



St. Catherine's Academy Gazette®

Holy Mother Church has dedicated this month to the Holy Souls in Purgatory

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The Sunflower - Faith

How Great a Blessing is the True Faith.

THERE is a flower which possesses this peculiarity, that it turns constantly to the sun, following it in its course; on this account it is called the Sunflower. Our Faith may be compared to this flower, since its gaze is ever fixed above, and turned toward the glorious sun of divine Truth. The first flower in our garland of virtues is and ought to be the Faith of which we speak. For this faith, a clear, living, steadfast, unalterable faith is supremely necessary and all important for us, especially in the present day. Therefore consider first how great a blessing it is to possess the one true, Catholic faith. Our Lord said upon one occasion: "Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed." Why did He thus speak? Why are those blessed who possess the true faith?

The first reason is this: by faith we please God. The desire for happiness is deeply implanted in every human breast, and the history of mankind is merely the recital of a ceaseless search for happiness. But where is man to find happiness, and where alone? The following lines will tell you:

Would you be happy, this is the way:

Please God and do His will day by day;

Saint-like your duty do; fervently pray.

~ adapted from: The Catholic Girls Guide, Imprimatur 1905 ~

Feasts and Fasts This Month:

Nov. 1st ~ All Saints Day
Holyday of Obligation

Nov. 2nd ~ All Souls Day

Nov. 21st ~ The Presentation of
the Blessed Virgin Mary

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In the beginning, and through the centuries, there has been a rivalry between the sword and the pen. Which is the mightier has been the question. Rightly the decision favors the pen. The sword is trenchant and quickly hurls souls to their eternal destiny. The pen, incisive as the blade, has left a mark deeper and broader than the sword.

“One drop of ink makes millions think.” The pen shapes the activity of mankind when the sword lies idle in its sheath. The scabbard must at times put the sword to sleep. The pen never slumbers.

So with the pen it is that we shall fight!

Onward Christian Soldiers!

~ *Monsignor Benson* ~

BERNARD'S THANKSGIVING DAY

“Bernard, I wouldn't advise you to risk it today. The lake is frozen over, that's true. It may hold you along the shore, but further out it's mighty thin and you might go through. 'Twere better to stay away. I don't trust this rubber ice, not I!”

Thus spoke Farmer Williams to his son. It was the twenty-fifth of November, cold and frosty. The preceding night had been bitterly cold, and everything now lay clasped in winter's chill embrace. The nearby lake presented miles and miles of dull white and blue. It was a frozen mass—so it seemed from a distance. Bernard Williams had been sharpening skates and making a great fuss generally, in looking for straps and such like things.

But now his father had spoken. It was like pouring cold water over a hot stove, so quickly did his enthusiasm cool off.

In the kitchen some moments later he told Annie all about it. “He didn't forbid it,” he added, after telling of his father's admonition. “He merely said: ‘I wouldn't advise it.’ And so I'm going anyway. After our magnificent dinner at grandmother's, I'll just skip down to the lake and cut some figure-eights.”

“You're surely a goose, if you do,” said Annie with sisterly bluntness.

“Oh, you are a goose, too,” rejoined Bernard, half angrily.

“Then we are both geese and we are certain to get ourselves eaten at grandmother's Thanksgiving dinner,” laughed Anne, good naturedly.

She said no more; for what is a sister to do with a big, headstrong brother?

'Twas two o'clock in the afternoon. Bernard Williams sitting on an old log behind a clump of willow bushes on the lake shore, was putting on his skates. The ice was splendid—smooth as glass and just as transparent. “Oh, how fine!” exclaimed Bernard, as he arose and made a number of fancy cuts and twenty-foot strokes. “Now for some fun—miles of it! Out you go, Bennie!”



The ice *was* thin, he noticed. How it sometimes cracked! How “rubbery” it seemed to be at places! “Where it sags it never breaks,” cried Bernard as he sailed along.

All unconsciously he had gone out further and further. Then as he turned to look back he uttered a cry of surprise. There was the shore, fully a mile away. He looked through the clear ice. Dark and deep was the water below. And how very thin the ice seemed to be! ‘Twas only an inch thick—he could tell from the air bubbles. The vast expanse of ice was everywhere cracking. There were the sharp, plunging cracks and the dull booms, as it always the case on a cold, sunny day.

As he stood gazing at the shore there was a sharp, running sound, and he saw a little streak of water glimmering between him and the land. “It’s a crack!” he exclaimed. “Can I cross it? And if not...?” With startling vividness his father’s words came back to him: “Bernard, I wouldn’t advise it.” “Bernard—” how full of love and fatherly care that one word had been!

R-r-r-r-r! R-r-r-r-r! “I wouldn’t advise it. I wouldn’t advise it.” So the strokes grated on his ears as he glided towards the shore. He had reached the crack. ‘Twas two inches wide, he noted. The water bubbling over covered the ice three feet on either side. As he neared the crack the ice sagged. He started back aghast. His heart pounded in his ears. “I wouldn’t advise it. I wouldn’t advise it.” He swallowed hard. An awful feeling of fear gripped his. “I’m lost if I go through!” he exclaimed, trembling. “Dear God, I’ll never disobey again. Guardian Angel, oh help me!”

He looked about for help. No one was in sight. And how could anyone have helped him out there on the thin ice?

“I must try a quick slide,” he muttered weakly as he went back for a start. “Guardian Angel, help me now!” He was crossing—but he felt himself sinking slowly, slowly... Then his right foot caught the opposite edge of the cracked ice and he fell. In went his right foot. Already the water was up to his knee, and still he felt himself sinking, sinking. ‘Twas an awful moment. “Angel Guardian,” he cried, “help, oh help me!” At that moment new strength seemed to be given him. Pulling himself up as best as he could, he made a last desperate effort and threw himself forward. And—“God be praised!” he cried chokingly, as he slipped out upon the smooth ice, “I’m safe.”

Ten minutes later he was on shore, removing his skates with trembling hands.

+ + +

Bernard is a man now. Since that eventful Thanksgiving Day, 1906, he has ever valued his father’s advice. Time and time again he has said: “My Guardian Angel saved me then.”

~ “Tell Us Another,” *Imprimatur* 1925 ~



MATCH THE OCCUPATIONS TO THEIR PATRON SAINTS



- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Students | A. St. Cecilia |
| 2. First Communicants | B. St. Joseph |
| 3. Photographers | C. St. Thomas More |
| 4. Fishermen | D. St. Luke |
| 5. Doctors | E. St. Jerome |
| 6. Musicians | F. St. Philomena |
| 7. Lawyers | G. St. Pius X |
| 8. Sick | H. St. Veronica |
| 9. Catholic Church | I. St. Andrew |
| 10. Librarians | J. St. Aloysius
Gonzaga |

Our Lord told St. Gertrude the Great that the following prayer would release 1000 souls from Purgatory each time it is said:

“Eternal Father, I offer Thee the most precious Blood of Thy Divine Son, Jesus, in union with the Masses said throughout the world to day, for all the holy souls in Purgatory. Amen.”

