

St. Catherine's Academy Gazette ©

Issue 24

April 2012

Holy Mother Church has dedicated this month to the Holy Ghost



Feasts and Fasts This Month:

April 5th ~ Holy Thursday

April 6th ~ Good Friday

April 7th ~ Holy Saturday

April 8th ~ EASTER SUNDAY

Inside this issue:

St. George	3
Joseph, The Carpenter	6
Catholic Quiz	7
Word search	12
Two Babes	13
Resurrection	20
Paschal Candle	23

Ant. Come, O Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and kindle in them the fire of Thy love.

V. Send forth Thy spirit, and they shall be Created.

R. And Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.

Let us Pray

O God, Who hast taught the hearts of the faithful by the light of the Holy Spirit, grant that by the gift of the same Spirit we may be always truly wise, and ever rejoice in His consolations, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

~ Blessed Be God prayerbook, imprimatur 1925 ~

PRESERVE YOUR WHITE NECKTIE

Once upon a time—maybe when your papa was a little boy or your mama was a little girl—there was a lad going to college in the city of Rouen, France. He was a remarkably good fellow, George was very much like those boys we read about in the lives of the saints. Always at the head of his class in school, he was likewise ahead of most boys in church and at home. In church he was pious and devout, a lover of prayer and piety, and a giver of a good example; at home he was sweet-mannered and helpful and kind and loving to everyone. That's the kind of a boy George was. His father and mother, brothers and sister, relatives and friends, must have been very proud of him.

It was while going to this college that George made his First Holy Communion. On the day preceding that happy event the Reverend Rector, according to a beautiful custom that prevailed there, invited each of the boys to make some written resolution regarding future conduct and to hand it to him for safekeeping. All the lads did so. George did so, too. And this is what he wrote: "I promise always to wear the white necktie of my First Holy Communion day, and to place it aside only in case I should have the misfortune to commit a mortal sin."



The Rector, naturally, was rather surprised at this odd resolution and asked George if he wouldn't change it, if he wouldn't try to find some other. The boy, however, said he would rather not. That was his resolve, and he would keep it. His mother was summoned to the college to try to change her son's mind; but so sweetly and well did he talk it over with her that she joyfully permitted him to have his way.

The next day George received Jesus into his heart for the first time. And after that tiny white wafer of what seems to be bread—but is really and truly the Body and Blood of Christ—had been placed on his eager tongue, he whispered again to that Gracious Guest, "Jesus, I will keep my white necktie always, for Thee!"

Two weeks passed, and George was still wearing his white necktie. All the other boys had placed theirs aside long ago. They thought it funny that he should keep his on. So they began to tease him. "Say, George, you forgot to take off your white necktie. Gracious, but you must be studying day and night to forget a thing like that," they said with friendly banter; for everybody thought the world of him.

Then George told them why he was keeping it on and about the resolution he had made. After that they never said another word. They now thought more than the world of their saintly comrade. That necktie was telling the fair story of sanctifying grace.

Years passed. The short but bloody Franco-Prussian war broke out. One day the Prussians managed to occupy a dangerously strong position at Mans. They had to be dislodged. A brave little detachment of French soldiers, three hundred in number, was sent to do it. And they did it! But of those brave three hundred, nearly two hundred were killed or wounded in the doing.

After the battle the Reverend Chaplain was hastening about among the wounded and the dying, administering the consolations of religion, when he came upon a young man who was very near the end.

"Would you like to go to confession?" gently asked the priest, bending low over the bleeding form.

"No," said the youth, with a happy smile that showed how little he was afraid to die. "I made my last confession only three days ago and have nothing to confess. Just place me on the grass, Father, and give me the Last Sacraments. And, Father," he murmured, "may I ask another favor of you? You see this white necktie? On the day of my First Holy Communion, I promised never to lay it aside unless I should stain my soul with mortal sin. I have kept my white necktie, dear Father. Prayers and the Sacraments and devotion to the Blessed Mother of God have enabled me to keep it. Father," the voice grew weaker, "tell mother it was never stained except by the blood that I shed for my country." (Oh, what a joy for a mother to hear!!!) my emphasis.

It was George. From that field of battle his pure soul sped away to God.

Preserve your white necktie!

~ "Tell Us Another," *Imprimatur* 1925 ~

Cross words are like ugly weeds:

Pleasant words are like fair flowers;

Let us sow sweet thoughts for seeds,

In these garden hearts of ours.

Kind words are like sunbeams

That sparkle as they fall;

And loving smiles are sunbeams,

A light and joy to all.



ST. GEORGE OF CAPPADOCIA

St. George was a tribune in the Roman Army. One day when he was on his way to join his legion, he came to a city whose inhabitants were in great terror on account of a terrible dragon which lived in a marsh near the city walls. This fearful monster had devoured all the flocks and herds; and the people, having retired into the city, gave him daily two sheep until all they had were gone. Then, in order to prevent his approaching the city, they commenced to send out two children to be devoured by this greedy monster. Terrible as this was, it was better than to have him come near them; for his breath poisoned the air for a great distance about him, and all who breathed it died. The children were chosen by lot, and were less than fifteen years old.

Now the king had a daughter whom he loved exceedingly. At length the lot fell to her. The king offered all he possessed, even to the half of the kingdom, that she might be spared; but the people said that, as it was his own edict by which their children had been sacrificed, there was no reason why his daughter should be spared, and they threatened to take the princess by force if she was not delivered to them. Then the king asked that she might be spared to him eight days longer. This request was granted, and at the end of that time the princess went forth to the sacrifice, clothed in her royal robes and declaring herself ready and willing to die for her people.

