

St. Catherine's Academy Gazette

Holy Mother Church has dedicated this month to the
Precious Blood of Jesus

Issue 36

July 2013



THE BLACK KNIGHT

Feasts and Fasts This Month

July 1st - The Most
Precious Blood

July 2nd - The Visitation of
the Blessed Virgin Mary

July 16th - Our Lady of
Mount Carmel

July 7th - is the day to start a
novena in honor of Our Lady
of Mount Carmel

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It was evening. The setting sun that summer day looked down upon a different world from the one we know, yet the same. Newspapers, telephones, telegraphy, wireless and otherwise, and the thousand and one ways and means of twentieth century communication had not even been dreamt of then; had they been part and parcel of everyday existence, as they are now, they would have been conquering space and overcoming time and hurling across the continent the news of the mighty deeds of the chivalrous and romantic King of England, Richard I, the Lion-hearted. Engaged in a holy crusade, he had just defeated the famous Saracen general, Saladin, at the memorable battle of Ascalon, in which forty thousand followers of the Crescent were slain.

Henry VI was the ruler of Germany in those strange days, days of fair knightly valor, indeed, but of deeds of deepest, darkest treachery, too.

It was evening. And in an open space in one of the rugged forests that ranged along the castled Rhine strode the Black Knight. He had laid his heavy armor aside. As he paced to and fro, eager desire was depicted on his features, mingled with an occasional gleam of half savage light that betokened a something akin to desperation. Suddenly out of the densest of the neighboring thickets there came another knight-grim, weird, silent, dark. Over his shoulders was thrown a mantle of the freshest blood-red.

"Sire" said he, as he halted the Black Knight in his feverish walk,

"Sire, wherefore this solitary pacing alone?"

"What!" was the knight's answer. "Art thou a Stranger in these parts that thou knowest not of tomorrow's happenings at Goldstein Castle, where rules the Duke of Leoforte?"

"Nay; for how should I know, sire, having come to these parts but yestereve."

"Listen, then, friend. Hear the cause of my retreat hither, and if thou canst aid with good advice, assuredly will I reward thee highly."

"I seek no reward," the stranger rejoined. "Speak."

"Tomorrow," said the Black Knight, "even at the vesper hour, there shall be a ducal tournament at the Castle yonder. The knights from all the country round shall be there to vie each with the other in feats of strength and skill. And when all awards shall have been duly meted out the bravest of the brave shall assemble together with their bows and their arrows, and the archers' contest shall take place. And hearken, stranger, to him who pierces the clover leaf shall be given the hand of the Duke's youngest daughter, the fair and comely Bernice. For that treasure I would gladly give my all. I love her with a passionate love. And I am here because I must win on the morrow, and in this evening air must make sure that the prize escape me not."

"And if it escape thee, friend, what then?"

"What then!" The Black Knight's eyes gleamed in impotent fear and fury. "It may not escape me, man! For that prize I would sell my very soul thrice over!"

From somewhere there came a hideous, mocking laugh.

The stranger with the blood-red mantle drew near, so near that his hot breath fanned the Black Knight's cheek as he grated into his ear.

"Thou wouldst have my advice. Listen. I can tell thee how to make thy aim as unerring as the thunderbolt that is hurled from on high to strike the rebellious blasphemers down. Come."

With that he took the Black Knight by the arm and they strode to a neighboring vale. The stranger pointed to an object beneath a clump of trees. It was a wayside crucifix, erected by the piety of the faithful. Upon a rude cross of hewn oak hung a wooden figure of the God-Man in His agony.

"Dost thou see that?" he asked in the strangest of whispers.

"The cross, thou meanest?" At that word the stranger shrank back and seemed to cower to the earth.

"Yes," he said, turning his face away with nervous twitchings. "Friend, let that be the target for thy practice on the morrow morn. The arrow that thrice shall pierce that image shall win the hand of the fair Bernice."

As mysteriously as he had come the stranger disappeared. Long the Black Knight pondered. The arrow that thrice should strike the Crucified, that arrow should win. Heated passion would be sated if only thrice he struck it. It? What? God, or the image of his God? Deep into the night he pondered on. And when morning dawned he took his powerful bow into his hand and chose an arrow straight and strong. And placing himself at a fair distance from the wayside crucifix, he stretched the bow—and sent the arrow flying through the air.

It struck—the head of the Crucified! There was a hollow sound, then an ominous silence. In the surrounding forest the morning breeze seemed strangely to moan and to wail. Again the Black Knight placed the arrow to the string, and again he sent it flying through space. There was a dull, lifeless sound as it struck - the feet of the Crucified!

And even then a low groan came from somewhere. The Black Knight staggered and paled. "Once more," he muttered hoarsely, "and she will be mine!"

And for the third time the fatal arrow was hurled toward the image by the sinewy bow. It struck! This time it entered—the wound in the side of the Crucified!

For one breathless moment the very heart of nature seemingly ceased to beat. Cold sweat stood upon the Black Knight's brow as with trembling hand he pulled the arrow from the wound.

And as he drew it back, lo! there gushed forth a stream of purple blood. And the eyes of the Crucified opened and looked upon him in unspeakable reproach. Then a lightning flash came from the highest heavens - and the Black Knight stood in the midst of an awful flame - and even as it struck him down the stranger in the blood-red mantle rushed from somewhere and seized him in a grip of steel—and the earth opened wide at the terrific crash of the thunderbolt's roar—and the two were swallowed up in the dark abyss that yawned below!

All was quiet. And it seemed as though nothing had happened. At the foot of the crucifix the grass and the flowers were growing even as before. Birds were singing in the trees that sheltered it.

An awful thing had come to pass, but had left no sign behind it. But no—at the foot of the crucifix lay an arrow. Blood had trickled from its point and down along the shaft. And even as it had flowed it had written two words, which words were the arrow's name.

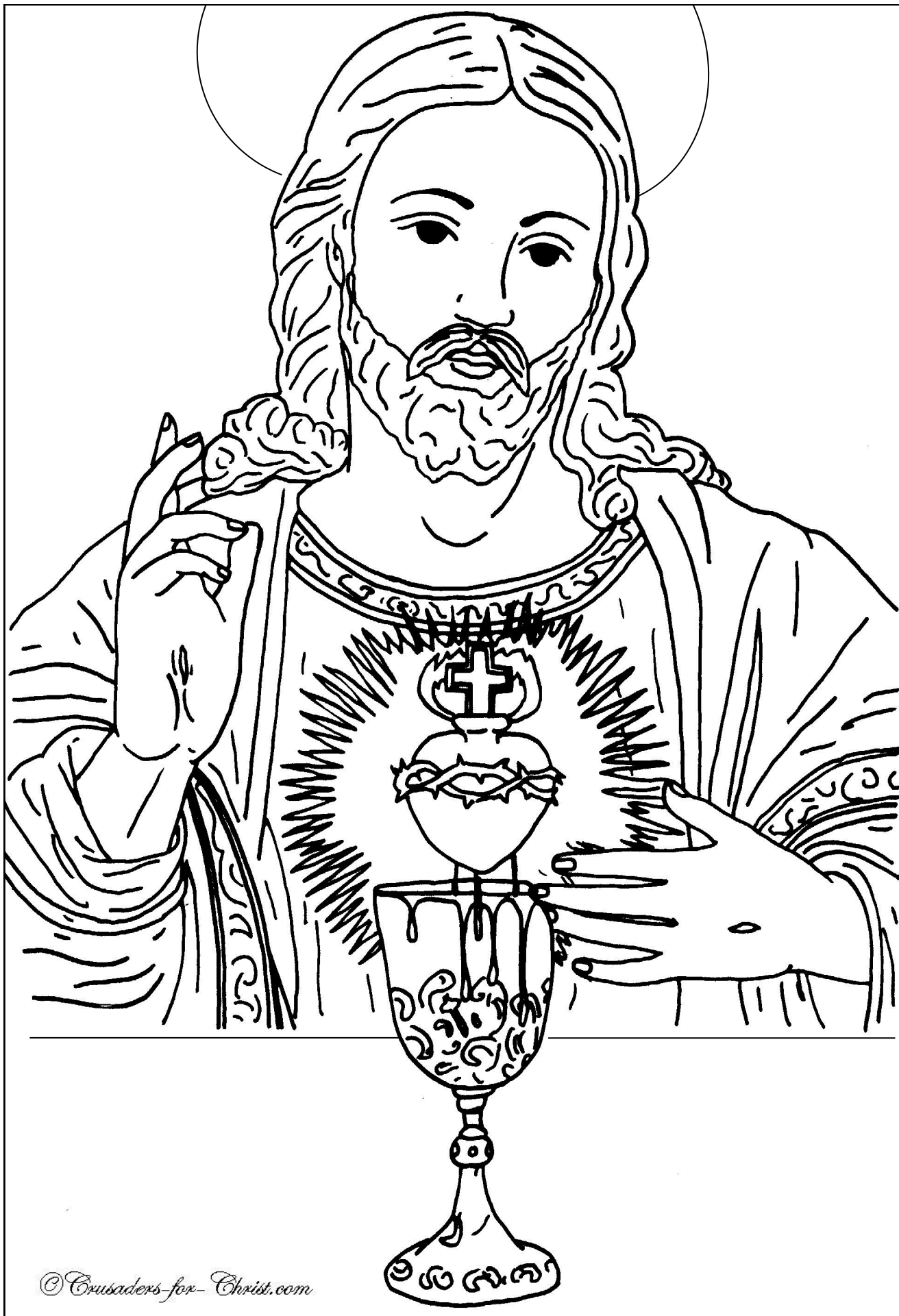
And the words were: "*Mortal Sin.*"