APPROVAL AND RECOMMENDATION (sqd.) M. CARDINAL PAHIARCA, LISBON, PORTUGAL, MARCH 4, 1936.





ST. GREGORY AND THE DEVILS

I don't often think, speak, or write about devils, because I think the less we have to do with them the better. But now and then it is, perhaps, well to read what power they have, and how very much more power those have who are in God's grace and have Him on their side.

St. Gregory the Wonder-Worker was going out of his city, Cesarea. It was raining so hard that he had to stop and try to get shelter somewhere. There was no building near except a heathen temple, the most famous of all in the city. In it the devils had great honor paid to them, and they repaid their clients by answering questions, and pretending to foretell the future, which we all know the devil, clever as he is, cannot do. But he makes a very good guess sometimes which seems to do pretty nearly as well for many people. Before St. Gregory and his companions entered this temple the Saint made the sign of the Cross several times over the whole building. Then he went in and settled himself down for the night with his companions.

Perhaps you think that means covering himself up, and finding as warm a spot as possible, and falling off to sleep as soon as he could. But it means nothing of the kind in this case. St. Gregory and those with him passed the whole night praying.

Next morning the little company set out on their journey, and at the appointed time the priests of the idols came back and began the ceremonies as usual. They sacrificed and prayed but no answer came. On being urged, the devils acknowledged that they had been driven out by a man who had spent the night in the temple. The chief priest, in a fury, set off to find St. Gregory. When he had overtaken him he abused him violently for interfering with his worship, and threatened him with complaints to the magistrates unless he repaired the mischief he had done. St. Gregory was perfectly calm, and told the priest that he had power to drive away the devil, and power to bring him back.

The pagan was amazed, and besought him to give him a proof of his power. St. Gregory took a





slip of paper and wrote upon it : "Gregory to Satan : ENTER."

These words were laid upon the altar of the idols, and, behold, Satan returned, and gave his false answers as before. St. Gregory was a Saint, and God worked wonderful miracles by his hand. But I don't think any of his miracles are greater than what any one of you can work.

You can drive out the wicked spirit as truly as Gregory the Wonder-Worker did. Satan flies from the sign of the Cross made by your little hands, just as he fled from that made by the Saint. And, alas ! like St. Gregory, you can say "ENTER !"; and just as promptly he enters with his lying words. Is it not grand to have such a powerful weapon as the holy Cross?

Because, you see, we may want to leave the devil alone. But he won't leave us alone, and we must have something to drive him away with. So when temptation comes, with its wiles and its soft coloring, and its coaxing manner, we will bravely make the sign of the Cross, and Satan will flee.

May St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, the Wonder-Worker, teach you and me to put the devils to flight!

~ "Saints and Festivals," *Imprimatur* 1913 ~

"A little seed washed red -
It fell from a wounded hand -
Lo, how its roots have spread,
It now fills all the land.

~ Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. ~





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~ St. Gregory Thaumaturgus , Feast Day, November 17th ~



THE HEROIC ACT

The young man was a college graduate and a recent convert to the Church. During the evening instruction I noted his keen interest. When he met me later he remarked earnestly:

“The Catholic Doctrine of Purgatory is so natural and consoling. It is a beautiful thought to know that we can help those dear to us who have passed from life in God’s grace, but are not entirely free from venial sins. I read the article ‘Purgatory’ in volume XII of ‘The Catholic Encyclopedia,’ and I see the full force of the Church’s doctrine. You spoke tonight of means of helping the Holy Souls. Your reference to the Heroic Act interested me. Father, just what is this Heroic Act?”

“It is an offer to God, for the souls in Purgatory, of all the satisfactory works which we perform during life and also of all the suffrages which may be offered for us after death.”

My friend was silent for a moment, thoughtfully silent.

“I understand,” he replied slowly. “Then it means that I give up, out of charity, for the souls in Purgatory, all the satisfactory value of my good works in life, all the Indulgences I may gain, and even the Masses and prayers that friends may offer or may have offered for me after my death.”

“That is what it means,” I answered. “Now you know why it is called the Heroic Act.”

“Yes. It is heroic, because in our charity we do not think of self. Yet I know that such charity must bring great reward from God, and an increase of His love. But supposing one becomes frightened at the magnitude of his sacrifice, could he not revoke it?”

“It is not a vow. It does not bind under penalty of sin and can be revoked or renewed according to one’s fervor and charity.”

For some minutes we walked silently up and down the path near the church; then my young friend turned to me with a smile.

“This is the month of November, the month of the Holy Souls. I will make the Heroic Act, Father, and trust to God alone when I am gone. The increase of merit is worth the sacrifice.” I told him that those who make the Heroic Act can gain a Plenary Indulgence as often as they receive Holy Communion, and also on any Monday they hear Mass,





out of devotion to the Holy Souls, provided a visit be made to the Blessed Sacrament and some prayer be said for the intentions of the Holy Father. If one is legitimately prevented from attending Mass on Monday, the Sunday Mass may be offered instead. The sick, who cannot receive Holy Communion frequently, or attend Mass, may have other pious works substituted by their confessor. Priests who make the Heroic Act enjoy the personal favor of a privileged altar every day of the year. No set form of words is required to make the heroic offering. A mere act of the will suffices.

~ *“Can You Explain Catholic Practices,” Imprimatur 1937 ~*

FOLLOW THE LEADER

In a dream, I saw a long road stretching from the ground away up into the sky, right up into Heaven. It was a very rough road, and the road was sprinkled with little, tiny pieces of glass, old rusty nails, and sharp stones. People were trying to walk along the road in their bare feet. Some of the people stepped on the nails: some of them cut their feet on the glass and the sharp stones. They were having an awful time trying to walk along the road. They were having a mighty hard time trying to get to Heaven.

But then in the dream, I saw Jesus come along. He was in His bare feet too. Jesus walked very slowly, and He was very careful. Up the road went Jesus, and never once did He cut His feet or get a nail in them. Up and up Jesus went, and finally He reached Heaven, and there He sat on a big gold chair, watching the other people climb the hill, and waving to them to keep on trying.

Pretty soon, Mary, the Mother of Jesus, came along. Mary was wise. Do you know what she did? She just walked right in the footsteps of Jesus! Wherever Jesus had walked, Mary walked in the same place, and why, in no time, Mary was up at the top of the hill – up in Heaven with Jesus. Jesus made His Mother Mary sit right next to Him on a big chair. Then Mary, too, waved to the people down and at the bottom of the hill, to walk in the same footsteps and come up to Heaven.

And the wise little boys and girls did just that. They, too, walked right in the footsteps of Jesus, and they never hurt themselves, and before long they were right up in Heaven with Jesus and Mary.