As she moved slowly towards the field where the dragon came daily for his victims, she saw that the way was strewn with the bones of those who had already perished. Just then St. George came to the place. Seeing her in tears, he stopped to learn the cause of her sorrow. After she had told him, he said, "Fear not, for I will deliver thee!"

She replied, "O noble youth, tarry not here, lest thou perish with me; but fly, I beseech thee!"

Then St. George answered, "God forbid that I should fly! I will lift my hand against this loathsome thing, and will deliver thee through the power of Jesus Christ!"

Even as he spoke, the dragon approached them. Then the brave princess again entreated him, "Fly, I beseech thee, brave knight, and leave me here to die!"

But St. George, making the sign of the cross, rushed to combat with the monster.

The struggle was terrible, but at length the dragon was pinned to the earth by the lance of the brave knight. He then bound the dragon with the girdle of the princess; and when he gave it to her she was able to lead the conquered beast like a dog. In this manner they approached the city.

The people were filled with fear, but St. George cried, "Fear nothing; only believe in the God through whose might I have conquered this enemy, and be baptized. Then I will destroy him before your eyes."

On that day, twenty thousand people were baptized. After this, St. George killed the dragon and cut off his head. The king gave him great treasures; but St. George gave all to the poor, keeping nothing for himself. Then he went on his way toward Palestine.

This was the time of the publication of the Edict of Diocletian, which declared the persecution against the Christians. All who read it were filled with terror, but St. George tore it down and trod it into the dust. For this he was brought before the proconsul Dacian, and condemned to eight days torture. He was first bound to a cross, and his body torn with sharp nails; next he was burned with torches, and salt was rubbed into his wounds. Seeing that all these horrible cruelties had no power to vanquish the spirit of the



Saint, Dacian sent for an enchanter, who invoked the aid of the devil, and then poisoned a cup of wine which St. George drank. Before drinking the wine, however, St. George made the sign of the cross, and the poison had no effect on him. The magician was converted to Christianity by this miracle.

St. George was next bound upon a wheel filled with sharp knives, but two angels descended from heaven and broke it into pieces. They then put him into boiling oil. Believing that he must now be subdued, the judges took him to assist at the sacrifices in the heathen temple. Crowds came to witness his humiliation. But the Saint knelt down and prayed, and instantly there came thunder and lighting from heaven. The temple was destroyed; the idols were crushed; while the priests and many of the people perished. At last Dacian commanded the saintly hero to be beheaded. He met death with joy and courage.

In Europe St. George was but little honored until the time of the Crusades, when the aid he obtained for Godfrey of Boulogne made Christian soldiers seek for his patronage. When Richard I made holy war, he placed his army under the protection of St. George, who from that time has been patron saint of England. His feast was ordered to be kept through all England in 1222.

~ "Misericordia Reader," Imprimatur 1928 ~

What shall I render to the Lord

For all the things that
He hath rendered to me?

Psalm 115:12

And He said to all:

If any man will come after me:

Let him deny himself

And take up his cross daily

And follow Me.

Luke 9: 23

THE
ANGEL
OF



SELF-DENIAL



St. George ~ Patron Saint of England, Feast Day ~ April 23rd



We realize that this should have been in last month's issue but we just now came across it and thought it too good not to share. ~
Oh that we should have the grace to die as our dear St. Joseph did, in the arms of our sweet Jesus! St. Joseph, ora pro nobis!

JOSEPH THE CARPENTER

MANY years after the great king David ruled over the people of Israel, there lived in the city of Nazareth a poor and lowly carpenter descended from that royal line. Rough were his hands and hardened by toil, but gently they uplifted the weary and sick, who dearly loved their good neighbor.

We first hear of him in a pretty legend that brought him into the Temple court. Mary, the little virgin, who was later to be the Mother of God, was about to leave her peaceful cloister-home at the wish of the Lord. Commanded by an angel, the High Priest called together all the young men of the House of David, that God might show by a sign which one He would choose to be the husband of Mary. Many young men came, brave and strong and true of heart, and all were told to place their staves in a room of the Temple over one night.

They obeyed, and in the morning the well-worn staff of dear Saint Joseph was found covered with snow-white lilies, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. Pure as the mountain frost was the soul of the simple carpenter, and into his care God gave Mary.

Ah! what happy days those were, when after the return from Egypt they dwelt together at Nazareth, Jesus, Mary and Joseph. In the workshop, and in the home, the sound of Jesus' voice, and the light patter of His feet, were as the sweetest music. And when in the task of the hour, Jesus' hand softly touched Joseph's, a strange thrill stirred the old man's heart. Together at nightfall, they would go down the village street, and return the work done during the day. Sometimes into the carpenter's hand a little Hand could steal in loving comfort, should a rough word or loud rebuke greet him.

And then those quiet moments at dusk, when standing before them, perhaps with outstretched arms, as though longing even then to shed His Blood for men, Jesus would tell them of all that was to come. And the twilight would deepen, and the birds hush their songs, and the blossoms close their dewy petals, all unheeded, as Mary and Joseph watched Him.

Sometimes in the workshop Saint Joseph would see Him put together two pieces of wood in the form of a cross, then stand back to gaze at it in eager love. And the old carpenter would wonder in silence.