Source: Tell Us Another, Imprimatur 1928

Blessing the Children

He dearly loved the little ones
A happy company:
They crept within His tender arms,
And sat upon His knee.
He said, "My Father's kingdom is
For such as these in heart:
So let the little children come
And bid them not depart





OUR STATE OF LIFE

*"The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
He made them high or lowly
And ordered their estate."*

A teacher once told the children of his school to sit straight and properly, like scholars. His words took effect. Only one boy remained in a lounging attitude. Being asked why he did not pay any attention to the admonition, he answered: "I have no need to do so, I am not a scholar, but a shoemaker."

"What are you going to be children, scholars or shoemakers! Everyone must chose a fixed calling, if he is to earn a livelihood. People who have never learnt how to do anything in particular, generally rue it bitterly. Therefore consider well what you wish to be, a shoemaker or a tailor, a blacksmith or a locksmith, a baker or a butcher. The question mainly depends upon what you have a turn for, what you take pleasure in doing.

*"That in which we take delight
Makes all toil and labor light."*

But you must also, in choosing your way of life, reflect what you are physically most fitted for. You must be tolerably strong to become a smith or a butcher, but even if you are a little weakly you make a good tailor or painter or watchmaker. Learn a trade which suits you, and to which you have a mind, or become an agricultural laborer if that agrees with your inclinations. But perhaps you will say that you want to study, to enter upon a profession. Well, it is quite possible that such is God's design for you.

Some years ago a poor man died, leaving one little boy behind him. The priest who was with the man at the last, took the orphan home with him for the day, and by way of distracting his thoughts a little, set him down to the piano. It was soon evident that the boy possessed an unusual talent for music. He was educated as a musician, and in due time gained, for a musical composition which he sent in to the French Academy, the highest prize bestowed, namely, £120.

There was once a little German boy who was apprenticed by his father to a copper-smith. But all manual labor went against the grain with this lad of thirteen, who kept his books tucked under his leathern apron, and who was apt to hinder his companions in their work, by relating to them what he had been reading. At last, by incessant entreaties, he obtained his father's leave to go and study. On the day that he left the workshop he called the other apprentices together, and saying: "Look here, you fellows, this is my burnt-offering, because I am not going to be a coppersmith any longer," he flung a whole bucketful of resin on the hot coal of the forge. Naturally there was a great blaze, and the master hurried in full of alarm, thinking that a fire had broken out in the smithy. But the boy said quietly: "There is no danger; I have only been making a burnt offering, because the days of my apprenticeship are over. I must and will study; if you want to show me a kindness, do help me." And his good master did help him.

Later on that young apprentice, whose name was John Janssen, became not only a good and holy priest, but a famous man. Nine years after his departure from the smithy his former master wrote to him: "Certainly none of us expected that in nine years and a half the coppersmith prentice would take a doctor's degree. God has blessed you, because you did not turn away from handicraft out of slothfulness, but from a conviction that God had called you to use different implements from those of a blacksmith's forge. But you need never regret having been an apprentice, and you ought always to have kindly feelings towards the working class."

Cases of this kind do occur in which a boy is plainly destined for a higher calling. But after all parents and teachers and the priest are the proper persons to settle the question, and as a rule it is best to learn a trade or work in the fields. For a great many people who have had a good education cannot get anything to do. In London alone there are hundreds of unemployed clerks, and an industrious and skillful workman, or a thrifty farm laborer, is better off than a starving "quill-driver," with his pen stuck behind his ear. In the same way a girl fares better, both in soul and body, if, when she leaves school, she takes, with the leave of her parents, a good place, where she learns her work thoroughly, than if she goes into a shop or factory.

Girls brought up to do domestic service make far better wives than shop or factory hands, who seldom know much about either cooking or housework, and who often get into bad company through running about in the evenings.

At Rome is the largest church in the whole world, St. Peter's, which is capable of holding fifty-four thousand people. When Bramante, its architect, had after much study and toil, finished the plan for it, he rolled the drawing up in fine paper, tied it with scarlet and white ribbons, and entrusted his little boy with the important task of taking it to the reigning Pope, who was named Julius II. The Holy Father was much delighted with the plan, and thought that in truth the new church would be the most beautiful and glorious in the whole world. But he was far from guessing that it would take a hundred and twenty years to build, (from 1506 to 1626). In the joy of his heart the Pope led little Bramante to his desk, pulled out a drawer full of gold pieces, saying: "There, my child, put your hand in and take out as much as you can hold." The boy looked up frankly into the Pope's face and answered: "Holy Father! won't you be so kind as to put your hand in it is much bigger than mine!"

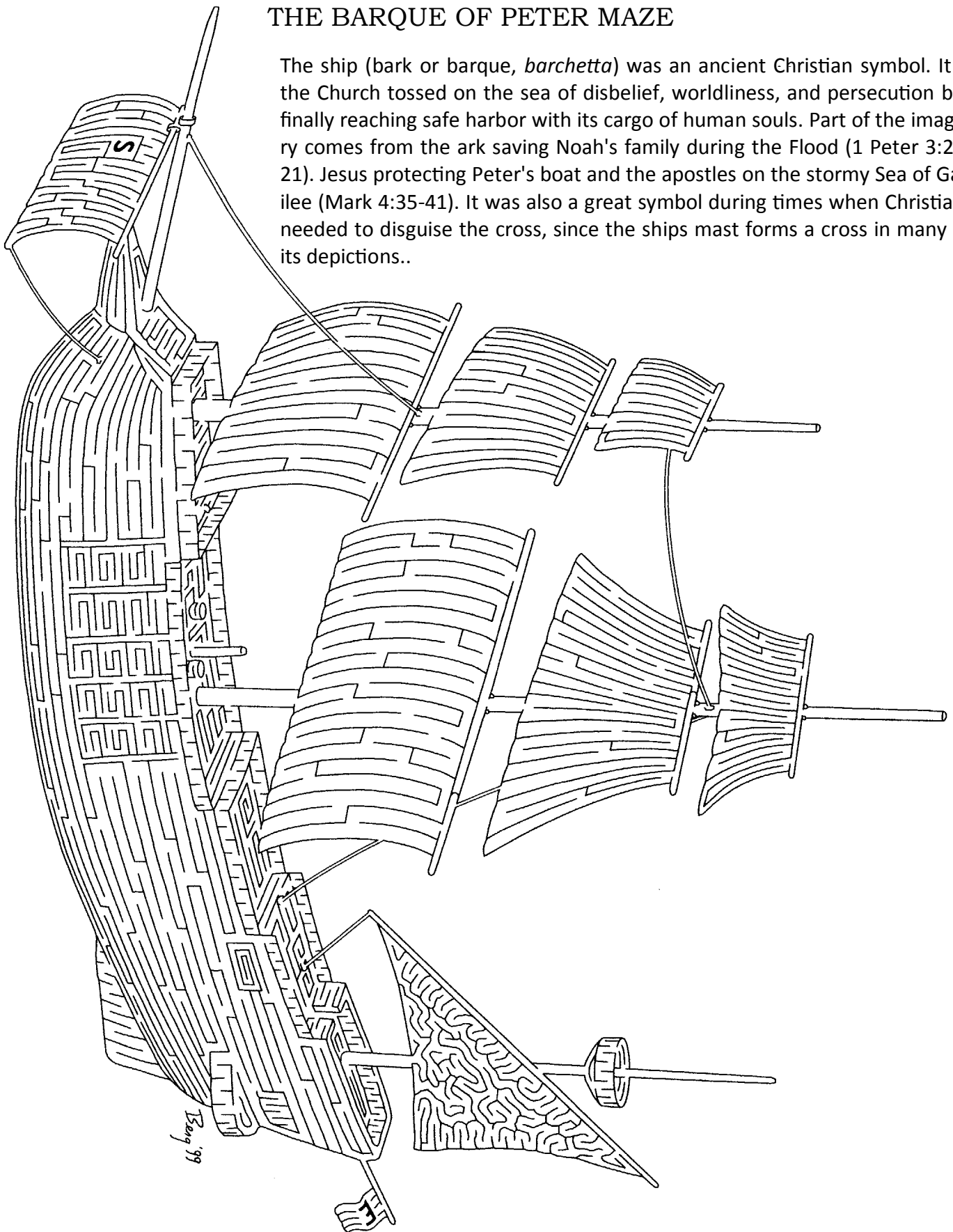
My dear children, you may learn a lesson from this story. As little Bramante knew that the Pope was bigger than he, and could hold more, so you know that your Father in Heaven, Who holds the earth and sea and sky "in the hollow of His Hand," Whose power and wisdom are alike infinite, knows better than anyone what is fit for you, and what will make you happy. Therefore often ask Him with St. Paul: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" When you kneel down to your prayers, say: "My God, show me what I ought to be. Thou seest all things, Thou knowest what is best. Let my will be Thine.