Of course, there were some boys and girls who would not walk in the steps of Jesus, and you can guess what happened to them. Why, they cut their feet, and they never reached the top of the hill. They never reached Heaven. They never lived with Jesus and Mary.



Wasn't that a grand dream? Of course, it was only a dream, but how true that dream is! It is a hard road up to Heaven. It takes a long time to get to Heaven, but the little boys and girls who will follow right in the steps of Jesus and Mary, they will reach Heaven very easily. And the boys and girls who will not walk in the steps of Jesus and Mary, they are going to have a hard time. They will never reach the top of the road. They will never, never reach Heaven!

You know, one time a man asked Jesus how he could go to Heaven, and Jesus only said: "Follow Me." Jesus told the man to walk in His steps, and he could surely reach Heaven. It was just like my dream.

What does Jesus ask us to do? Not very much! All that Jesus asks us to do is to keep ten rules, ten laws. If we keep those ten rules, we will surely go to Heaven. He asks us to pray, not to swear, to go to Mass on Sunday, to obey our parents, not to fight or steal, not to tell lies. Why, when you come down to it, Jesus asks hardly anything of us. He certainly does not ask us to do anything hard.

Yes, it is easy to go to Heaven. It is very easy to go to Heaven, if you will only walk in the footsteps of Jesus. Jesus is our Leader. Let's follow the Leader!

~ "Angel City," Imprimatur 1938 ~





DEVOTION TO THE SAINTS

In the first day of November the Church celebrates the feast of All Saints. Many people spend the evening before this great feast in parading the streets and doing all sorts of silly things. They say they are celebrating Halloween. But very few of them know what it really means. Halloween means the “Eve of All Saints.

The saints of God are His special friends. When you have a little friend you want others to be kind to your friend, and you are pleased when others like him also. So it is with God. The more we honor His friends the more we please Him.

A saint is a person who is holy; and as sanctifying grace makes one holy, all who are in sanctifying grace are holy. But usually, when we speak about saints we mean the souls in Heaven. All of us hope to be in Heaven some day. It is for this we are on earth. You remember the question in the catechism, “Why did God make you?” And the answer, “God made me to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next.” By the next world we mean Heaven. You see, God expects each one of us to one day live with Him and His saints in that beautiful place called Heaven.

The saints in Heaven do not need our help, but their prayers for us are very powerful with God. Since the saints are such dear friends of God, we ask them to intercede for us with God, for He will not refuse the prayers of His special friends. We do not adore these saints. We adore God alone, but we honor the great men and women whom God Himself honors. God like us to honor His saints and have them plead for us. God grants us many favors through the saints which we might not have received, if we had asked alone. People pray to St. Anthony for something, or they are saying prayers to St. Joseph.

When we pray to the saints we ask their help and prayer. We know that the saints can hear us, because they are with God, Who lets them know what takes place on earth. How do we know the saints will help us? The saints will help us, because they are members of the same Church and because they are our brothers and sisters.

God is our Father, the Blessed Virgin our Mother, and the saints and angels are our brothers and sisters. We are like one big family where we all try to help one another.

We honor the Blessed Virgin more than any other saint, because she is the Mother of God. The Blessed Virgin is greater and higher than all others, except God alone. Since she is the Mother of God, she is the most perfect and the most powerful of all creatures. For this reason, you should do all you can to foster a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Mary is also your Mother. If you ask her to help you, she will, like a good mother, come to your aid. Above all try to please the great Mother of God by keeping your heart free from sin. In this way you will become a special friend of the Blessed Virgin and she will help you and protect you every day of your life.



We can honor the saints in many ways. We can ask their help and prayers; we can honor them by celebrating their feasts; by venerating their statues and pictures, by bearing their name, by singing hymns in their honor, and most of all by trying to live as they lived. Now we shall see how little boys and girls can honor the saints.

Many times boys and girls need help to make them good children. For some it is very hard to obey. Other children get angry very quickly and quarrel with their playmates. Still other boys and girls often say bad words and do evil deeds. They would like to get rid of these faults and bad habits, but they are not strong enough to fight the temptation.

You also need help from the saints. You have many faults and bad habits that you would like to get rid of. Suppose you ask the saints to help you. They were once as small as you. They had to fight hard, too, to overcome their bad habits. So they will be glad to help others fight against sinful thoughts, words, and deeds. See what powerful help we can obtain by praying to the saints? Pray every day that the saints of God may help you to gain Heaven.

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

PRAYER TO ONE'S PATRON SAINT

O, great Saint, whose name I now bear, intercede for me before the throne of God, that He fortify me in Faith, strengthen me in virtue, and protect me from the conflict of life so that I may be victorious over the wiles of Satan and attain my only goal - Everlasting Life in Heaven.

Amen.



Who's Who ~ Can you name the Saints in this coloring picture?

(you will find the answers on the last page of the gazette)



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MARY'S PRESENTATION ~ November 21st



It is an old, old story and yet one of those that, in spite of their age, never grow old. Listen, my children, and you shall see how beautiful such a story can be.

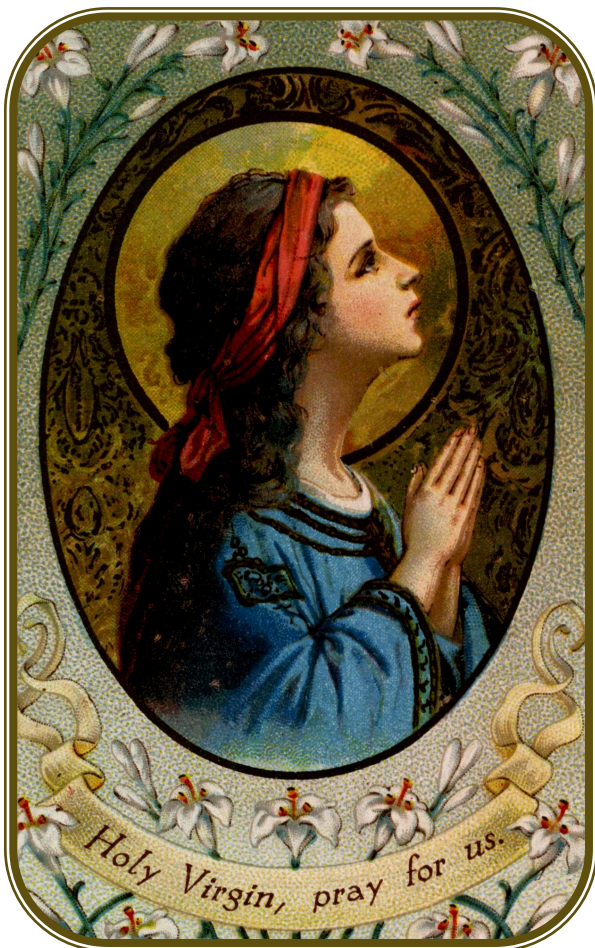
It was around the middle of November, cold and dreary, about twelve years before that first Christmas night when angels sang "Glory to God in the highest" on the plains near Bethlehem. It happened in the great Temple of Jerusalem. The priests stood waiting in the holy place one day. They had been reading the Book of Isaias the Prophet, who so beautifully told of the coming Messiah and of His Virgin Mother. They stood waiting. For whom were they waiting, I wonder.