At last the day came when Saint Joseph could no longer work. The time had come when he must give up that sweet life of peace, and die, that going into Limbo, he might tell the souls who were waiting there that soon, so soon, Jesus would deliver them. It was hard for him to know that he must leave Jesus even for a little while, but it was God's will, and in that he was content. His poor cot was drawn close to the door, the sunlight shone warmly about him, and Jesus came from the inner room, and stood by his side. Joseph's eyes sought His eagerly. Not as the little Lad of the workshop was He coming now, but as God, and Judge. Yet His divine Face was alight with love and gentleness. At the foot of the bed knelt Mary. For the first time in long years, Saint Joseph's hands were still. Jesus took them in His own, and pillowed the tired head on His Heart. Weariness, pain and anxiety were gone now, and there was only a strong peace. With a smile on his lips Saint Joseph died. And we, as we watch him in mental picture, pray that we may die as he did, with Jesus by our side, and Mary very near.

~ Children of the Kingdom, Imprimatur 1914 ~



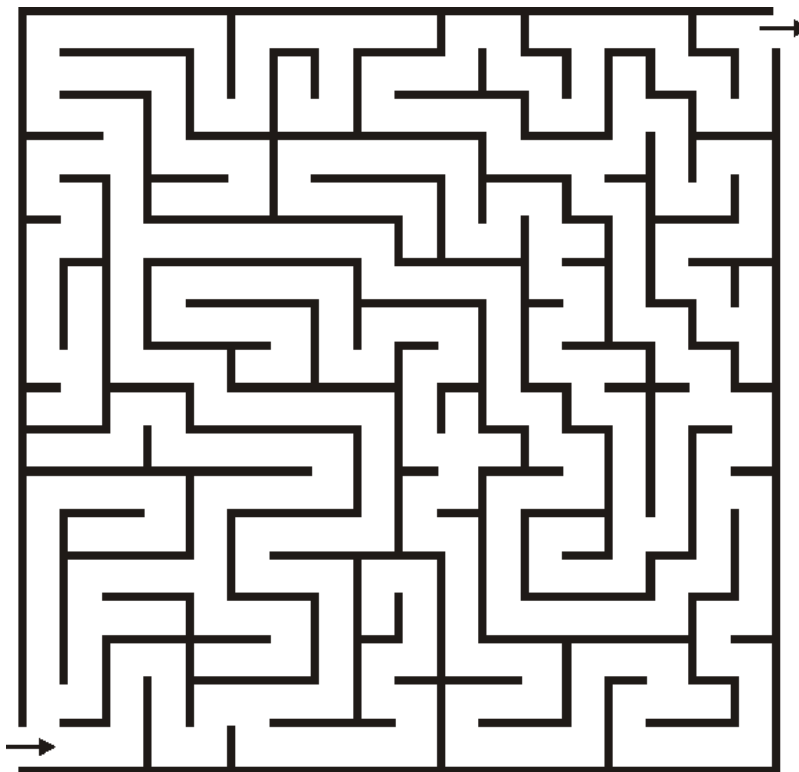
CATHOLIC QUIZ ON THE MASS

1. Briefly, what is the Mass?
2. What is the Canon of the Mass?
3. What is the Missal?
4. Briefly distinguish between
 - (a) low Mass,
 - (b) high Mass,
 - (c) solemn high Mass.
5. What does the priest say at the conse-
cration of bread and wine?
6. What is the chalice?
7. What is a purificator?
8. What is the ciborium?
9. What is the paten?
10. Why is the Mass said in Latin?

~ "A Catholic Quiz Book," Imprimatur 1945 ~



Help these
children get
To the Church
for Easter Mass





APRIL WORD SEARCH

1. PASSION	
2. PALM	S U P S E R C A L I F R T I E S P
3. MAUNDY THURSDAY	E S I I Z A B S U M E D O C I N A
4. GOOD FRIDAY	T R H L J U S N I T R S R A E P S
5. DONKEY	Y E P V A S G H S E T T I B C O S
6. JUDAS	A I Y E O P Y A G P I R L M I A I
8. SPEAR	D D N R W I E O M E N Q U I D L O
9. VINEGAR	I L C T B C K L M L A P A N K E N
10. CROWN	R O T S U E N G O L G O T H A P P
11. DICE	F S E R R S O Z X L M O P S R T C
13. EASTER	D C M A U N D Y T H U R S D A Y R
14. RESURRECTION	O A T G H D L I O C P O A P D I O
15. TOMB	O N N E R B U T M T S E D R O C W
16. SPICES	G T O N P U S D B I N E U I N G N
17. NICODEMUS	R O O I M H I P S U S E J P O P O
18. GOLGOTHA	T O M V U N O I T C E R R U S E R
19. JESUS	
20. SOLDIERS	

Thou art, O God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where e'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

~ Thomas Moore ~





TWO BABES

IT IS early morning. A tired and footsore man trudges down the road. But despite his weariness, his face shines with happiness. He is leading a donkey on which sits a beautiful young woman with a Babe in her arms. She is also weary but forgets herself in her solicitude for her Son.

They stop before a humble cottage. “Shall I ask for hospitality here, Mary?” asks the man tenderly.

“Yes, Joseph, the Child needs to rest.”

In response to Joseph’s knock, a woman opens the door. She invites them to come in. As they enter the house they see that she too has a baby.

“May I have a dish of water to bathe my Baby?” asks Mary timidly. “We have traveled far and He is tired.”

In those days, water was much harder to get than it is now. But the woman is very kind, and she brings Mary some clean water.

As Mary begins to prepare the Child for His bath, the woman comes closer. “What a sweet Baby!” she says, kissing His chubby little hand. “What is His name?”