*"Our happiest, fittest state, my dear,
Be sure is that we're given here;
And boy or girl, we're better far,
Just where we're set and as we are."*

Source: The Dutiful Child, 1898

THE BARQUE OF PETER MAZE

The ship (bark or barque, *barchetta*) was an ancient Christian symbol. It is the Church tossed on the sea of disbelief, worldliness, and persecution but finally reaching safe harbor with its cargo of human souls. Part of the imagery comes from the ark saving Noah's family during the Flood (1 Peter 3:20-21). Jesus protecting Peter's boat and the apostles on the stormy Sea of Galilee (Mark 4:35-41). It was also a great symbol during times when Christians needed to disguise the cross, since the ships mast forms a cross in many of its depictions..



BEADS OF SAINT ANNE

Origin and Efficacy.- The little chaplet of Saint Anne dates from 1875, and is the pious invention of a devout client of our Saint. If his name is unknown to man, he is surely known to God and dear to Good saint Anne, for these beads have been the beginning of a chain of favors, both spiritual and temporal. In fact, many signal favors, even miracles, have been obtained from our great Protectress through their recitation.

Explanation and Signification.- The little chaplet of Saint Anne is composed of three Our Fathers and fifteen Hails Marys being divided into three parts:

The first part, (1 Our Father and 5 Hail Marys) in honor of Jesus, the Author of grace;

The second, in honor of Mary, who, according to Saint Alphonsus, is the channel through which all graces come from Jesus to us;

The third part in honor of Saint Anne, our great Advocate.

The Lord's Prayer, being the universal prayer, naturally finds its place in our beads. The Angelical Salutation repeated five times honors the Holy Family of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and the glorious parents of the Immaculate Virgin: Saint Joachim and Saint Anne.

Manner of reciting. - First, bless yourself, for all our actions should be marked with the sign of the cross; then kiss devoutly the medal of Saint Anne attached to the beads, saying: Jesus, Mary, Anne.



When you recite the first series, thank Jesus, the Grandson of Saint Anne, for all his past favors on you; ask Him pardon for your sins in order that Good saint Anne's pleading be the more efficacious.

Whilst reciting the second series of the beads, you shall praise Mary, the Glorious Daughter of Saint Anne, for her great privilege of being our Mediatrix between God and us, and ask her to present to God, Saint Anne's petition in your behalf.

The third series will be a fervent request to our great Saint. Conclude each series by the Glory be to the Father as an act of praise to the Blessed Trinity for the Redemption wrought by our Saviour, the mediation of Mary, and the power of intercession of Good saint Anne.

Imprimatur:

† L. N. Cardinal Begin,
Archbishop of Quebec.
Quebec, Dec. 17th 1918.



SCAPULARS

"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, and my soul shall be joyful in my God: for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation." Isaias, 61:10.



On July 21, 1906, Bill Reilly, an eighteen-year old Catholic soldier, was decorated by the President of the United States. He owes his decoration to the scapular which he wore constantly. On the night of April 10 of the previous spring the two regiments of General Wood were resting after routing a band of Filipinos. After this short rest they were to resume the march. They were already folding their tents, when a wounded horse galloped into the camp. They examined the animal and found under the saddle a message: "Don't depart before daybreak; the Filipinos are lying in ambush." General Wood took the advice. In the morning his men found fourteen of his messengers horribly mutilated. Among them was Bill Reilly. He was still living, though unconscious. His life had been spared by the Filipinos. Why?

About his neck Reilly wore his scapular. The Catholic Filipinos out of respect for the scapular spared his life. Reilly was thus enabled to get the message through that saved the entire regiment of 2,500 Americans.

The scapular is much more important as a means of saving souls. It is a popular and powerful sacramental. The scapular is a badge of religious membership. It consists of two pieces of cloth, one of which is worn on the breast and the other on the back. The two pieces are joined by bands or strings passing over the shoulders. The word is derived from the Latin "scapula" which means shoulder-blade. A scapular gives its wearer a share in the merits, prayers and spiritual benefits of the group whose badge it is. In some cases it makes the wearer a sort of lay member of some great religious order.

In some religious orders like the Benedictines and Carmelites an outer or additional garment is worn. It is called a scapular. It is a long, wide piece of cloth hanging from the shoulders before and behind to the shoe tops.

In the Middle Ages devout lay people were allowed to become oblates of these orders. That meant they remained in the world but assisted in many of the monastic services and shared in the benefits of the order. As a pledge of this privilege they were permitted to wear the scapular. With time, and for convenience, this was made smaller.

Today we have the large and small scapular. The former is about 5 by 2 inches and is worn, for example, by the world-wide Third Order of St. Francis. The small scapular is about 2 by 2 inches. The scapular of Mount Carmel is about that size.

There are many general regulations with regard to the wearing of this spiritual garment:

1. The scapular may be given to any Catholic, even to a baby.
2. It may be given in any place, even in a sick room.
3. It must be worn in such a way that one part hangs on the breast, the other part on the back. Over the shoulders must be bands connecting the two pieces of cloth. If worn or carried in any other way, the indulgences are not gained. It may be worn under or over all the clothing, or between the under and outer clothing.

4. When a person has been invested, it is not necessary to bless a new scapular in case the old one is worn out or lost. The wearer simply secures a new one and puts it on. However, one usually has it blessed.

5. The scapular must be worn constantly to share in certain spiritual benefits. Putting it aside for a short time, like an hour or a day, will not deprive of the blessings. If put off for a longer time, one loses all the benefits during that time. The scapular medal has the same indulgences.

There are about sixteen approved scapulars. The more common are the white, representing the Most Holy Trinity; the red, emblematic of the Passion of our Lord; the brown or Mount Carmel scapular in honor of our Blessed Mother; the black, in honor of the Seven Sorrows of Mary; the blue of the Immaculate Conception; the brown of the Franciscan Third Order.

Aptly has the scapular been called "The Queen's Uniform." If earthly kings and queens honor their deserving subjects by investing them in special orders and companies, if membership in these orders carries with it special privileges and the right to wear the distinctive badge of that group, and if that badge or uniform is respected by all the king's men and all the queen's women, surely it is most proper and reasonable that the glorious Queen of heaven and earth, our Blessed Mother, should have special groups of her faithful children on earth who become members officially and thus obtain the right to many spiritual privileges and the right to wear some distinctive garb.

Some idea of the favors possible can be gathered from the prayer as the priest invests with the scapular of Mount Carmel:


"Receive this blessed habit; praying the most holy Virgin that by her merits thou mayest wear it without stain; and that she may guard thee from all evil, and bring thee to life everlasting . . . By the power granted me, I admit thee to the participation of all the spiritual good works, which through the gracious help of Jesus Christ are performed by the Religious of Mount Carmel . . . May the Creator of heaven and earth, Almighty God, bless (cross) thee; who hath deigned to unite thee to the confraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. We beseech her, in the hour of thy death, to crush the head of the old serpent; so that thou mayest in the end win the everlasting palm and crown of the heavenly inheritance. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

May many of you be like Bill Reilly. May you wear the Queen's uniform the scapular faithfully and thoughtfully. May it be a means of many graces, the means also of the greatest grace everlasting life. Amen.