Suddenly up the aisle came a little child, a little girl of three summers, Mary, you know. She was led by her father and Mother, St. Joachim and St. Anna. She was a beautiful child, more beautiful even than stray sunbeams are; indeed, invisible rays of divine grace shone all around that wondrous girl. You could see their reflection on her angel face. The priests did not know that she was to be the Mother of God. But there was one present who did know. That was holy Simeon, who took Mary's babe, our Jesus, into his arms in that same Temple about twelve years later and praised his God in words of glorious song. He knew, because the Holy Ghost told it to his heart. And as he saw that little girl coming up the aisle he smiled a happy smile.

Joachim and Anna had promised to give this child to God for the special service of the Temple. Now the great sacrifice was about to be made. It was Joachim who spoke, and his voice trembled as though he were afraid, as though his heart were breaking. It was breaking. But while Anna wept he tried to control himself enough to say in a low voice, "Priests of the holy Temple, will you take our child into your care and bring her up here in the service of the Most High God under the charge of the good matrons of the Temple?" Holy Simeon smiled happily. He knew why God wanted Mary to grow up in His own house.



For a moment no one knew just what to say. The priests gazed in awed surprise, rendered mute by the mystic beauty of this rare presentation. Then holy Simeon spoke. "Child," he said, "have you heaven's call?" The child turned her wondrous eyes towards the gorgeous veil of the Temple that shut out from sight the Holy of Holies. The priests turned, too; their gaze followed hers. Could it be possible! Was that curtain swaying strangely beneath the gaze of the child? But Mary was speaking now in a voice sweet and low, "Yes, heaven sent me here. O priests of God, let me in, here to live in His holy house, serving and praising Him always." And softly she continued, "No; it was not a dream by night. A voice called me to leave this world of sin. It was the voice of an angel pure and bright speaking to my heart. 'Leave father and mother,' the voice seemed to say, 'and win the crown of a virgin's vow.' I seemed to see my angel as he spoke." Then with sweet simplicity she added, "I am only three summers old, just a little child."



Much the priests marveled to hear her speak thus. But she continued, "Yes, holy priests; our father's God is great and all His mercies are sweet. It was His angel that bade me come, that guided my heart and my feet to the Temple gate. It was His angel that told me that when I should be three summers old God would be waiting for me here, to receive my vow, more sweet to Him than sweet-smelling incense fumes." In awe the priests drew nearer to the child. There was an angel's look upon her lovely face. But Simeon only smiled. He knew.



THE SKELETON SENTINEL

“Stand fast thus in the Lord.”

We are coming to the end of the Church’s year. These words of St. Paul are chosen to remind us of a virtue—the virtue of final perseverance. These are big words, but all they mean is that you must finish what you have begun.

You may have heard in your history classes about the city of Pompeii. It stood at the foot of the volcano which is called Mount Vesuvius in the southern part of Italy. Suddenly and without any warning, the volcano erupted and carried the city in lava and ashes. In recent years scientists began to dig down into the ruins of Pompeii to find out how people lived in the days of the Roman Empire. They found all sorts of curious things. They came to the gate of one building and saw a strange sight. They saw a skeleton, still dressed in the armor of a Roman soldier, standing at attention. For two thousand years that soldier had been at his post. He was steadfast to the end. No wonder Rome could conquer the world with men like that.

St Paul would tell us, “Stand fast thus in the Lord.” Many children have a fault which can be overcome by standing fast to the end. They begin a thing well, and go most of the way through it, and then toward the end they quit. It is the finish line that decides and race and the final whistle that decides a game. A baseball team can get all the runners it wants on third base, but it will not win a game unless they cross the home plate. Final perseverance simply means: do not quit on third.

The “Swallow” was a steamer that sailed the Great Lakes. It caught fire once near Buffalo. Most of the people were saved through the bravery of the helmsman, John Maynard, who stayed at the helm and brought the ship to shore. He stayed to the end until the ship was safe even though his hands were burned and blistered by the flames and his lungs choked with smoke. “Stand fast thus in the Lord.”

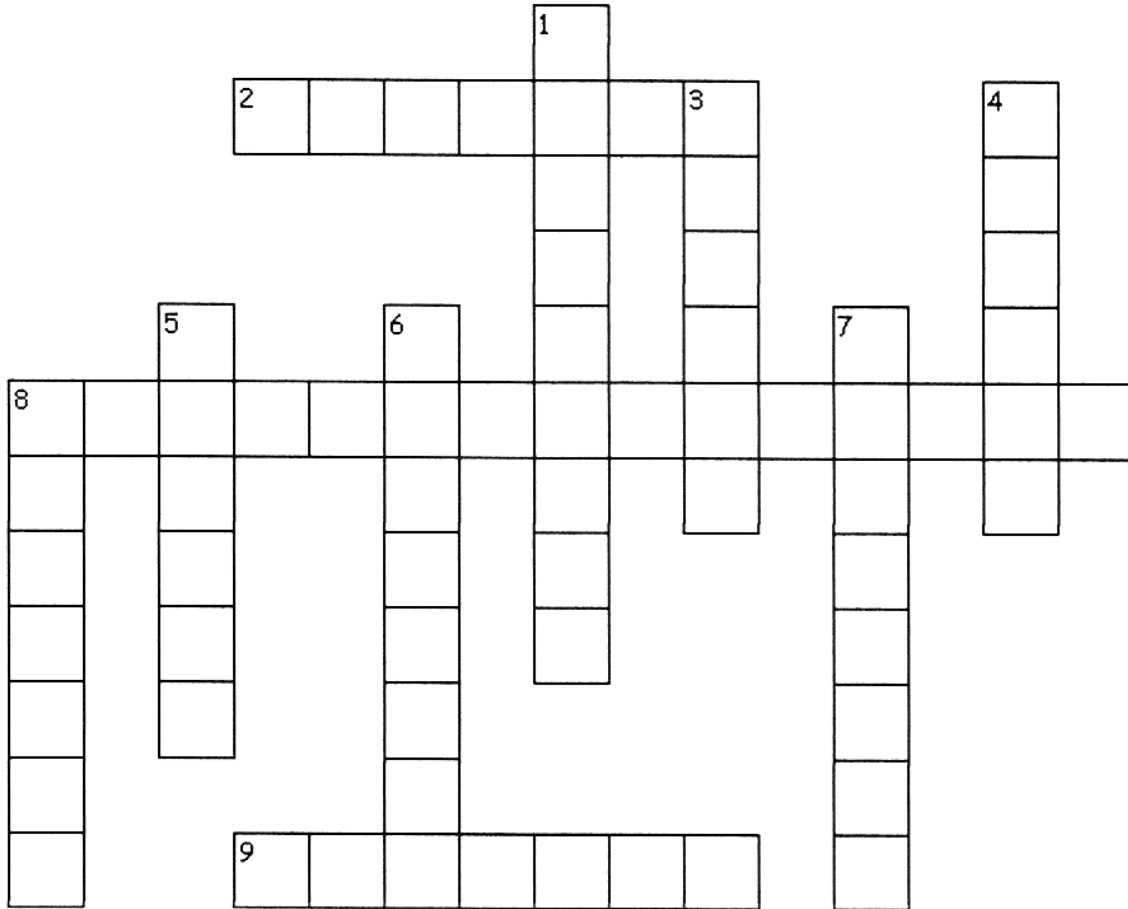
Stonewall Jackson got his unusual nickname because he would never budge an inch in battle. He believed in fighting to the end. One of his soldiers during a battle looked up at him and was inspired by his bravery to say, “There stands Jackson like a stone wall.” That is how he got his name.

