edward, had been killed in a battle.

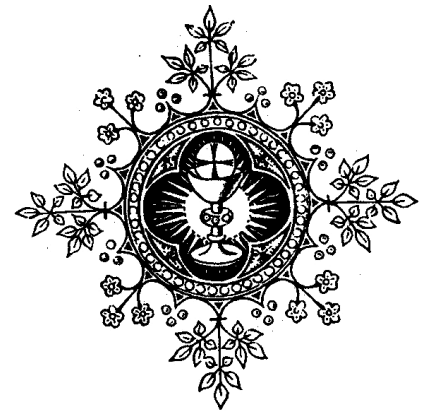
Even then, she prayed, "dear God, I thank Thee for sending me such a sorrow to wash my sins away."

~ Adapted From: "Saints for Young People," Imprimatur, no year listed ~



DRILL 64—FEASTS WHICH DEPEND ON EASTER

1. Easter occurs the first Sunday after the first full moon after the 21st of March.
2. Ascension Thursday occurs forty days after Easter.
3. Pentecost occurs ten days after Ascension Thursday.
4. Trinity Sunday occurs the first Sunday after Pentecost.
5. Corpus Christi occurs the Thursday after Trinity Sunday.
6. The feast of the Sacred Heart occurs the first Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi.



SAINTS AND THEIR SYMBOLS - MATCH UP

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. St. Isadore, Patron Saint of Farmers | A. Axe |
| 2. St. Dorothy of Cappadocia, VM | B. Christ Child in his arms or on a book. Franciscan habit. |
| 3. St. Matthias, Apostle, M | C. Branch of olive. Lamb. Palm |
| 4. St. John of God, Founder of Hospitallers. | D. Chalice, Dominican habit, Star on his breast. |
| 5. St. Agnes, VM | E. Dish, eyes on it. Sword or wound in her neck. |
| 6. St. Anthony of Padua | F. Dove. Benedictine habit. Lily. |
| 7. St. Thomas Aquinas | G. Angel holding fruit or flowers. Crown. Palm. |
| 8. St. Andrew, Apostle | H. Angel plowing in the background. Spade. |
| 9. St. Lucy, VM | I. Beds in the background. Dark brown habit with hood. |
| 10. St. Scholastica, sister of St. Benedict | J. Cross, transverse, or x-shaped. |



CATHOLIC SYMBOLS

On all Sundays and holydays of obligation our Catholic Churches are crowded. We have often wondered how many of the large number of people entering and leaving the churches could explain the various symbols used in their decoration. In the design of a stained glass window, one sees the head of a man, or a lion, an ox, or an eagle. On the altar there is the carved figure of a lamb or a pelican, while on the vaulted ceiling or above the pulpit may be the painted form of a dove. These and other various symbols catch the eye. Could you explain their meaning?

Symbols can be traced to the very earliest days of the Church. They were used either to foster devotion or to express some mystery of the Faith kept secret from the pagans. A much used emblem in the early Church was a fish. Its Greek letters, I-ch-th-u-s, are an abbreviation of the Greek words: "Iesous Christos, Theou Uios Saviour," meaning: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." The fish was thus a symbol of our Blessed Lord and, as it lives in water, it also typified the Sacrament of Baptism. The Church was variously represented by a ship, a town, or a veiled woman with arms up-lifted. Such familiar figures did not arouse the curiosity of the pagans or cause them to suspect that the symbols had a Christian meaning. Hence, it appeared natural to the Romans to find in a Christian funeral chamber a depicted banquet scene with fish and bread, for they themselves pay homage to their dead with banquets. They did not know that the fish and bread were to remind the Faithful of the spiritual repast of Holy Communion.

In Christian symbolism, St. Matthew is represented by a human head, as his Gospel begins with the human ancestry of Our Lord; St. Mark is indicated by the lion, or the dweller in the wilds of the desert where his Gospel starts with the story of St. John the Baptist. St. Luke is indicated by the ox, the symbol of sacrifice, because his Gospel opens with the account of the priest, Zachary, in the Temple. The eagle represents St. John, for his opening chapter carries us in a flight of Divine inspiration to Heaven itself.