“His name is Jesus,” says Mary, gazing with reverence on His face. Then she asks gently, “And what is your baby’s name?”

“Dismas,” answers the woman, holding the child for Mary to see.

“He is a lovely child,” says Mary, touching the tiny cheek. “May God bless him.”

Then Mary bathes Jesus, and they rest—but not for long, since they do not want to travel in the heat of the day.

After they leave, the woman prepares little Dismas for a bath, in order to get full use of the water that is so hard to procure. Thus, Dismas is washed in the same water which has washed the Infant Jesus.

* * * * *

Although the time is only midday, it is growing very dark on Calvary’s heights. The wind blows cold. Dismas is in an agony of pain and fear. He and another thief, Gestas, have been crucified for their crimes. They are to die with a Man called Jesus, Whose Cross stands between theirs. Dismas is not tortured so much by physical pains as by mental anguish.

The rabble below are tempting Jesus, saying, “If You are the Son of God, come down from the Cross. Then we will believe You.” Gestas is also cursing Him. “If You are the Son of God, save Yourself and us, too.” They taunt Him, insult Him, laugh at Him.

At last Dismas can stand it no longer. “Gestas,” he says to the other thief, “we deserve to die like this, for we are guilty; but this Man is innocent.” Then he turns his head to look at Jesus. He is filled with compassion at the sight. Slowly and painfully Jesus turns his head to look at Dismas. That look of love and mercy fills Dismas with a deep sorrow for his sins that almost breaks his heart. He cries out to Jesus, “Lord, remember me when You come into Your Heavenly Kingdom.”

Jesus looks at him again. He has recognized not only Dismas the penitent thief, but also Dismas the baby who was washed in the water that had washed Himself as an Infant, the baby who had been touched by



by His own Mother. Then Jesus speaks these words of mercy and of comfort to him: “This day you shall be with Me in Paradise.”

THE NINTH HOUR

On a balcony overlooking the city of Jerusalem, a little girl anxiously scanned the sky. Then she turned and walked slowly back into the large room, to where an old man sat in a chair. “Do you see anything of your brother?” he asked as the child stopped beside him. “No, grandfather, I do not see David anywhere,” Miriam replied. “But he will come home soon, I feel sure.” “It grows so dark. What hour is it, child?” “It is nearly the ninth hour. But why is it getting so dark? I am afraid.” “It is just a storm gathering. You were never afraid of a storm before, Miriam.” “This is more than just a storm, grandfather. The people will be punished today for crucifying the Son of God.” The old man’s face darkened. “Hush! Do not utter such blasphemies in this house lest it be cursed.” “Oh, grandfather, why can’t you believe in Him now?” Miriam cried. “A few short months ago you said that He surely must be the Messiah.” “Yes. I was fooled like many others. If He were the Messiah—the Son of God—do you think He could have been taken by His enemies?”

“We do not know the plans of God—” Miriam began. “And why didn’t He accept the Kingship offered to Him, and lead His people?” the old man interrupted. “David and I were there when He entered the city. We too laid palms in His path. I remember well His words: ‘My Kingdom is not of this world.’” “Humph! The people wanted to make Him their King and He failed them. Furthermore, if He could work so many miracles, why didn’t He cure me?” “Oh, grandfather, He will. He will. He is so good.” “I have to sit in this chair for years and years—and you say He is good? Bah!” “But He is! He has spoken to us many times, and once He patted my head and held David on his lap. We asked Him that day to make you walk again.” “Indeed. And what did your kind Jesus say?” the old man’s voice was tinged with sarcasm. “He said that one day you would walk, but that there were things more important.” “More important to Him,” the old man said bitterly. “If He cured others, why not me? Well—the days of His miracles are over now.”

Suddenly David appeared in the hallway. He was breathless and his face was white and drawn. “I’m glad you got home before the storm, David my boy,” said the grandfather. “But you look very tired.” “Jesus is dying. He has been hanging on the cross since the sixth hour. I couldn’t stand it any more. I—I had to come home.” David burst into tears. No one spoke while he sobbed out his pent-up feelings. Tears were streaming down Miriam’s face, too, as she thought of the Jesus she loved suffering so much. “Just before I left, I asked Jesus to make you walk again, grandfather. I—I’m sure He heard me.” “You’re a good boy, David, and I’m sorry you’re so unhappy; but I will never walk again.”

“Try, grandfather. Please try,” they urged.

“Not now, my dears. I am very tired and wish to rest.”



Suddenly it became almost totally black in the room. The lightning flashed and the thunder rolled. “Jesus—has—died,” David murmured, as if to himself. The earth began to quake so that the very house shook.

“Indeed this was the Son of God,” the old man exclaimed strongly. “I believe! I believe—I—” Then his voice was drowned out in the thunder and noise of falling objects.

“Grandfather, where are you?” screamed Miriam.

“Are you all right, Grandfather?” cried David.

The storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Swiftly the darkness lifted. Instinctively Miriam and David ran to their grandfather’s chair. It was empty. They look about, wildly, fearing they knew not what.