Source: Talks on the Sacramentals, Imprimatur 1951




CEREMONIES OF THE MASS

he priest comes to the foot of the altar. He stands at the altar as Christ stood at the foot of Calvary, with the sins of the world upon Him. After Psalm xiii and the confession of sin, he ascends to the altar and kisses the stone containing the relics of the Saints, and then follow the *Introit* (beginning), the *Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison* (Lord have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us), the *Gloria*, the prayers of the day, and the Epistle. The missal, or Mass Book, is changed to the left side of the altar and the Gospel of the day is read, followed by the Nicene Creed, a profession of faith drawn up by the Council of Nicaea, in the year 325, and amplified in the Council of Constantinople, in the year 381.

After the offering up of the bread and wine to God, with a prayer that the Sacrifice may be acceptable to Him, the priest turns to the people and says, the *Orate, Fratres* (Pray, Brethren, that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty). At the end of the Preface the congregation kneels, for we now are at the Canon, consisting of the ceremonies and prayers of the sacrificial act, the Consecration. As the priest places his hands over the chalice, the warning bells tells us we are approaching the Consecration. The solemn moment comes. As Jesus died on the Cross, so now by the words of the Consecration, when the bread is changed into His Body and the wine into His Blood, there is a mystical separation of His Body from His Blood. Jesus Christ is really and truly present on the altar—Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity. At the Consecration, when the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ are lifted on high, we should adore our Saviour as though He were visible to us. At the Communion we receive the Body and Blood of our Saviour, for as Christ cannot die again, His Body and Blood cannot be physically separated and where His Body is, there His Blood is also present We receive Christ whole and entire under the appearance of bread. A Catholic's life should center about the Mass. It is the Sacrifice of the New Law and it brings us Christ as the food and life of our souls. To assist at the Mass: more intelligently it is well to use a missal.

Source: Can You Explain Catholic Practices, Imprimatur 1937

SERVING MASS

Wonder - have you ever heard of Blessed Thomas More, the celebrated Lord Chancellor of England, who died for conscience in the reign of Henry VIII, the "Royal Blue beard." He was led out of the prison into which he had been unjustly cast on the morning of July 6, 1635, his face pale and lean, his eyes raised to heaven, carrying a little red cross. A good woman offered him a little wine to strengthen him. He refused it. "Christ in His Passion drank no wine," he said, "but gall and vinegar." When he reached the scaffold he was almost too weak to ascend. Said he to the Lieutenant, jokingly, "I pray you, sir, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." He bandaged his own eyes. Then the blow of an axe—and that pure soul sped to its Maker.

This model man, who fought so joyfully in behalf of faith and justice and gave his life therefore, took great delight in serving Mass, even as Lord Chancellor of the British realm. One day a certain courtier, very deficient, as anyone can see, in lively faith, said to him,

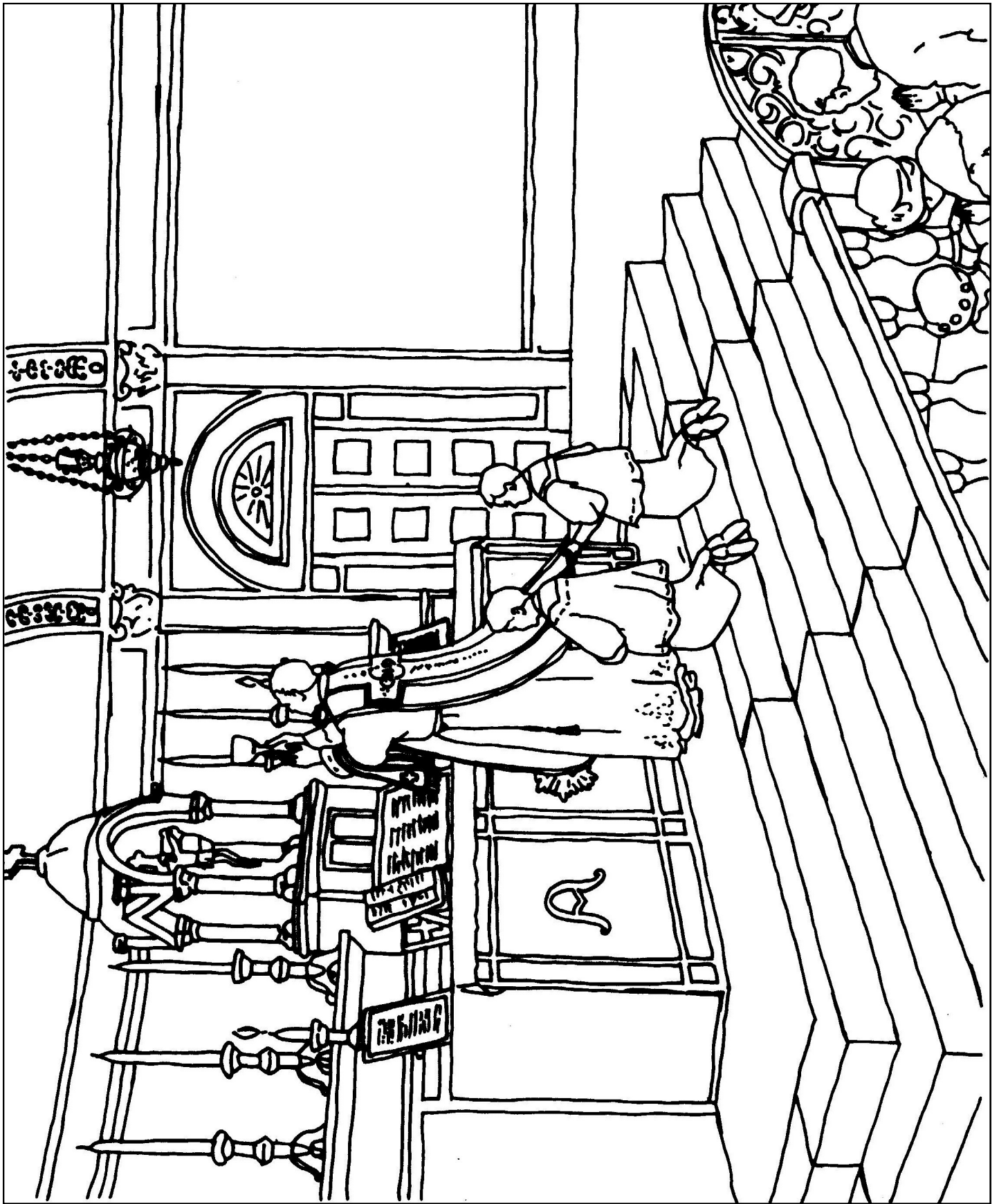
Sir, the King will be much displeased to learn Mass server." The answer Blessed Thomas gave was worthy of the man. "Surely," he replied, "the king cannot be displeased at the homage which I render to his King." Yes; I know. Our altar boys are the best of lads— as a rule. But there are exceptions. There are those who show by their careless conduct at the altar that they little appreciate the high honor bestowed upon them. Many of these "Pages of the King of kings" might well go to Blessed Thomas More and—learn from him!

Source: Tell Us Another, Imprimatur 1925



MASS WORD SEARCH

	P	A	H	N	U	H	L	Z	E	X	E	I	T	G	W
1. ALTAR BOY	E	L	L	W	O	E	D	P	E	C	F	N	L	Z	D
2. CANON	D	Y	Q	T	P	S	I	M	I	S	H	T	W	K	L
3. COMMUNION	E	A	A	S	A	S	I	F	E	R	W	R	F	M	I
4. CONSECRATION	E	L	O	B	T	R	I	E	O	L	I	O	Z	F	M
5. EPISTLE	R	G	R	L	X	R	B	T	L	M	T	I	D	W	B
6. GLORIA	C	N	E	M	C	J	G	O	S	E	A	T	E	B	B
7. GOSPEL	E	E	C	A	F	E	R	P	Y	E	E	S	C	W	L
8. INTROIT	N	A	S	W	A	C	A	N	O	N	I	I	S	E	M
9. KYRIE ELEISON	E	I	C	U	L	C	C	Q	S	Y	X	R	R	F	Y
10. MASS	C	R	N	J	H	P	G	G	K	F	T	L	P	Y	X
11. NICENE CREED	I	O	N	O	I	T	A	R	C	E	S	N	O	C	K
12. PREFACE	N	L	P	K	I	S	Y	H	I	L	A	K	C	S	Q
13. PRIEST	Q	G	K	G	Y	V	O	S	X	P	Y	B	U	D	V
14. SACRIFICE	C	O	M	M	U	N	I	O	N	Z	L	K	L	U	F



VESTMENTS OF HOLY MASS



How many of our readers could explain to an inquirer the names and meaning of the vestments used by the priest in celebrating Holy Mass? We have frequently met devout Catholics who attend the Holy Sacrifice every day and yet would not be able to tell their non-Catholic friends or their own children that there are six vestments: Amice, Alb, Cincture, Maniple, Stole, and Chasuble.