St. Paul would look at these examples of bravery and final perseverance and tell us not to quit, not to die on third base, to “stand fast thus in the Lord.”

~ “Heirs of the Kingdom,” Imprimatur 1949 ~



SAINTS OF NOVEMBER CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Across:

- 2. Patroness of Musicians.
- 8. Patron Saint of Seminarians.
- 9. This bishop drove demons from a temple.

Down:

- 1. Wife of Louis IV, Landgrave of Thuringia.
- 3. Teacher and mentor of St. Thomas Aquinas.
- 4. Patron Saint of Fishermen.
- 5. This Saint cut his cloak for a beggar.
- 6. Patroness of the West Indies.
- 7. Martyr for Church Unity between the Russian Orthodox and the Holy See.
- 8. The fourth pope; was a martyr.

(Answers on the last page of the Gazette)



ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY

ST ELIZABETH was the daughter of a King and the wife of a powerful Prince. She was only twenty-four when she died, but in that short time she had suffered all kinds of misfortunes. When she was four years old she was sent away from her own home that she might be brought up in the Court of her future husband. The little child loved God better than anything in the world. So of course she loved prayer in the same way. She used to steal away from the amusements of the other children and find a quiet corner in the church. Others of the royal household did not like so much piety, and they used to make fun of Elizabeth and treat her cruelly. One day Elizabeth took off her diadem when she knelt before the Blessed Sacrament, and being asked why, she said she could not bear to wear jewels when she thought of the crown of thorns Our Lord had worn. But her young companion Agnes only sneered, and told her she was more fitted for the cloister than the throne.

Louis, the Landgrave, who was to be her husband, did not think this, however. He loved Elizabeth and admired her for her great virtue, particularly for her love of the poor. She was allowed to spend anything she liked on them, and to attend them in the hospitals and in their homes. If this good young Prince had lived Elizabeth would have suffered far less. But God took him Home and left Elizabeth a widow in her twentieth year. Then came all the troubles. The young Landgrave's relations turned the Saint out of doors, and left her with out even the necessaries of life. She had no shelter for herself and her young children, until a pious woman took her out of the streets and gave her a night's lodging.

Though St. Elizabeth felt this trouble greatly, and her heart ached much, yet there was a secret joy within her. She knew that God sends sufferings to those He loves, and as she loved Him above all things, His love was what she wanted most in the world. So she suffered all without a word of complaint, and, what is very hard, without feeling any anger against those who had wronged her so shamefully. These Princes grew ashamed of their wicked behaviour, and restored Elizabeth to her castle and her honours and her wealth. The Saint was glad for many reasons. Now she could feed her poor again, and clothe them and shelter them. She built hospitals for them and dressed their wounds herself. Any day she might have been seen spinning wool for their garments and preparing food for their meals. Her father, the King of Hungary, wanted her to come back to his Court ; he thought he could make her happier than she was in her late husband's castle. But for that very reason Elizabeth preferred to stay. She had learned to love contradictions and sorrow because they made her more like Our Lord Him self. Is not the love of God a great good ? It changes the look of all things in life, and makes the hard easy, or at any rate easier to bear.



You all know the story of St. Elizabeth and the roses. One day the dear little Saint was coming down a steep path. Her mantle was filled and bulging out with food meat, eggs, and fruit for the poor. Louis, her husband, coming home from the chase, met her and wondered to see her so laden. He blamed her for carrying such a load, and asked her to let him see what she had. She drew aside the mantle and laughingly replied :

"Roses, my lord." The Landgrave looked in astonishment. Roses they were fresh, blooming, beautiful roses. He took one out of the mass and kept it to the end of his life. Is not Our Lord lovingly kind ? Try Him.

~ Saints and Festivals, Imprimatur 1913 ~

All the Saints of Ireland

(Feast - November 6)



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'er 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!



~ Prayers of an Irish Mother, Imprimatur 1954 ~



~ St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Feast Day, November 19 ~



ALL SOULS AND ALL SAINTS WORDSEARCH

1. HEAVEN
2. PURGATORY
3. CEMETERY
4. ETERNAL REST
5. TOMBSTONE
6. CHURCH MILITANT
7. POOR SOULS
8. SAINTS
9. SYLVESTER
10. REST IN PEACE
11. MARTIN
12. ELIZABETH
13. DIDACUS
14. CHARLES BORROMEIO
15. ALL SAINTS' DAY
16. ALL SOULS' DAY
17. JOSAPHAT
18. GERTRUDE
19. CLEMENT
20. CATHERINE LABOURE

T	I	O	N	C	H	V	Z	L	I	P	Q	F	E	A	S	T	S
D	E	P	A	L	L	S	O	U	L	S	D	A	Y	L	Y	V	O
A	D	O	U	R	E	T	H	R	S	A	I	N	U	T	L	S	C
E	L	E	Y	R	E	T	E	M	E	C	B	O	R	E	V	A	O
A	E	T	I	N	G	S	T	N	I	A	S	G	D	T	E	L	E
H	R	R	E	F	E	A	Q	S	T	R	Z	U	J	X	S	L	M
W	U	E	T	D	A	I	T	N	U	T	R	S	P	R	T	S	O
P	O	S	A	I	C	T	I	O	C	T	D	Q	E	N	E	A	R
H	B	T	H	D	E	T	P	R	R	I	T	A	N	N	R	I	R
C	A	I	P	A	Z	S	N	E	O	Y	M	V	O	E	M	N	O
B	L	N	A	C	E	E	G	R	P	A	R	E	T	P	A	T	B
R	E	P	S	U	A	B	T	I	R	O	N	M	S	A	R	S	S
R	N	E	O	S	I	L	A	T	G	E	M	Z	B	T	Q	D	E
T	I	A	J	R	S	A	I	M	A	R	C	E	M	L	I	A	L
N	R	C	A	H	U	N	L	U	O	Z	R	U	O	P	L	Y	R
L	E	E	C	H	U	R	C	H	M	I	L	I	T	A	N	T	A
Y	H	W	O	O	D	E	M	E	D	I	C	A	N	E	T	A	H
L	T	O	U	P	E	T	W	A	T	M	E	E	V	R	L	O	C
N	A	B	E	C	L	E	M	E	N	T	R	A	N	A	D	E	T
T	C	E	H	T	E	B	A	Z	I	L	E	S	O	U	B	I	R
O	V	S	T	C	L	P	Q	V	O	H	S	M	E	P	N	A	L



THE SAINTS.