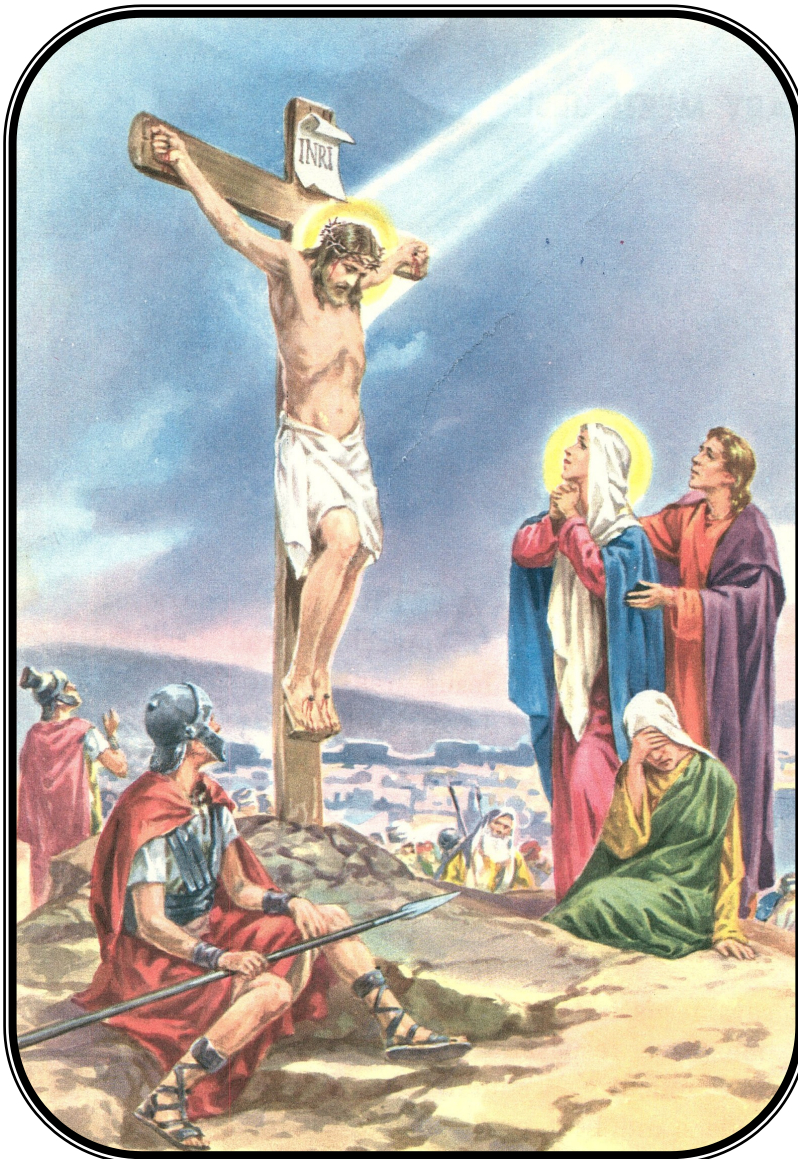
Suddenly David stopped and looked toward the balcony, wide-eyed. “Look, Miriam,” he cried in a fever of excitement. Miriam caught her breath as she saw her grandfather standing out on the balcony, his hands raised in prayer.

Miriam and David ran to him. “Grandfather, you’re standing!” they exclaimed together.

The old man looked at them fondly. “Yes, my children, and I walked out here. The Crucified Christ has granted your request that I walk again. But more than that, He has given me that which He Himself told you was more important—the gift of faith.”

THE BURIAL OF JESUS

Arimathea, a city of Judea, was destined to become known to all the world because of one of her noble sons. Joseph of Arimathea was a man of wealth and influence, famed throughout the land also for his justice and goodness. He was a senator, which means a member of the Sanhedrin, the Supreme Council of the Jews.





Joseph was among those who had listened to Christ's first preaching in Judea. He thereupon became an ardent disciple of our Lord's. However, he did not declare himself as such for fear of the Jews, since he belonged to the Sanhedrin. For the more miracles Jesus worked and the more followers he had, the more the high priests hated Him.

One day when Joseph was with Nicodemus, who was also a secret admirer of Christ's teachings, Caiphas, the high priest, came up to them. "Have you heard about Lazarus?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," Joseph replied simply. "He was raised from the dead by Jesus of Nazareth."

"Do you believe that, Joseph of Arimathea?" Caiphas asked with an ugly sneer on his lips.

"Of course. Did He not raise the daughter of Jarius and the son of the widow of Naim? I have not yet seen Lazarus, but I have talked with those who were present at the miracle."

"You are a fool, Joseph of Arimathea. It was mere trickery—trickery, I tell you!" Caiphas was very angry.

"But the people who saw it—they believed. They wanted to make Him their King."

Caiphas paled with rage. "If something isn't done with this Man, He soon will have all the people believing in Him. He is only a deceiver who goes about working miracles with the aid of the devil. The High Council must have a meeting at once to decide the fate of this imposter. I shall expect you both to be present." And without another word, Caiphas turned and walked away.

"I cannot and will not attend this meeting, Nicodemus," said Joseph. "I am a secret follower of Jesus, as you know. They will surely condemn Him to death if Caiphas has his way."

"Nor shall I attend the meeting unless it be to defend Jesus," Nicodemus replied. "Caiphas' hatred for Him knows no bounds."

So while Nicodemus went to the meeting of the Sanhedrin and spoke in Jesus' defense, Joseph of Arimathea absented himself. Thus did they both incur the displeasure of Caiphas.

A few days later when they were on the road to Jerusalem they again met the high priest.

"Hail, high priest," they greeted him.

"I was searching for you," Caiphas told them, a dangerous look on his evil face. "A serious matter is to be decided. As you know, the Nazarene has been condemned by the High Council. Now we must consider ways and means to bring about His death. This evening the High Council meets for that purpose. Are you with us or against us?"