The Amice - is the first garment the priest puts on in preparing for Holy Mass. It is a rectangular piece of white linen with strings attached and covers His shoulders. It was originally employed as a covering for the head and is even now worn as such by priests of some Religious Orders in passing to and from the altar. It is said to be symbolical of the helmet of salvation. Some liturgical writers say it represents the cloth with which Christ was blindfolded when He was struck and buffeted.

The Alb - is the white linen vestment reaching to the ground and denoting by its color purity, or freedom from sin. Some writers see in it the white garment of the fool which Herod put upon Christ when he sent Him back to Pilate.

The Cincture - or girdle, is used to fit the Alb closely to the body, and also suggests purity of soul. It reminds us of the rope tied around our Saviour's waist when He was led to Calvary.

The Maniple, the Stole, and the Chasuble change their colors according to the feast. The Maniple is the small band of cloth worn on the left arm. In the early days of the Church, it was a strip of linen and was probably used as a handkerchief or napkin, but with the passing of the years it lost its original purpose and was made of the same material as the sacrificial vestments.

It may be said to represent the cords with which Christ was bound at His Passion.

The Stole - is the long narrow vestment of the same material as the Maniple and Chasuble. It is worn by the priest around his neck and it reaches almost to the knees. It is used not only at Holy Mass but for Confessions, sick-calls, and the administration of the Sacraments. It symbolizes the grace of the priestly state and, according to some writers, represents the rope tied around Christ's neck when He was led to His death.

The Chasuble - is the principal vestment. In its present form it is open at the sides and rests on the priest's shoulders. It reaches almost to the knees in front and is a few inches longer in back. It represents the purple garment put on Christ when He was mocked as king by the Roman soldiers.

Source: Can You Explain Catholic Practices, Imprimatur 1937

Breathe in me O Holy Spirit that my
thoughts may all be holy.

Act in me O holy Spirit that my work
too may be holy.

Draw my heart O Holy Spirit that I
love but what is holy.

Strengthen me O Holy Spirit to
defend all that is holy.

Guard me then O Holy Spirit that
I may be holy.

St. Augustine

MATCH THE VESTMENT TO ITS NAME

Write the letter for the correct vestment on the line under the corresponding picture.



1. _____



2. _____



3. _____

A. MANIPLE - A strip of silken cloth worn on the left arm of the priest. The vesting prayer is: "May I deserve, O Lord, to bear the maniple of weeping and sorrow in order that I may joyfully reap the reward of my labors."

B. CHASUBLE - The chasuble is the outer and chief vestment of the priest. It is essentially the Mass vestment and is now exclusively reserved to the priest. The vestment is familiar to all by reason of the cross usually embroidered on it. The vesting prayer is: "O Lord, who has said, 'My yoke is sweet and My burden light,' grant that I may so carry it as to merit Thy grace."

C. AMICE - The amice is a piece of fine linen in the form of an oblong. The priest places it for a moment on his head, and then allows it to rest upon his shoulders. As he does so he prays: "Place, O Lord, on my head the helmet of salvation, that so I may resist the assaults of the devil."

D. STOLE - A long band of silk of the same width as the maniple, but three times its length. It is worn around the neck and crossed on the breast. The vesting prayer is: "Restore to me, O Lord, the state of immortality which I lost through the sin of my first parents and, although unworthy to approach Thy Sacred Mysteries, may I deserve nevertheless eternal joy."

E. ALB - A wide linen robe reaching to the feet and covering the whole body. The vesting prayer is: "Make me white, O Lord, and cleanse my heart; that being made white in the Blood of the Lamb I may deserve an eternal reward."

F. CINCTURE - The cincture, or girdle, is a cord of linen fastened about the waist to confine the alb. The vesting prayer is: "Gird me, O Lord, with the cincture of purity, and quench in my heart the fire of concupiscence, that the virtue of continence and chastity may abide in me." *(answers on the last page of the gazette)*



4. _____



5. _____



6. _____

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL
July 16th

"I am the mother of holy hope." Ecclesiasticus, 24:24.



Some years ago that meaty magazine THE LIGUORIAN brought us this story. A large ship sailed from Marseilles, France, to a mission in Leberville. It carried many articles needed at the mission—books, linens, food, stationery, and gifts from friends. A canoe-load of native boys came out to meet the ship. Some of these were sons of savages and had just been newly baptized. One lad was just about to lift a large chest into the canoe, when one of the ship's officers demanded disdainfully:

"Tell me, Blackie, what is that little piece of cloth you are wearing around your neck."

"That, sir," came the respectful answer, "is a scapular."

"Scapular!" mocked the officer.

"And you, sir," asked the boy, "what is that braid on your sleeve?"

"That, stupid, is the mark of my naval rank."

"Good," said the boy. "Braid on your sleeve means that you are a commander; and the scapular on me means that I am a Christian, a Catholic and a soldier of Our Lady. I was confirmed last month."

The officer had nothing to say as the group around smiled and even laughed. But he was fair-minded. He gave the boy a coin and exclaimed:

"You are a clever youngster; after all, you are right."

The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which we keep on July 16, takes its name from Mount Carmel in Palestine where some hermits centuries ago formed an order called Brothers of Mount Carmel or Carmelites. They were the first to celebrate this feast, which later spread throughout the Church.

Devotion to the scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is intimately bound up with the feast of that name. The story of that scapular is interesting.

Over seven hundred years ago St. Simon Stock, Carmelite General Superior, established the Confraternity of the Scapular in order to unite the devout clients of the Blessed Virgin in certain spiritual exercises. Our Blessed Lady appeared to him on the night between the fifteenth and sixteenth of July in 1251. St. Simon reported the vision to his community at Cambridge, England, describing how our Blessed Lady herself gave him the scapular. Surrounded by a brilliant light, she offered the scapular to St. Simon, saying:

"Take, beloved son, this scapular of thy order as a badge of my confraternity and for thee and for all who wear it a special grace; whoever dies in this garment will not suffer everlasting fire. It is the sign of salvation, a safeguard in dangers, a pledge of peace and of covenant."

Imagine the joy and affection of St. Simon when he received this heavenly stamp of approval on his efforts. From that moment he strove with an untiring zeal to announce the glories of Mary to the world, and to persuade all people to wear her scapular. Thousands eagerly embraced this uniform of Our Lady. Children, youth and parents, public officials,

Soldiers and sailors, hurried to enroll under Mary's protection. The Popes promoted the devotion. Pope Benedict X V declared:

"All should have a common language and a common armor: the language, the words of the Gospel; the common armor, the scapular of the Virgin of Carmel, which all ought to wear, and which enjoys the singular privilege of protection, even after death."

Put aside all superstition with regard to the scapular. It is wrong to believe that this piece of cloth, of itself, will protect you from spiritual and physical dangers. Every informed Catholic knows that it is up to God to allow the scapular to be an effectual means of avoiding evils and dangers.

Furthermore, it would be wrong to expect that the scapular would prevent you from an unhappy death. It is a means to a pious, prayerful life, and that in turn is the means to a happy death. Nevertheless, it is certain that Catholics who wear the scapular with devotion and thought will be protected by the Blessed Virgin in a special way. Through her prayer they will receive many graces in life and at the moment of death.

People of the world are glad even to merely know, let alone to be friends of, those in position and power, whether in society or in the business and professional world. How honored are they who wear a garment given by the Queen of Heaven as a sign of salvation, a safeguard for body and soul, a pledge of peace with God and man.

The scapular is a means of obtaining God's graces and blessings. It is not the two little pieces of brown cloth sewn together that have any special value in themselves. They represent a holy habit. They represent Our Lady and dispose her to favors toward her devoted children. The scapular is a visible sign that the wearer honors Mary, the Mother of God. It is something that can be felt by the wearer and seen by the beholder. It is a continual, tangible reminder that Mary is our Mother.

Just as that little black boy in a far-off mission field realized that the marks on the sleeve of an officer, a naval officer, are the marks of his rank, so too, the Catholic realizes that the scapular is a mark, a visible sign that he is a member of the army, the family of our Blessed Mother, that he is a member of her own group, and that she in a special way is interested in those who wear her uniform, the badge and pledge that Our Lady of Mount Carmel will protect them. Amen.