In our Catholic churches, the door of the tabernacle has its symbolism in the carved letters, "I.H.S.," an abbreviation of the Greek word Iesous, meaning Jesus or in a chalice with a host above it, entwined by a grape vine and wheat stalks, which remind the Faithful that in the Sacrifice of the Mass the bread and wine are changed into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, and that our Saviour dwells as a Prisoner of love behind the tabernacle door. The figure of a pelican is sometimes used to represent Christ in the Eucharist, for legend says the pelican feeds its young with its own blood.

The dove is symbolical of the Holy Ghost, since at the Baptism of Christ "the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape, as a dove upon Him." The triangle, which is sometimes painted above the dove, represents the Three Divine Persons that are one and the same God. The lamb typifies the "Lamb of God," Christ our Saviour, who was slain on Calvary to open for us the gates of Heaven.

There are other familiar symbols used in Catholic decorations: the olive branch, representing peace among men and peace of conscience; the palm, martyrdom; the lily, purity of soul and perfect chastity; the rose, love and spiritual beauty. Faith is depicted by a cross, to remind us of our faith in our crucified Redeemer; Hope, by an anchor upon which the mariner must depend to prevent his vessel from drifting with every opposing current; and Charity, by a heart, to express our love for God and our neighbor.

(Continued on page 11)

The Greek letters, Alpha and Omega, which begin and end the Greek alphabet, denote that God is the beginning and the end of all things.

Saints are crowned with a halo to denote sanctity. Many of them may be identified with some special emblem. ~ "Could You Explain Catholic Practices?" Imprimatur 1937 ~

LITTLE DEEDS

Not mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below.
But little acts of kindness,
Which any child may show.

A merry sound to cheer the babe,
And tell a friend is near;
A word of ready sympathy
To dry the childish tear.

A glass of water kindly brought;
An offered easy chair;
The turning of the window blind;
That all may feel the air.