"Henceforth I shall have nothing more to do with the High Council," Joseph said with finality as he turned away.

"I also withdraw as a member of the High Council," Nicodemus echoed, and walked away after his friend.



Later Joseph of Arimathea learned that Jesus was in the hands of His enemies and on His way to Calvary to be crucified. He grieved very deeply at this terrible news. But Joseph's faith was made even more secure by the Crucifixion. So great was his love for Jesus that he was inspired to provide for his burial before the Sabbath. Therefore he did not stop to think of his own danger in acting as the friend of the Crucified Christ. He went straight to Pilate.

"What is it you would ask me, Joseph of Arimathea?" Pilate inquired.

"I beseech you, Pilate, that I may be permitted to take away the Body of Jesus Who has been crucified, that It may be prepared for burial before the Sabbath."

Pilate marveled to himself at Joseph's courage in making this request. There was no knowing what the enraged Jews might do to him. However, the governor was eager to grant a favor that would honor the dead Nazarene.

"It shall be as you ask, Joseph of Arimathea," he said. "But I doubt whether Jesus is already dead. I shall send a messenger to find out, and report to me."

Joseph thanked Pilate and hastened back to Mount Calvary. Longinus the Centurion had just pronounced Jesus dead. Pilate's messenger immediately departed to report this to the governor.

Then Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who had offered to help him, began their task of love. Very gently and reverently they took the Body of Jesus down from the Cross, while Mary, His Mother, Mary of Magdala and John, the Beloved Apostle, watched them. When they had successfully completed their task, the Mother of Jesus stretched forth her arms, saying,

"Oh, lay my Son here, that I may once again look upon Him in my arms!"

Very sadly Joseph and Nicodemus laid the Body of Jesus in the lap of His Blessed Mother.

"My Son, my Son," she murmured brokenly, "how You have suffered! Behold what sin has done!"

"Truly you are the Mother of Sorrows," said Joseph in an awed voice. "Let us take the crown of thorns from his head." Very carefully, he removed the cruel crown from our Savior's divine brow. "The sun is already low. Let us anoint the Body and prepare It for burial."





Joseph and Nicodemus took the Body of Jesus and wrapped It in fine linens with the spices which Nicodemus had brought. It so happened that Joseph had recently purchased a new tomb in the neighboring garden, a tomb hewn out of a rock. This he offered as a burial place for Jesus.

Mary looked gratefully at Joseph and said, “Joseph of Arimathea, you have shown my Son so much love. He will bless you richly.”

But Joseph answered, “Lady, I am overcome with humility and greatly honored.”

So the sorrowful procession bore the Body of Jesus to the garden, and to Joseph of Arimathea had come the wonderful blessing of having the Son of God laid in his tomb. Then Joseph rolled a great stone to the opening of the sepulcher, and all withdrew. ~ *“Little Stories of Christ's Passion,” Imprimatur 1941 ~*

THE RESURRECTION

Zophar and two other soldiers had been assigned to stand guard at the tomb of Jesus. The first night nothing had happened. But the second night had come, and for some reason Zophar was very uneasy.

The growing paleness in the east told him that at last dawn was on its way. Soon other soldiers would come to relieve him and his companions. Zophar hoped they would be on time, for he wanted to get away from this tomb as quickly as possible.

What was worrying Zophar was the promises Jesus had made that He would rise again on the third day after His death. The Jews who had caused Jesus' death were worried about that promise too. That was why there was a guard at Jesus' tomb. The Jews had gone to the governor pretending to be afraid that Jesus' Apostles and disciples would come and steal His Body and then say He had risen. They asked the governor to station soldiers about the door of the sepulcher to keep Jesus' followers from doing this. But what the Jews were really afraid of was that Jesus would rise, as He had promised, and so prove Himself to be God. They foolishly thought that a few soldiers would be able to stop Him!

And now Zophar was afraid. He didn't believe Jesus could rise from the dead, he told himself; but still in his heart he feared He might. He remembered the death of Jesus. He shuddered as he thought of the earthquake that cracked the rocks, and the chill darkness that had settled over the world.

And many times, too, Zophar found himself thinking about Jesus as he dragged Himself to Golgotha or as He hung on the Cross. Somehow he felt that Jesus had been put to death unjustly. Zophar was a poor, ignorant soldier who knew very little about the case of Jesus. But he had seen that the crowd which mocked Jesus on Golgotha was savage and cruel. He had seen that Jesus' friends who followed Him to His Crucifixion were gentle and peaceable. And, chief of all, he had seen that Jesus Himself was loving, humble and patient. As Zophar helped nail Him to the Cross, he had heard Him pray. “Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing.” Zophar had never met anyone like Him before; he could not believe that Jesus was a criminal.



A sudden sound behind him made Zophar turn quickly toward the tomb. At the same instant the earth moved under his feet and sent him tumbling to the ground.

At first he was stunned. Regaining his senses in a little while, he sat up. But what he saw then set his head spinning again. An Angel was sitting near the tomb. Zophar had never seen such a being. The Angel's face was so glorious and his clothes were such a lustrous white that the tears ran from Zophar's eyes when he tried to look steadily at him. It was just like looking at the sun on a bright day.

Then Zophar saw the tomb was empty!

The huge stone that had blocked its entrance was rolled back. Inside the hollow cavern lay some linen wrappings, and that was all. Jesus was not there.