Source: Feasts of Our Lady, Imprimatur 1952



Judge not; the working of his brain
 And of his heart thou canst not see;
 What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
 In God's pure light may only be
 A scar, brought from some well-won field,
 Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

- Adelaide A. Procter -



"I'LL PAY HIM BACK"



Did you ever think that? Did your blood ever boil to give back with interest the injury you had received? A tight sort of feeling comes over the heart; the tips of one's hands itch to strike, or the tip of the tongue tingles with eagerness to say unkind things. What do you do when you feel like this? I know what the tempter says to one:

"Oh, give it him jolly hard; then you will feel all right again." The tempter is the father of lies, so of course we cannot expect the truth from him.

"Forgive and forget," says the Angel of light, and he cannot lie, so it would be well to follow his advice. Now for my story.

A young nobleman named John Gualbert lived in Florence about 1173. He had an only brother whom he loved passionately. The two had been brought up with great care, and taught to love God. John as he grew up forgot many of the holy things he had learned at Catechism, and followed his own inclinations. He loved pleasure too much; he was proud of his high birth, and he did not attend particularly well to his religious duties. Now, this is a dangerous way of living, for there is sure to come a time when a big temptation arises in the mind. And then a sacrifice has to be made, or sin will be committed. The temptation came to John with an awful trouble. News was brought to him one day that his only brother was murdered. White with passion, John declared that he would never rest until he had the murderer's life. It is horrible to think that the father urged his son to take revenge. And revenge became the absorbing thought of John's life. Wherever he went he hoped to meet his enemy, and do to him as he had done.


One Good Friday John was riding with his servant home to Florence. They came to a narrow pass and John saw another horseman advance. He recognized him at once; it was his brother's murderer. John drew his sword, and rushed upon his enemy. But the other, alighting from his horse, threw himself upon his knees and begged for mercy, begged it for the sake of the Redeemer Who had died that day for their sake. John's heart was softened. Christ stretched upon the Cross had prayed for His murderers. Who was he to withhold pardon from one who asked in His name? He raised the unfortunate man from the ground, and said:

"I can refuse nothing that is asked of me in the name of Jesus Christ. I not only give you your life, but also my friendship for ever. Pray that God may forgive me my sin." They parted. John went straight to the church hard by, and knelt at the foot of the crucifix. There he poured out his heart in prayer, praying God to forgive him his sins. Then a miracle happened. The figure of Our Lord moved; the arms were loosened; they stretched out and took the kneeling penitent into their embrace.

From that day John walked quickly on the road to sanctity. He founded an Order, and established many monasteries, and God showered blessings upon him. And the beginning of all this good was that forgiveness, which had cost him so much. Shall we go and do likewise?

Source: Saints and Festivals, Imprimatur 1913

SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL

 In the humble little farm-house of a Little village in the south of France, Vincent de Paul was born, in the year 1576. They were six children in all, and, like the rest, Vincent had to look after the sheep, carry grain to the mill, and help his parents in many ways. But as he grew older, he showed such signs of talent that his father, with some difficulty, placed him at school in Acqs, where he made such progress that he was afterwards engaged as tutor to the little sons of a gentleman there, whilst he still continued many of his own studies.

Vincent went next to Toulouse, where he trained seven years, and was then ordained a priest, but where he said his first Mass is not known; all that he tells is, that he was obliged to do so in a private chapel, because the sense of his own unworthiness overwhelmed him with timidity. After this he was appointed to a parish, but as another claimed the place Vincent gave it up, and went to live near Toulouse, where he received several pupils, who grew very warmly attached to him. Business took him from here to Bordeaux, and on his return by sea he was captured by some African pirates, and taken as a prisoner to Tunis, where he was exposed for sale. A fisherman bought Vincent, and sold him again, to a chemist, who treated him very kindly, and tried to persuade him to turn to the same occupation, promising to bequeath him his money.

But the Saint only desired to regain his liberty, and every day implored the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, in whom he placed his trust, that he should be delivered. However, at the death of his owner, Vincent was again sold to a man who had three wives and one of these would go and watch him digging in the fields, and ask him questions about the Christian's God. At last she wanted him to sing, and when he began the Salve Regina, she listened with great delight. It came out that the husband had been a Christian, but turned from his faith, and, impressed by what she heard from Vincent, this Turkish wife reproached him for giving up such a beautiful religion, and her words took such an effect upon him that he escaped with his slave to France, where he was reconciled to the Church, while Vincent made his way to Borne. From Rome he travelled to Paris; where he was received at the royal palace for a time, and then sought lodgings in another quarter of the city.

Whilst staying there, a magistrate accused Vincent of robbing him of a large sum of money, and drove him from the room which they shared, declaring him publicly to be a rogue and thief; he even carried his complaint the superior of the Oratorians, whom Vincent was visiting, and there accused him of this robbery. In spite of all this, the Saint was calm and quiet, never seeking to excuse himself, but simply replying, " God knows the truth." He teaches us in this a beautiful lesson of patience under false accusations, and though he was content to be suspected of this wrong, God brought his innocence to light some years later, and then the magistrate begged most humbly to receive his pardon.

About this time Vincent, by the advice of his director, gave up the many high offices which were open to him, to be a priest in the parish of Clichy. Here he laboured unwearyingly amongst his people—never in a hurry, never too busy to have a kind word for those who needed it, and yet his duties were constant God gave him a wonderful power of understanding the different characters of those with whom he had to deal, so that he could win the timid by his gentleness, as well as repress the bold by his severe words.

For three years St. Vincent pursued this way of life, and then, by the advice of his director, gave up his much-beloved work amongst the poor of Christ to be chaplain and tutor to a family of high position. But, staying there, he lived as much as possible in retirement, and under his beautiful influence the whole family became pious and devoted to good works.

But the heart of this holy man was drawn to labour amongst the poor, and whenever the family went to their country residence, he set about instructing and catechizing the ignorant, and hearing confessions, in which he had very great success. For a few months Vincent left his position of chaplain, and during that absence the first thought of founding the Order of Charity occurred to him.

A pious lady, named Louisa de Marillac, asked the Saint to direct her in charitable employments, and he found others who willingly joined her in the duties of visiting the sick and relieving the poor. This was the first beginning of the congregation of the Sisters of Charity, which has now spread to every part of the Christian world, for the assistance of all who suffer, and the instruction of the ignorant.

The next work of kindness which St. Vincent attempted was amongst the galley slaves, having obtained the office of their chaplain from the king, Louis XIII. When he paid his first visit, he was shocked by the suffering in which he found them; and, what was still more terrible to him was the foul language which was heard amongst the prisoners. But he did not shrink from these wretched creatures. To him they were souls for whom Jesus had shed His precious Blood, souls whom He loved so dearly that it was worth the work of a lifetime to reclaim even one from sin. So, by sweet persuasive words he won hearts which had been hardened by punishment and those who had cursed and blasphemed, learned to kneel humbly as earnest prayers came from the lips they revered. For some time Vincent visited these prisoners daily, instructing and preparing them for the Sacraments, and when he was obliged to be absent he placed some of his friends in charge of them.



During this period the Saint once met with a man who was in a state of despair at the thought of the misery of his family during his separation from them, upon which Vincent went to the chief authority, offering to take this prisoner's place if he could be released.

The offer was accepted, and for several weeks the good man wore the chains of the galley slave, until the affair was discovered by his absence.

Another of St. Vincent's great works was the foundation of a hospital for poor deserted infants, which he thought of through finding a little child left in the cold, snowy streets one night without a home, whom he picked up and carried to some charitable ladies, who assisted him in forming a place for such cases to be received.

The principal undertaking of the holy Vincent's life was not begun until he was forty eight years of age—this was the congregation of the Mission.

It began with himself and two others, who went from village to village catechizing, preaching, and hearing confessions and God blessed their work, so that other priests came to join them, and the prior of a house in Paris, called " St. Lazarus," resigned his possessions to the use of these humble missionaries.

At first Vincent was frightened at the thought of being established at the priory. In his humility he deemed it far above him and his brethren, and it was more than a year before the offer was accepted and the congregation removed there. Immediately some disputes and opposition were aroused, but they soon came to an end, and Vincent remained in possession of the priory of S. Lazarus.

Meanwhile Louisa de Marillac, or "Madame Le Gras," was toiling on in works of mercy amongst the poor surrounding her, clothing the destitute, nursing the sick, gathering little ignorant children around her, assisted by a company of devout women, who busied themselves thus in different towns and villages.

Then St. Vincent formed a little community under her control, which became dear to all hearts from their self-denying love and untiring zeal. As time went on, they began to receive orphans under their charge, and attend hospitals and sick convicts. Twenty-eight of these houses were founded in Paris alone during the Saint's life, and the good work spread throughout France and even to Poland, it would not be possible to describe all the wise and holy works of Vincent's commencement.