When we say the litany of the Saints we say: "All ye holy Martyrs, pray for us;" "All ye holy Confessors, pray for us."

Some little children wonder how there come to be so many different kinds of saints. I will explain to you about them. Saints are holy people who are declared by the Church to have died in such a degree of holiness as to make it sure that they are in heaven; therefore we ask them to beg Our Lord to grant our prayers. Remember, we do not pray to saints or angels to help us themselves, for they could not do that, so we pray them to beg Our Lord to help us. But the saints did not all serve God in exactly the same way.

Some of them gave up their lives for their faith; that is to say, they preferred to suffer torture and death rather than deny their faith. Such saints are called martyrs, and on their feasts the priests wear red vestments when they say Mass.

Confessors are those saints who confessed—that is, declared and lived up to their faith, but were not martyrs, and on their feasts the vestments are white.

The virgins are holy people, such as monks, priests, and nuns, who were never married, but remained single all their lives, so as to be able to devote their whole time to God's service; but as a rule, when we speak of virgins we mean women saints who were never married, and generally white vestments are used for their feasts.

The evangelists were the two apostles and two other disciples who wrote about the life and works of Jesus Christ. Their names were St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John.

Doctors are very learned men, to whom the Church gives the title of doctor, or teacher, on account of their learned writings; such are St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and St. Thomas Aquinas.

Hermits were holy men and women who went away to the desert and lived, all alone, a life of prayer and penance, in memory of the forty days Our Lord passed in the desert; St. Peter the Hermit and St. Anthony were among them.

The patriarchs were the holy men who lived before the coming of Our Lord, such as Moses, Abraham, and Noe.

The prophets were those holy people to whom God gave the power of foretelling what was to happen, such as Elias, Jeremias, and Isaias.

We do not pray to the pictures or statues of saints we see in church, neither do we adore the relics of saints. Protestants may think that we do, but it is not true. We honor and preserve relics of saints because they are part of, or have belonged to, some very holy person; just as we are very fond of the pictures of people we have loved, or of something that has belonged to them.

One of the greatest relics is that of the true cross—that is to say, a tiny piece of the cross on which Our Saviour was crucified. We love and honor this relic because it once touched the sacred body of Jesus, and it reminds us of Him, but we certainly do not pray to a little piece of wood, as people who are not Catholics like to say we do.



They say just the same thing of crucifixes, rosaries, scapulars, and "Agnus Deis" but it is not true of any of them. We honor crucifixes because they remind us how much Jesus loved us, since He was willing to die on the cross to save us. We honor rosaries because on them we say prayers to Our Lady, and we know that she wishes us to honor them. Medals are like tiny pictures of Our Lord and Our Lady, or some saint. Scapulars are little pieces of cloth or flannel representing the habit of some religious Order, which are worn by pious people, who would like to have some part in that Order.

"Agnus Deis" are like little pictures, in wax, of our blessed Lord, in the shape of "the Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world." We like to wear them because they remind us of our salvation. Rosaries, medals, scapulars, and "Agnus Deis " are blessed, and the Pope grants indulgences to those who use them.

All the saints are worthy of our love and respect, for they are all God's chosen friends, and have all done His work; but some of them we know much better than others, so that of course we feel more affection for them. Especially we should have a great love and devotion to our patron saint, that is, the saint whose name was given to us when we were baptized. Of very many saints we know nothing, not even their names. The little children who were killed by King Herod in the place of Our Lord were martyrs, for they gave up their lives to save that of Our Lord; we do not know their names, but we honor them under the title of the "Holy Innocents."

Once a holy saint named Ursula went with a great many companions, perhaps some hundreds, to convert some people called the Germans ; they were all martyred, but we do not know the names of any of the others, so we venerate them as St. Ursula and companions.

Hundreds of holy missionaries are still giving up their lives, trying to convert the pagans of different countries, but we do not know their names, so, when we wish to pray to them, we say, " All ye holy saints, pray for us."

There are many saints who were children. St. Agnes was only twelve when she gave up her life for her faith. They promised her riches and happiness if she would deny Christ, and they told her that she should have her head cut off by the executioner if she remained a Christian. But St. Agnes was not afraid; she knelt down joyfully to receive the blow, for she knew that her soul would go straight to God.

Sometimes the noble courage of the martyrs was the means of converting even their cruel executioners.

Once a beautiful Christian maiden, named Dorothea, was led out to death. So great was her courage, and so touching the words she spoke, that the executioner threw down his sword, declaring that he too would be a Christian. They threatened him with torture and death, but he remained firm, and, by giving up his life, received a martyr's crown. This man, who had known nothing of God, and had not been baptized in the usual way, went straight to heaven, for baptism washes away every trace of sin from the soul, and this man received at the very moment of death the baptism of blood, which you know is the 'same in the result as the baptism by water.



It is very grand and beautiful to be a martyr, but if God does not call on us to die for His sake, we can become just as holy by living for Him, that is to say, by serving Him all our lives in the way He wishes, and by giving by our goodness an example to those around us.

Priests and nuns can do this better than people in the world, in a way; for they give up their whole lives to God's service. But we who are not priests or nuns can do a great deal. All kinds of soldiers are wanted to make up an army; Christians are God's soldiers, and all kinds of them are wanted to fight for God's glory.

~ Catholic Teaching for Children, Imprimatur 1898 ~

CECILIA, GIRL SAINT OF SONG

CLAD in a tunic of soft wool, her hair falling unbound as a veil of virginity about her, Cecilia knelt in prayer. It was her wedding morning, and trembling a little she awaited the call that must soon come. Many months ago she had pledged her heart's love to God alone, but naturally timid she had not dared to tell of it when her parents had said that they had promised her hand to Valerian. Her face was as white as the bridal robe in which she had unwillingly been arrayed. "Dear God, teach me what to say."

How the hours passed before sunset she never knew, but at last she stood before her lover, daring not even to raise her eyes to his. All her heart went out in a prayer for strength, as for the first time she whispered his name. "Wilt thou come apart a little with me," she said, "until I tell thee a wondrous secret?"