Zophar turned and ran from the spot. He could see the two other guards running as wildly as he. In a nearby wood the soldiers who were to have relieved Zophar and his companions were standing amazed. But Zophar did not join them. He continued running until he came to a tiny glen. There he threw himself down and lay panting with exhaustion and fear.

As he grew calmer, Zophar became more and more convinced of what he should do next. Probably the other guards would go straight to the high priest and report what had happened. Zophar could imagine the fury of the enemies of Jesus when they learned that He had risen as He promised.

But Zophar had decided not to go to the high priest. Instead he would seek out the disciples of Jesus.

"They will teach me about Him," he said to himself, rising and starting out of the little glen. "And they will tell me what to do that I may see Him."

~ Little Stories of Christ's Miracles, Imprimatur 1942 ~

**He is Risen,
Alleluia!**





~ Easter Sunday ~ The Resurrection of Jesus ~



EASTERTIDE

After the forty days of Lent comes the Paschal season, extending from Easter to Trinity Sunday. It commemorates the Resurrection, or Christ's victory over death, the forty days after the Resurrection, His entrance into glory, and finally, on the fiftieth day, the coming of the Holy Ghost and the birthday of the Church.

Ant. If you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God. Alleluia.

V. This is the day which the Lord hath made, Alleluia.

R. Let us be glad and rejoice therein. Alleluia.

Let us Pray

O God, Who dost gladden us with the yearly celebration of our Lord's Resurrection, grant, in Thy mercy, that through the feast which we solemnize in time, we may be worthy to attain to eternal joys. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

~ Blessed Be God Prayerbook, Imprimatur 1925 ~

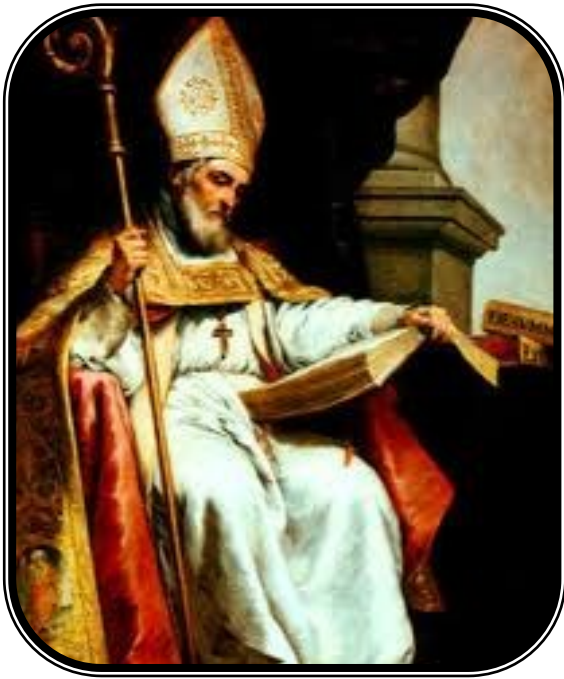


He is risen, Alleluia!

May you all have a blessed and Holy Easter ,
And may He Who is the Light of the World,
Dispel all the darkness in your lives!



ST. ISADORE



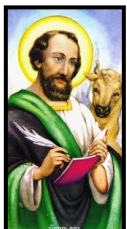
This saint was a great bishop who was one of the most learned men of his time. As a boy, Isadore found it very hard to learn his lessons at school. This discouraged him very much, and he ran away from school. On his way he rested at a roadside spring. Here he noticed a stone which had been hollowed out by the water dripping on it. This caused him to think. He thought to himself that if it was possible for the water to wear away the hard stone by steadily dripping upon it day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, it ought also to be possible to get something into his mind if he kept at it long enough. So he went back to school. He studied hard every day and kept at it until he became very smart. He thanked God for helping him and showed his gratitude by using his learning to convert many people.

My dear children, you can learn a lesson from this saint. Many times you may find it very hard to learn. Think of St. Isadore. Have patience, work hard every day; keep at it all the time and you will succeed. Ask God to help you as St. Isadore did. Then perhaps you also may be able to do much for the honor and glory of God someday.

~ "Practical Aids for Catholic Teachers," Imprimatur 1928 ~

MATCH THE OCCUPATION TO ITS PATRON SAINT

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------------|
| 1. SWIMMERS | A. ST. GEORGE |
| 2. YACHTSMEN | B. ST. VINCENT FERRER |
| 3. ENGLAND | C. ST. MARK |
| 4. NOTARIES | D. ST. ADJUTOR |
| 5. DOCTORS | E. ST. NICHOLAS |
| 6. BUILDERS | F. ST. MARTHA |
| 7. CHILDREN | G. ST. LUKE |
| 8. COOKS | H. ST. ALBERT |
| 9. SCIENTIST | I. ST. ADJUTOR |
| 10. WRITERS | J. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES |



Answers are on the last page of the Gazette



PASCHAL CANDLE

About forty miles west and a little south of Denver, Colorado, is the famous Gray's Peak. It is over 14,000 feet high and is part of the Rocky Mountain Range. A traveler at the turn of the century described his experience in climbing that mountain. He and his party started out early in the morning before the sun was up. He had heard so much of the glorious gorges, the snow-capped summits, the sparkling streams, the limpid waters of Green Lake, fringed with flowers of every hue and fragrance. On they climbed, higher and higher, but the beauties he had hoped to behold, could not be seen. Heavy clouds, hanging low over the slopes, threw blankets of mist over the valleys below. He was disappointed, weary and chilled to the bone.