His was a long life, all given to God and his fellow-creatures, and during its close he preached more powerfully by his patient sufferings than even by his fervent words. For some years he was not able to walk, but he afterwards lost the use of his limbs, so that he could no longer stand at the altar. What a sacrifice this was could be known only to God, but his consolation was to hear Mass and communicate daily. Those who went to see Him found him always cheerful and uncomplaining directing those works of charity which he could no longer actively perform.

Every morning after Mass, he would repeat the prayers of the Church for the dying, and thus he awaited the call of his Lord. On the 26th of September, 1660, he was able to hear Mass and receive Communion, but he had scarcely been carried back before he fell into a heavy sleep, from which he was roused by the visit of the doctor, who pronounced him dying. Then the priests of the Mission gathered round and besought his blessing, and Vincent raised his hand, beginning the words of benediction, but his voice failed, and he sank back exhausted. That night he received Extreme Unction, and early in the morning of the 27th September he died in the chair from which he had not been removed for twenty-four hours, so peacefully that he only seemed asleep. For nearly eighty five years he had lived in the world, bearing its trials, fulfilling its duties now the time for rest and reward had come.

Many hearts grieved when they heard that the grave had closed over Vincent de Paul. But his work did not die with him; it lives still in his sons, who preach the faith of Christ amongst the heathen in far-off regions; in his daughters, who serve Jesus in the persons of His poor; and every Catholic heart blesses the honoured name of the simple, humble Saint who worked wonders through the love of souls which he had learned at the foot of the crucifix, and sinking deeply within his heart, kindled there the holy fire which made him the great apostle of charity to the world.



EUGENE THE YOUNGEST



The room was full of warmth and light, and before the cheery fire on the hearth, Symphorosa and her boys were gathered. Eugene, the youngest, was resting his head on his mother's knee; Julianus stood behind her, one hand on her shoulder; Crescentius was writing at a table drawn up near, and the others were listening eagerly to something the mother was saying. An instant later Crescentius dropped his quill and joined the group.

"My little one" the mother repeated, one hand softly patting Eugene's tumbled curls, "tell me, what would you do if Hadrian, the Emperor, should order you to bow to the idol he adores?" The boy sprang to his feet, his eyes glowing.

"I would rather die than give up God," he cried! "But, my mother," he continued, "why does not the Emperor leave us alone? What are we doing to harm him? We obey his laws, all save this one?"

"Ah, but that is just the point, little brother," Julianus broke in. "He claims that his gods will not answer when he prays to them because we are Christians, and are allowed to live. The time may come soon, Eugene, when you will have to carry out the promise you have just made. May God give us all strength in that day," he added reverently.

There was a heavy rap at the door, and in answer to the "Salve" or "Welcome" of the Romans, a captain of the guard entered the room.

"Hadrian calls for you," he said, "come." The mother bowed her head.

"We will go with you," she replied. There was no sign of fear in her eyes, and as little Eugene placed his hand confidently in hers, he drew her down to whisper,

"I will keep my promise, mother!" Guarded by the soldiers, the mother and her seven noble boys made their way to the court room. A crowd had gathered to witness the trial, but the boys showed no excitement. One after the other they were asked,

"Will you bow to the idols?" One after the other gave the brave answer,

"Never, for Christ is our King!" When the question came to Eugene, the Emperor stopped him.

"Think, boy" he urged, "think what it means to say no. You will be put to death in great pain, and everyone will think of you as a traitor. But if you bow only for an instant at the altar of Mars, all will praise you as a loyal Roman. Think of this before you answer." The boy threw back his head and smiled into his mother's eyes,

"I would rather die than give up God," he said. Hadrian's face grew stern,

"You have chosen death, you shall have your will!" he cried.

One by one the boys gave their lives to God, and last of all Symphorosa, having suffered a sevenfold martyrdom in witnessing that of her sons, gave her life to the Master in willing sacrifice.

Feast, July eighteenth.

Source: Children of the Kingdom, Imprimatur 1914

"JESUS, MY LOVE!"



WHEN we think of Jesus we almost always think of His Sacred Heart. And when we think of His Sacred Heart we think of His great love for us, don't we? And then we think of the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, of the love of the Savior giving Himself to us in the Blessed Sacrament: "Eucharistic Heart of Jesus," we gratefully say, "have mercy on us." Really, I sometimes think that if we knew the greatness and the tenderness of the love of Jesus for us as we ought, we would just die of longing to be with Him in heaven.

Now, that reminds me of a story which the great Bernardine of Siena tells. He tells it himself, so of course it must be very, very true.

There once lived a pious and fervent gentleman who, like many others, had a great longing to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He wished to walk upon the soil that Our Lord had walked upon during the days of His visible sojourn in our midst; he ardently desired to venerate the places made sacred by the life and death of the Master. So he went to the Holy Land, to Palestine, in far-off Asia. For a long time he went from place to place, praying and meditating on the life of Christ. He visited Nazareth, where the Angel Gabriel had appeared to the Blessed Virgin Mary and told her that she was to be the Mother of God and that her Child's name should be called Jesus, because He would save His people from their sins.

Then he went to Bethlehem, where there had been no room for Mary and Joseph that first Christmas night and where Jesus had been born in a poor stable and wrapped in swaddling clothes by His Mother. Thither the shepherds had come to adore Him; thither had come the Three Kings from the East.

Then he went back to Nazareth again and thought of how Jesus had lived there for our instruction from the time He had returned from the flight into Egypt, at about the age of seven, until He had been thirty years of age, leaving that quiet, hidden little village for just a short time at the age of twelve and afterwards perhaps again for a few days ever so often, in order to visit the Temple at Jerusalem and pray to His Father there. You remember that visit at the age of twelve, don't you, when He astonished the learned doctors by the wisdom of His answers?

Then the pious pilgrim left Nazareth and went to the banks of the river Jordan, where the Savior had been baptized by John the Baptist with a baptism that was only a figure of the great Sacrament He Himself was going to institute.

Then he went into the desert where Our Lord had fasted forty days and forty nights, where He had been all alone with wild beasts, where He had been tempted by the devil and had finally been ministered unto by angels.

Then he visited the various towns and places throughout Palestine where Jesus had been engaged in preaching His Gospel, healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, making the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the dead rise again.

Then he went to Mt. Tabor, where Our Lord had shown His glory before Peter and James and John, His face shining like the sun, His garments becoming as white as snow.

Then he went to Jerusalem, to the place where Jesus had instituted the Holy Eucharist on the night before He died. From there he went to the Garden of Olives, then back through the streets of Jerusalem, and finally to Mt. Calvary, where Jesus had died that agonizing death upon the cross.

Then he visited the scenes of the Savior's burial and resurrection and finally ascended to the top of Mount Olivet, from which Jesus had blessed His Apostles for the last time and had ascended into, heaven.

That holy man had prayerfully visited every place in any way connected with Our Lord's life and death. And now, as he gazed into the blue heavens and thought of the immense love of that Jesus Who had thus lived and suffered and died in order to re-open to men the gates of heaven, his heart burnt with love and he exclaimed:

"O Jesus, Jesus, God of my heart, beloved Savior, since I can no longer follow Thy footsteps on earth take me to Thyself in heaven, that I may see Thee face to face—Thee Whom I love with a love too great for words." And his prayer was immediately heard. Hardly had he uttered those words when he sank down and calmly breathed forth his soul to God.

Yes, he died. Death is but agoing home to God. So intense was his love, so ardent his desire to be with Jesus? that it broke his heart. And after his death these words were found engraved on his breast, "Jesus, My Love!"

Do you know what I thought after reading this little story? Why, I thought that that is just what we ought all to strive after: intense, burning love for Jesus. And we can acquire that love best of all by often and devoutly receiving the Sacrament of Love. That love, persevered in, means heaven some day; for the Holy Eucharist is a pledge of eternal life.