He followed where she led, to a place apart from the pagan revel. All at once her fear fell away, and she told him simply of her vow to serve ever, in a near and sacred way, the great God of all. With a calmness that she felt came not from herself, she bade him respect her promise, as there stood by her side an angel ever ready to defend her.

Valerian was silent a moment in doubt. Then he said slowly, "If I see the angel, I will believe!"

Cecilia smiled radiantly. "Go out on the Appian Way," she said, "and at the third milestone thou shalt see a group of beggars. To a place underground and dark shall they lead thee, but on thy return, thou shalt see my Angel."

Full of wonder Valerian obeyed. Down through the winding ways of the catacombs of Callistus the beggars led him on, until he stood before the Bishop Urban. A little abashed at the calm majesty of the old man, he told him of his errand. Then the Bishop taught him of God and of the faith of





a Christian soul, and the heart of Valerian was touched. Humbly he begged for Baptism, and after a time of thought the Bishop granted his plea.

Full of joy the young nobleman, pagan no longer, returned to Cecilia. He entered the room softly, but she was unaware of his coming. Angel forms had gathered about her, and she knelt with uplifted face in their midst. Faint music as though from hidden choirs swept the little room. Reverently he knelt at a distance from her, and when her prayer was done, told her of his conversion.

A brief time later, because he had dared to bury with honor the bodies of some Christian martyrs, he was condemned to death. With him died his brother Tiburtius, whom he had brought to God.

Cecilia laid their bodies to rest in the cemetery of Saint Callistus and daily longed for the hour when she too might confess Christ. Her time came in the month of November, when in the absence of the Emperor, Alexander Severus, Amalchius, Prefect of Rome, opened a little persecution of the Christians.

Before his tribunal she told of her love for God, and was condemned to be suffocated in her own home.

In the palaces of the wealthy Romans there were luxurious baths arranged in an upper hall. An outer room, called the Frigidarium, was for cold baths. Adjoining it was the Tepidarium, where the waters were touched with warmth, and a small high-walled cell, arranged for vapor baths, was called the Caldarium. Under this room there was a furnace which heated the water in the circular coils above, until great clouds of steam poured into the narrow space. It was in a room of this kind that Cecilia was placed, and the little cell is still to be seen in her home on the Via Salutaris.

For long hours the jailers left her here, while they fed the flames in the great furnace. But when they opened the door they found the room swept by cool breezes, and Cecilia unhurt.

A soldier was then sent to cut off her head. He stopped a moment in the corridor, watching her as she stood against the gray wall. Her robes of rose and gold, her long shimmering hair, made her seem a flower of rare, strange beauty. His hand trembled, and he brushed the mist from his eyes as he crossed the threshold. Silently, Cecilia knelt for the death blow. Three strokes were allowed by the Roman law, and no more. They were given, but blindly, and seeing that she still lived the man threw down his sword

and fled.

For three days Cecilia lingered in pain, making affectionate signs to those who strove in vain to staunch the flow of blood. Then sweetly as a child sinking in a mother's arms, she fell asleep in the Lord.

Her feast day is November twenty-second.



MIRACULOUS MEDAL OF MARY IMMACULATE ~ November 27th

On November 27th we celebrate the feast of the Miraculous Medal of Mary Immaculate. Here is the story: In 1806 there was born in France a child who later entered a religious community, the Daughters of Charity. Her name was Sister Catherine Labourè. Her prayer that some day she might see the Blessed Virgin was answered for the first time on July 18, 1830. Mary told Sister Catherine that she was to receive a special mission for the greater glory of God, that the work would bring much suffering, but would also bring many graces.

Our Blessed Lady appeared to Sister Catherine a second time on November 27 of that same year. Mary was beautifully robed, standing on a globe about half of which was visible. In her hands Mary held another globe representing the world, which she seemed to press to her heart. Suddenly this globe disappeared, and on our Blessed Mother's fingers were a number of rings set with precious gems. From these gems came rays of light shining on all sides and completely surrounding Our Lady. As the young novice gazed in awe, Mary explained:

"The globe which you see represents the world and every single person."

About our Blessed Mother was a frame on which appeared in letters of gold this prayer:

"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

Then the novice heard a voice:

"Have a medal made according to this model; all who wear it will receive great graces, especially if they wear it around the neck. Graces will be abundant for those who have confidence."

Then the picture seemed to turn around and on the reverse side Sister Catherine saw the letter M surrounded by a cross with a line at the base. Underneath the letter M were the hearts of Jesus and Mary, the first encircled by a crown of thorns and the other pierced with a sword.

In the third and final appearance of Our Lady which took place toward the end of the same year, Mary again made known her wish to have a medal made according to the design given. The part of Sister Catherine in these miraculous appearances remained hidden until her death forty-six years later. Nevertheless, the medal was made according to Our Lady's instruction. It was widely circulated, and within a short time was worn by millions. Through this medal countless favors both of body and soul have been granted. Because of these many blessings the medal soon received, by popular agreement, the name that it commonly bears today, "The Miraculous Medal."

On July 27, 1947, Pope Pius XII declared Sister Catherine Saint Catherine Labourè. This same pontiff also declared:

"The whole world has been filled with miracles due to the holy medal which with reason has been styled miraculous."

Usually this medal is worn suspended from the neck. It may be attached to the neck of a



garment. With the wearing should go the prayer: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."

This medal is remarkable for several reasons. Emphasizing the Immaculate Conception, it summarizes the main teachings of the Catholic Faith—the fall, the promised Redeemer, the Virgin-Mother, the incarnation, the redemption.

Let's look at the medal a moment. The M represents Mary—Mother and Mediatrix. The cross reminds us of the limitless love of the Son of God. The two hearts of Jesus and Mary tell us of the inseparable love of Mother and Son. The rays of the medal represent the graces that come to us through Mary. The stars represent the twelve Apostles, the men who were to bring the knowledge of Christ to the world, and they remind us of the Queen of the Apostles.

When people hear of the wonders that come to those who wear this medal with faith and devotion, they want to secure and wear one. The Miraculous Medal offers us a reminder of the principal points of our faith. It brings out also what is sometimes called the fifth mark of the true Church, namely, devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God.

You might make the feast of the Miraculous Medal the occasion to find out more about it, to secure a medal for yourself and your loved ones, and to begin—or to continue with renewed fervor—the wearing of this manifestly privileged pictured of the Mother of our King. Amen.

~ "Talks on the Sacramentals," *Imprimatur* 1951 ~

CATHOLIC QUIZ ON PRAYERS AND DEVOTIONS

1. On what day do we practice the popular custom of visiting seven churches?
2. What is the Divine Office?
3. One of the purposes of prayer is to praise God—can you give two other purposes?
4. What is Tenebrae?
5. What is Vespers?
6. What is a chaplet?
7. What is the Doxology?
8. The Agnus Dei is a prayer in the Mass and is also the name given to a sacramental. What is the sacramental?
9. What is the "Te Deum"?