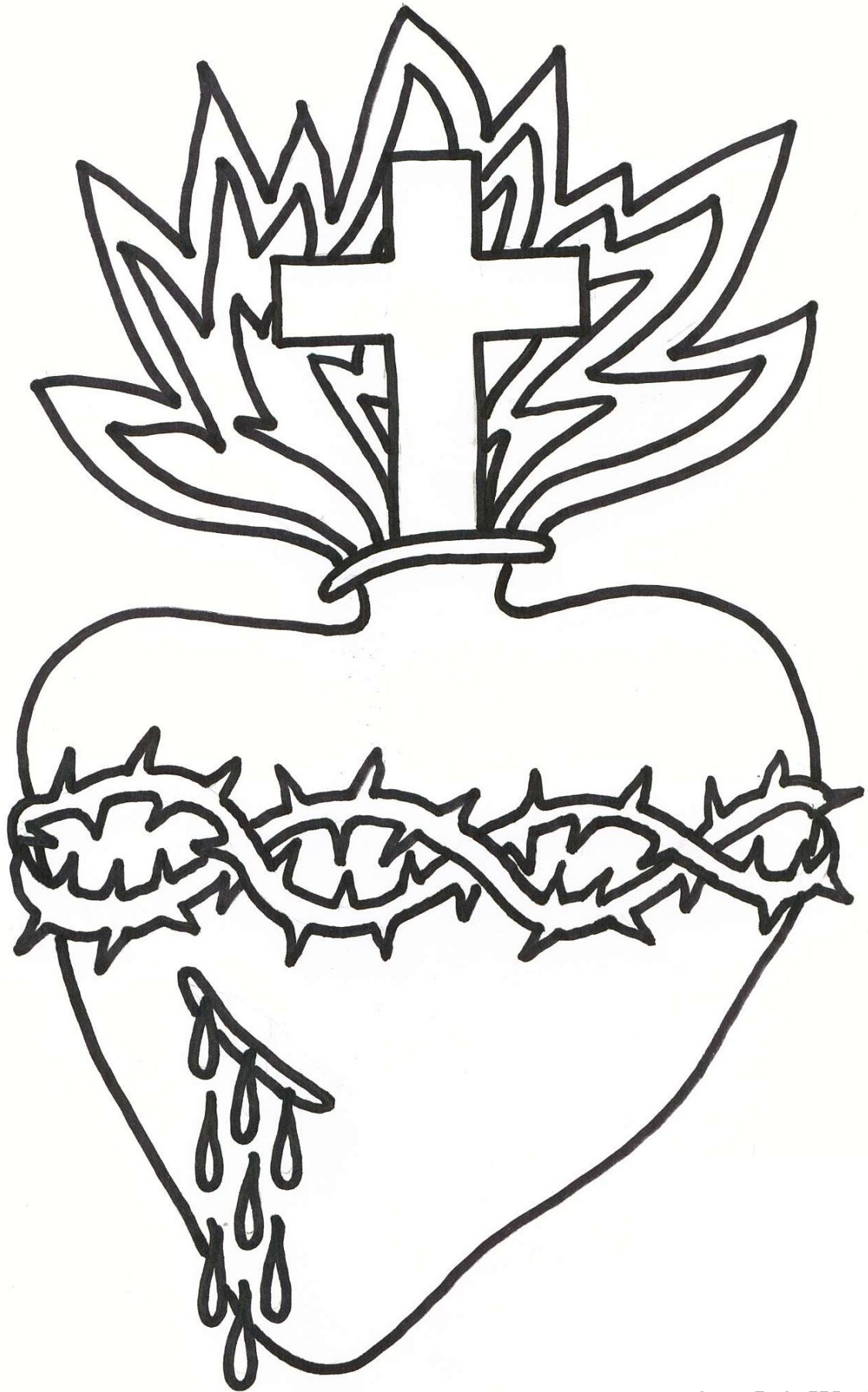
Oh, deeds like these, though little things,
Yet purest love disclose,
As fragrant perfume on the air
Reveals the hidden rose!