Suddenly he saw a golden shaft of light pierce the clouds. Soon the sun scattered the clouds entirely, uncovering crag and chasm, unveiling lake and stream, bathing the entire valley with a golden glow. As if by magic, darkness turned to light, cold to warmth, night to day.

The life of man is something like climbing a mountain. Especially is the life of a Catholic during Lent like climbing a misty mountain. It is desolate, chilling and wearying. But when the first light of the Easter Candle casts its Holy Saturday light into the darkness of Holy Week, we begin to see the beauties of our faith, we begin to see what Christ meant when He declared:

"I am the Light of the world."

The Paschal candle represents Christ, the Light of the world. Its wax is a "mysterious virginal production" of "the cleanly bees." It represents the virginal flesh of Christ, formed in the virginal womb of His Mother Mary. The wick symbolized His human soul; the flame shows forth His divine nature. In the body of the candle you will notice five grains of incense—the five wounds of our Lord, arranged in the form of a cross. The grains of incense recall the spices used to prepare His sacred Body for burial.

The blessing of the Paschal Candle on Holy Saturday morning is a strikingly beautiful ceremony. After the blessing of the new fire and the procession up the aisle to the sanctuary, during which the triple candle is lighted with the triple announcement to the world:

"Lumen Christi" - "The Light of Christ," the celebrant goes to the Epistle side of the altar. The deacon takes the book, asks and receives a blessing, and then sings the glorious "Exultet" whose opening words give the theme and spirit of its message:

"Let the angelic choirs of heaven rejoice."

Toward the end of the Preface which follows, the deacon fixes the five blessed grains of incense in the Candle in the form of a cross.

After asking the heavenly Father to accept the sacrifice of this incense, the deacon lights the Paschal Candle with one of the triple candles which had been lighted from the new fire using a taper to transfer the



Light. Then the lamps and candles on the altar are lighted. The deacon sings on. Here is part of his song:

“We beseech Thee, therefore, O Lord, that this candle, consecrated in honor of Thy name, may continue to burn to dissipate the darkness of this night. And being accepted as a sweet savor, may it be mixed with the lights of heaven. May the morning star find its flame alive; that star, which knows no setting, that star which returning from hell or limbo, shone serenely upon mankind.”

The column of wax has become an inspiring sacramental. Standing at the Gospel side of the altar, it puts us in mind of Christ, the Light of the world. Lighted first during the early morning darkness of Holy Saturday, it represents our divine Redeemer Himself, who was dead, but is now risen to new life, never to die again. The forty days during which we see the Paschal Candle in the sanctuary represent the forty days our Lord remained upon this earth after His Resurrection, to further instruct and inspire His apostles and followers.

It is lighted at the solemn Mass and Vespers of Easter Sunday, and on all the Sundays to the Ascension.

With the coming of Ascension Thursday we behold a simple, stirring ceremony after the Gospel of the Mass, when the server extinguishes the Paschal Candle. Christ, whom it represents, has ascended into heaven.

Seldom is this waxen pillar entirely consumed before Ascension. In the early centuries the faithful secured small portions to keep in their homes as protection against evils of soul and body. From this pious practice the Agnus Dei took its origin.

Try to be present for the blessing of the Paschal Candle on Holy Saturday morning. Follow in your missal the beautiful ceremonies with which this emblem of Christ is set up in the sanctuary. Let the Paschal Candle keep continually before your mind that Christ is the Light of the world, Christ is the Light of your life.

There is so much darkness in the world. There is so much darkness in the minds and hearts of men. There is so much darkness in our lives—darkness of ignorance, darkness of unkindness, darkness of sin. Only Christ, the true Light, can dispel that darkness.

Climbing up to God is like climbing up a difficult mountain, like climbing up Gray’s Peak. Mists of misunderstanding and doubt and sadness oppress us. In such times of darkness turn to Christ, the true Light. Amen.

~ Talks on the Sacramentals, Imprimatur no year listed ~





Answers to Catholic Quiz on the Mass

1. It is the unbloody renewal of the Sacrifice of Our Lord upon the Cross.
2. It is that part of the Mass from the end of the Sanctus to the beginning of the Pater Noster. It contains the Consecration, and is called the Canon (rule or standard) because it is practically unchangeable in every Mass.
3. The Missal is the Mass Book contained all the prayers said by the priest during the Holy Sacrifice.
4. (a) In low Mass, the priest reads or recites all the prayers, (b) in high Mass, the priest sings the Mass, (c) in solemn high Mass, the celebrant is assisted by a deacon and subdeacon.
5. At the consecration of the bread, "For this is My Body." At the consecration of the wine, "For this is the chalice of My Blood of the new and eternal testament: the mystery of faith; which for you and for many shall be shed unto the remission of sins."
6. The cup in which the wine is consecrated during the Mass.
7. A piece of white linen used for cleaning the chalice and wiping the fingers and lips of the celebrant at Mass.
8. The vessel in which the Sacred Hosts are kept for distribution at Communion.
9. The plate on which the priest puts the Host which he offers and consecrates in the Mass.
10. It is the official language of the Church, and, not being in popular use, is not subject to change in meaning.

ANSWERS TO OCCUPATIONS AND PATRON SAINTS

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

This is a series of Catholic Gazettes for children. We are trying to put a little information in each gazette for all ages. We pray that it will help all to know and love the Faith better. It is put together by the students of St. Catherine's Academy as part of their Language, Religion, Art and Typing Courses. A.M.D.G. We hope you enjoy it. If you have any suggestions, ideas or comments please let us know at : <jwillson61@charter.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.~