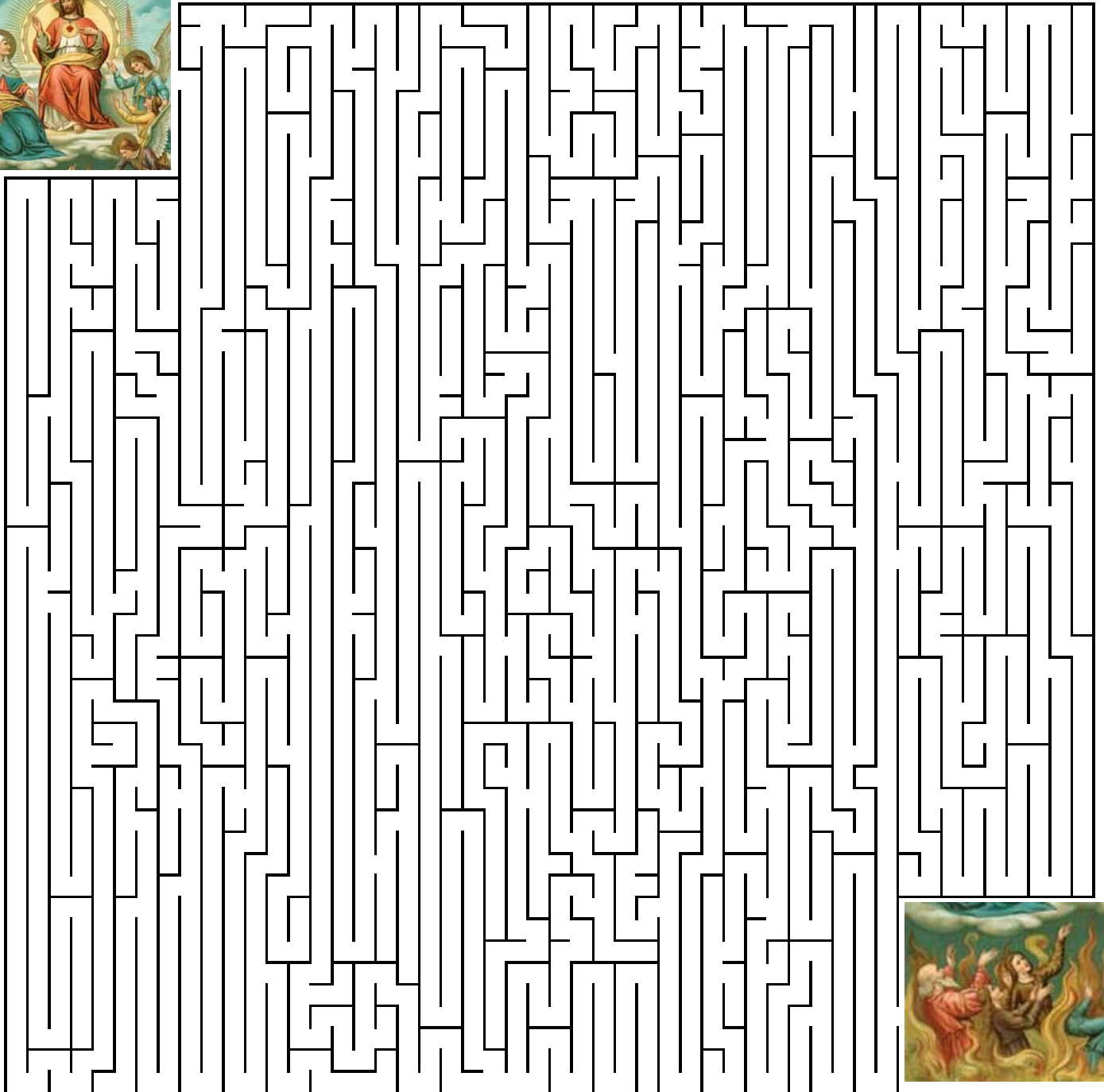
~ answers to be found on the last page of the Gazette ~





Help the Poor Souls in Purgatory get to Heaven!

HEAVEN



PURGATORY

LITTLE FRIENDS OF THE HOLY SOULS

For the month of NOVEMBER use the poster at the end of the Gazette called, Memento for the Holy Souls." At the bottom of this poster there is a list of little sacrifices and prayers that small children can offer for the Poor Souls in Purgatory. This list may take the form of a Spiritual Bouquet. Teach the children to form the habit of self-control by subduing their desires and inclinations for the love of God and to please Jesus and Mary.

~ Practical Aids for Catholic Teachers, Imprimatur 1928 ~

ANSWERS TO OCCUPATIONS AND PATRON SAINTS MATCH—UP

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

ANSWERS TO THE CATHOLIC QUIZ

1. On Holy Thursday.
2. The official prayer by which the Church, through her clergy, daily offers adoration and supplication to God. It is also called Canonical Hours.
3. (a) To thank Him, (b) to petition His forgiveness and grace.
4. The public chanting of a part of the Divine Office, taking place on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Holy Week.
5. Vespers is the sixth of the canonical hours in the Divine Office, recited between four and six p.m. One portion of Vespers is the Magnificat, ("My soul doth magnify the Lord"). "Vespers" literally means "evening."
6. One third of the Rosary, or five decades, consisting of fifty-five beads on which are said fifty Hail Mary's and five Our Fathers.
7. It is either one of two prayers, (a) The Lesser Doxology—"Glory be to the Father, etc." or (b) The Greater Doxology—"Glory to God in the highest," etc.
8. It is a small piece of wax blessed by the Pope, symbolic of the Lamb of God, the Savior; oval in shape, impressed with the figure of a lamb bearing a banner, with the coat of arms of the Pope on the reverse side.
9. A Latin hymn occasionally sung in Thanksgiving to God for some special blessings. "Holy God, we praise Thy name..." is one English translation.

~ A Catholic Quiz Book, Imprimatur 1945 ~

ANSWERS TO SAINTS OF NOVEMBER CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 2. CECILIA, 8. CHARLES, 9. GREGORY

DOWN: 1. ELIZABETH, 3. ALBERT, 4. ANDREW, 5. MARTIN, 6. GERTRUDE,
7. JOSAPHAT, 8. CLEMENT



ANSWERS TO WHO'S WHO?

Back row: left to right - St. Agnes, St. Joseph, Blessed Mother, St. John the Baptist,
St. Theresita the Little Flower.

Front row: left to right - St. Frances of Assisi, St. Patrick, St. Francis Xavier Cabrini,
St. Peter, St. Catherine of Siena

This is a series of *Catholic Gazettes* for children. We pray that it will help all to know and love their 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.~

We have also started a Catholic website as another school project
you can check it out at: www.Crusaders-for-Christ.com