~ THE AVE MARIA ~

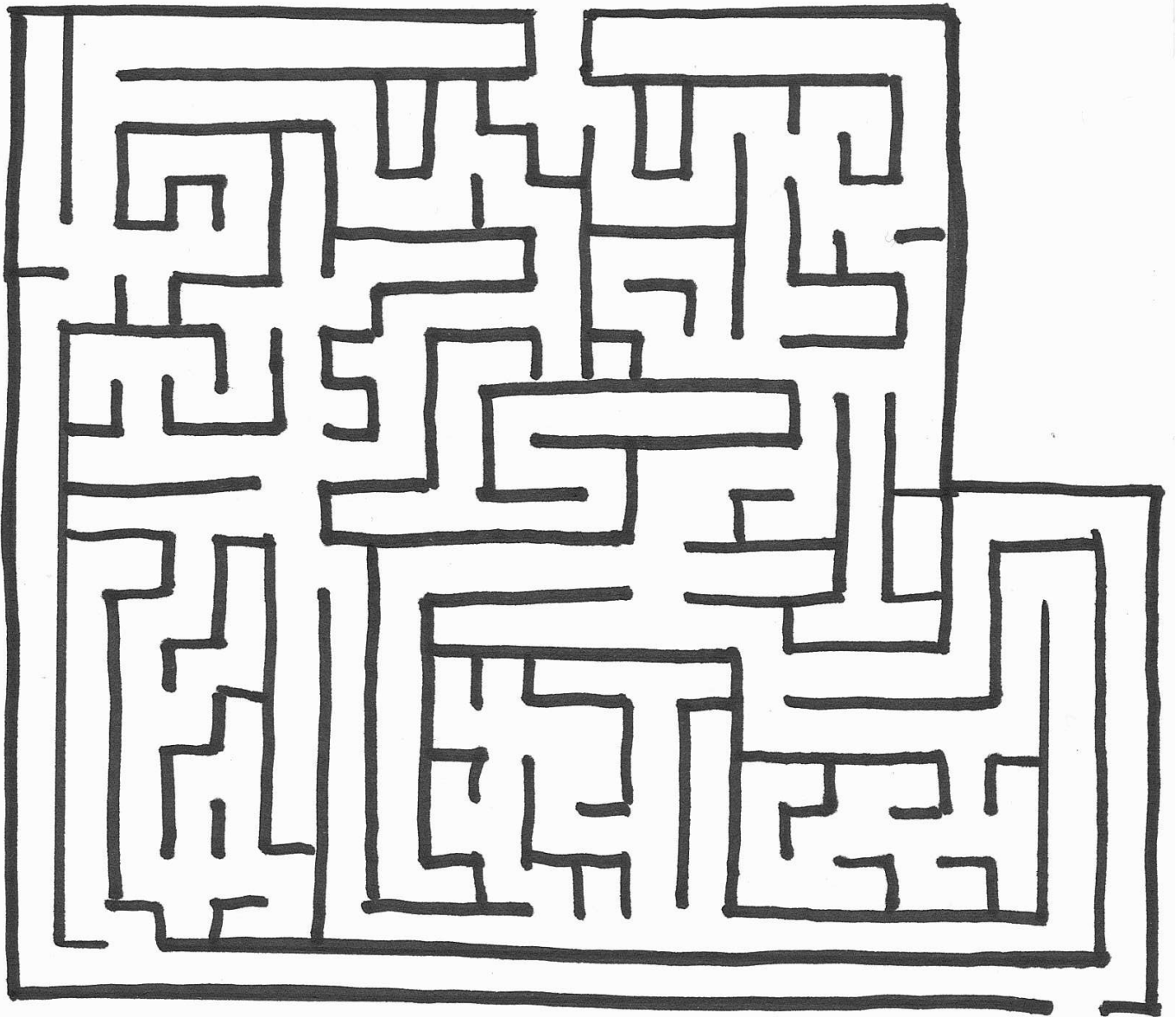


ALL THE SAINTS OF IRELAND

Thank God for loyal friends of ours,
Who guard us every day,
When joys depart, when sorrows come,
When hope seems far away.
When close to every path we walk
Are clouds of black despair,
Sure all the Saints of Ireland,
A shining band, are there.
They march with every faithful soul
In gladness and in woe,
They watch above our exiled ones
Where ever on earth they go;
O, when we tread the road of death
At ending of the day,
May all the Saints of Ireland
Be with us on our way!



Help this little girl find her way to Church.



“Remember that nothing is small in the eyes of God. Do all that you do with love.”

~St. Augustine~





~ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA~ Feast Day , June 13

No one knew that Brother Anthony was so wise because he worked quietly in his monastery. But soon everyone discovered that he could give wonderful sermons and help sinners to change by his holy words. From then on, St. Anthony preaches all over Italy.

Once the Child Jesus appeared to St. Anthony, because he loved Jesus so very much.

ANSWERS TO SAINTS AND THEIR SYMBOLS

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|------|-------|
| 1. H | 6. B |
| 2. G | 7. D |
| 3. A | 8. J |
| 4. I | 9. E |
| 5. C | 10. F |

This newsletter is put together by the students of St. Catherine's Academy as part of their religion, typing and language lessons. We try to put things in it for children of all ages. God has blessed us with many wonderful old Catholic books and we can share them in this way.

Should you find any mistakes or have any comments or questions, please email me at <jwillson@utmi.net>

God Bless all of you!

Tim, the father of this clan, Timmy, Mary, Sarah, Katie, Patrick, Elizabeth and the teacher, Julie. God is good!!

~ ALL ARTICLES ARE MEANT TO BE IN KEEPING WITH THE SOUND TEACHINGS OF THE HOLY ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, WHICH IS THE SAME CHURCH FOUNDED BY OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND WILL LAST UNTIL THE END OF TIME. ~