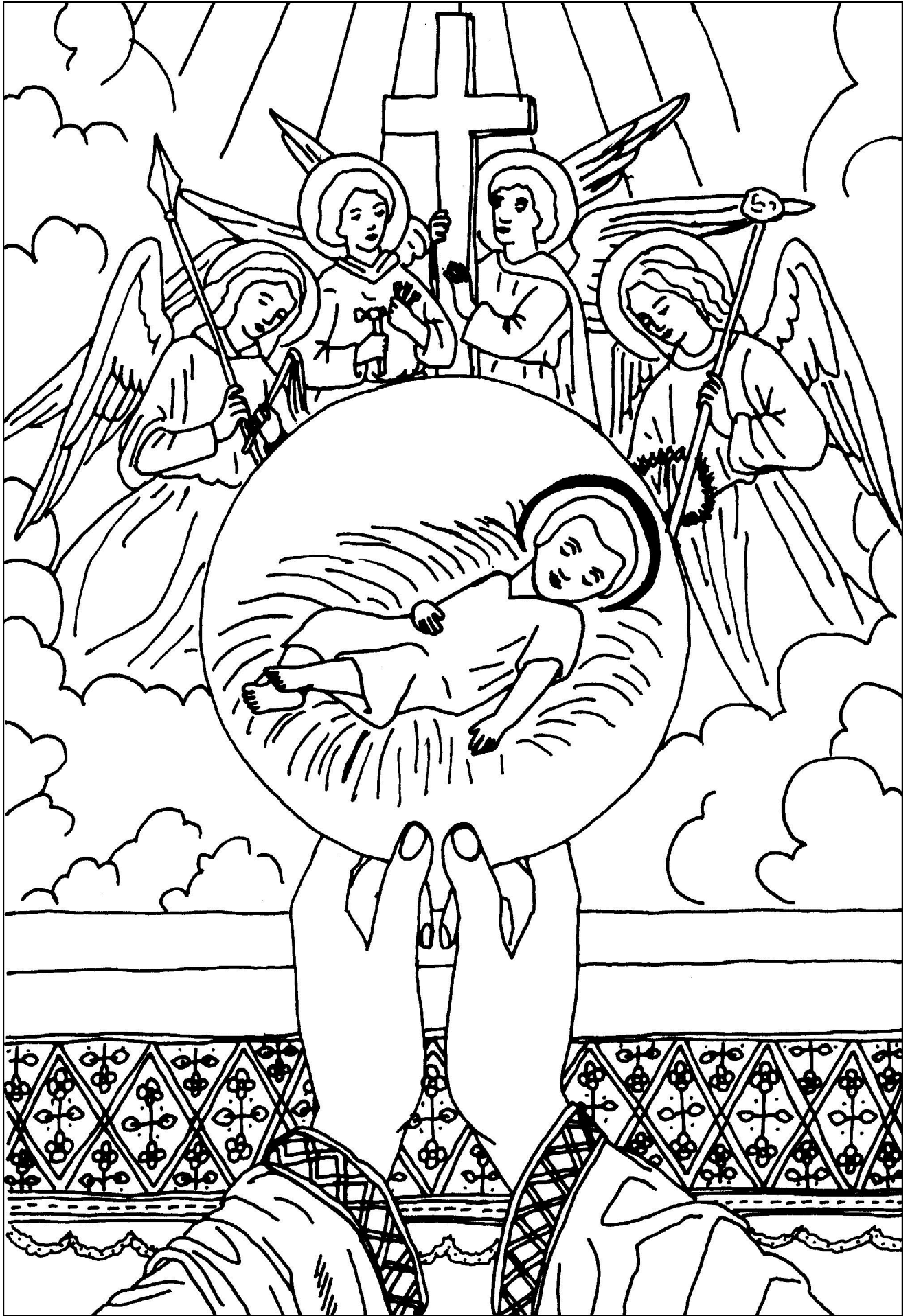
Source: Just Stories, Imprimatur 1929



UNSCRAMBLE THE SAINTS NAMES

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| 1. BERTHA | A. IUSMETHO |
| 2. ALEXIUS | B. ECNELAWR |
| 3. JEROME | C. SIUTANGI |
| 4. PANTALEON | D. THABER |
| 5. CHRISTINA | E. ROMJEE |
| 6. IGNATIUS | F. PPOLAONSIU |
| 7. NAZARIUS | G. XESIULA |
| 8. LAWRENCE | H. TINACHRIS |
| 9. APPOLINARIS | I. ZARIUSNA |
| 10. METHODIUS | J. NOELANTAP |

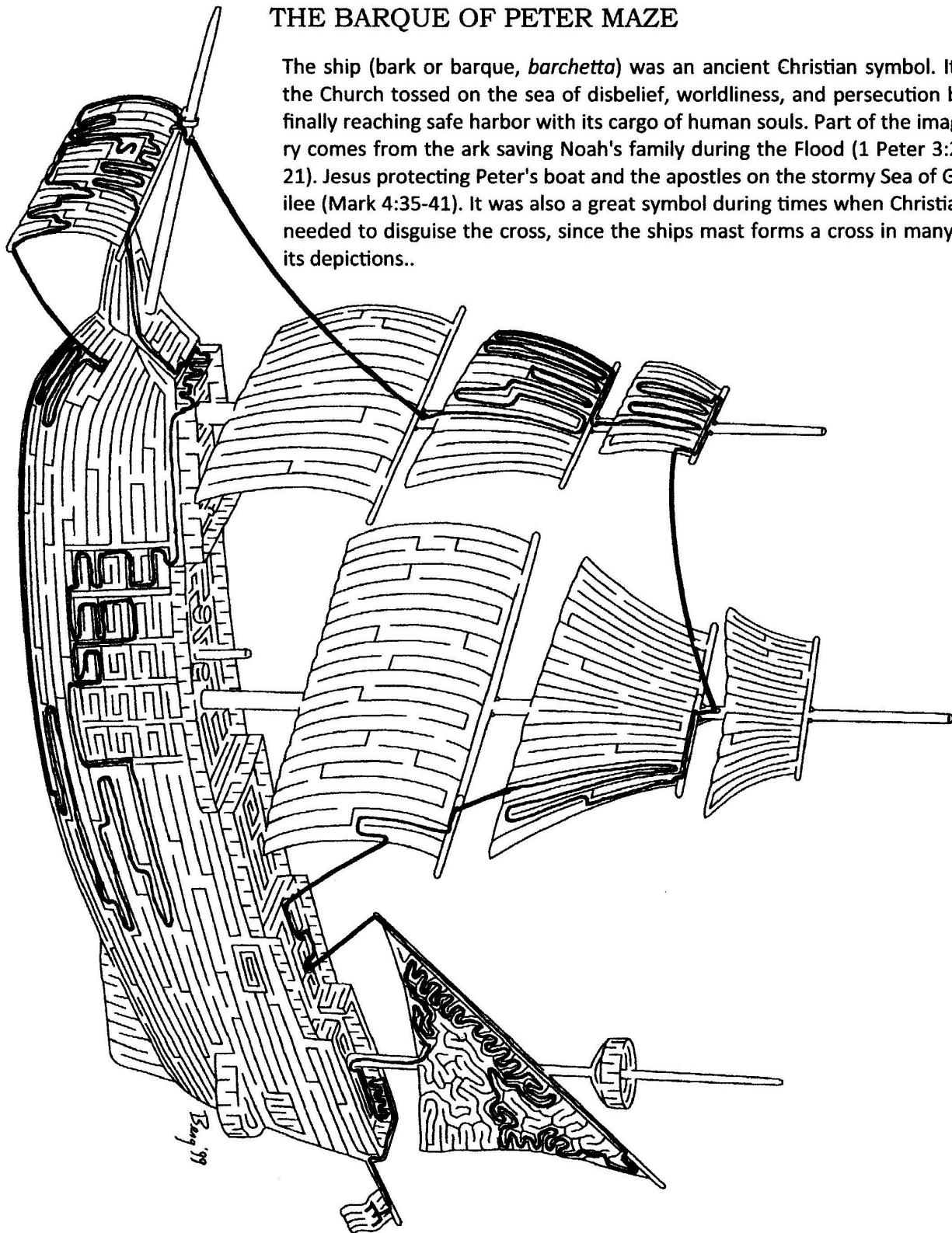
Answers on the last page of the gazette



Answer to the Maze

THE BARQUE OF PETER MAZE

The ship (bark or barque, *barchetta*) was an ancient Christian symbol. It is the Church tossed on the sea of disbelief, worldliness, and persecution but finally reaching safe harbor with its cargo of human souls. Part of the imagery comes from the ark saving Noah's family during the Flood (1 Peter 3:20-21). Jesus protecting Peter's boat and the apostles on the stormy Sea of Galilee (Mark 4:35-41). It was also a great symbol during times when Christians needed to disguise the cross, since the ship's mast forms a cross in many of its depictions..



ANSWERS TO
VESTMENT MATCH-UP

1. C, 2. E, 3. F, 4. A, 5. D, 6. B

ANSWERS TO UNSCRAMBLE
THE SAINTS NAMES

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

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



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 ONE, HOLY, CATHOLIC, AND APOSTOLIC 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. There are weekly Sunday Sermons for both Children and Adults and many other goodies. you can check it out at: