

St. Catherine's Academy Gazette

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

November 2013

Issue 38



ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward! Christian soldiers, marching, as to war,
With the cross of Jesus, going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe.
Forward into battle, see, his banners go.

At the sign of triumph, Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver, at the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading, where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we.
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never, against the church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices, in the triumph song:
Glory, laud, and honor, unto Christ the King
This, through endless ages, men and angels sing.

Source: Hymns and Songs for Catholic Children, 1870

FEASTS AND FASTS THIS MONTH

November 1st - The Feast of All
Saints Day
(Holyday of Obligation)

November 21st - The Presentation
of the Blessed Virgin Mary

November 27th - The Feast of
Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal

NOVENAS

November 18th is the day to start a
Novena in honor of Our Lady of the
Miraculous Medal

November 30th - Begin a novena in
honor of the Immaculate Conception

What's Inside

Match the Saints	4
Catacombs	5
Charles Borromeo	8
Cecilia	13
Novena for the Holy	15
Quiz on the Saints	18

JOSEPH

A Sister of Charity was one day visiting the family of a poor child attending the school of which she had the charge. In her hand she carried a basket of provisions, for the family were poor and in want. Up one street and down another trudged the good sister. At last she came to a row of small shops, between two of which was a narrow passage leading into a small square court. Around this court was sheds or rooms, and in each of these dwelt a different family. As Sister Louise came out from the particular room she had come to visit, a woman standing in the doorway of the next one spoke to her.

“Sister,” she said, “will you take my Joseph into your school? He’s gone five, and the inspector has been round.”

As the sister stopped at the open door she had a view of the entire room and family. It was poorer than any of you could imagine. Half the room was occupied by a large broken down bed, the rest by a table and two boxes used for seats. The walls were hidden by various garments hanging on nails. The one window was broken and had a piece of paper stuck over the hole. This was Josephs home, where he slept and played and had his meals. The family were at that moment having their tea, the father seated on a box, the three children upon the bed. Two cups without handles were provided for the father and mother, but the children shared a saucer between them.

“Come here, Joey, let Sister see you,” said the mother.

Joey slid carefully of the bed, placed the empty saucer carefully on the table, and stood beside his mother looking up at the Sister Louise. His legs were bare, his little shirt and trousers ragged, dirty, and torn. His face was surrounded by a thick crop of rough yellow hair, making him look like a copy of shock-headed Peter.

“He’s a fine boy is Joey,” said the mother, looking with pride on her eldest son, while she tried to rub up his face with the corner of her apron. “He’s that clever, there’s nothing he can’t do.”

“Has he been baptized?” asked Sister Louise.

“O yes, Father John baptized him along with Mrs. Moore’s Tom.”

“Very well,” Said sister Louise,” “you may send him next Monday, but see that he is washed and tidy.”

So the following week Joseph began his school life. His face had been washed and his little shirt too, but otherwise he looked much the same as when Sister Louise had made his acquaintance.

Joseph thought school a wonderful place, something like heaven, he told his mother. It was warm, there was plenty of room to move about, pretty pictures hung on the wall, and, above all, there was music! Joseph loved music; and a lady actually played music while Joseph and the other children marched around the room. Dinner hour came all too quickly, and when the afternoon school was over, he cried because he had to go home.

His teachers became very pleased with him. He tried so hard at all his lessons that he was soon the first in his class. “If only he were clean and tidy,” the teacher would say to Sister Louise, “we could do almost anything with him!”

Each morning as soon as he came into school, Joseph was sent to wash his face and hands; but he could not wash his clothes, which every day became more ragged and dirty. Two or three times Sister had given him a coat or a jersey, but the next day he would come back without it, saying that his father had sold it, as he wanted money to pay for something to drink.

It was the month of November; the children had been told about the poor souls in purgatory, and taught to say some prayers for them. In the school hall too, there was a small box on the altar into which the children sometimes dropped a penny, for they were saving up to have a mass said for the Holy Souls.

Joseph never had a penny to spend, but he had often watched the others drop one in, and wished also that he could do so too.

About this time Joseph became the happy possessor of his first penny. It came about in this way. His hair had become by this time so rough and untidy the Sister Louise asked his mother to let her get it cut. Permission being readily given, Joseph, accompanied by a big girl, set off towards the barber's shop. It was a bitter cold day, a sharp east wind was blowing, and the people in the streets drew their furs closely around them. Joseph had no furs, he had not even a coat, but though he was shivering with the cold, it never occurred to him to complain. The barber looked with pity at the boy's scant clothing and at his pinched and hungry-looking little face and when the big girl gave him the usual three pence charge, he took one of the pennies and placed it in the boy's hand, saying, "Here, laddie, go and buy yourself a bun, or some sweeties!"

Joseph thanked him, and then with his penny safe in his hand he trotted happily back to school. The door was just about to be locked, but Joseph slipped in and ran in great haste towards the altar. There with a sigh of satisfaction he dropped his penny into the box. Turning round, he saw the Sister near him.

"The barber gave me the penny for sweeties," he said, "and I bought a Holy Soul out of purgatory instead."

Two years went by. Joseph could read and write; he was, as his mother had said, a clever boy, but so ragged and dirty that he always looked the most uncared for in the whole school. But that did not worry Joseph. He loved his school, enjoyed all his lessons, especially his Catechism which taught him to love our Blessed Lord. About this time Joseph made his first confession, and then began to prepare for his First Holy Communion. The church was not far from school, and every day Joseph would slip in on his way home, and sometimes remain for a long time praying before the Blessed Sacrament. To do this he had each day to resist the temptation to play cards with the other boys on neighboring doorstep. This was a favorite game at that time: the boys would play for sweeties, or nuts, or even for money, and Joseph had often been the winner of these coveted prizes. But Sister did not like the game; she told them it was a dangerous one for little boys, and often led to sin later on, so Joseph had decided that in preparation for his First Holy Communion, he would give up playing, and pay a visit to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament instead.

Although Joseph's mother and father never went to Mass themselves, they had not quite lost their Faith, and were quite willing that their children should go. Every Sunday Joseph would get up, help to dress his younger brother and sister, and take them to the children's Mass; there he would kneel so still, and join so reverently in the prayers and

hymns, that Our Lord must have loved him very much.

When the day of his First Holy Communion arrived, Sister told him that although it was into his soul Jesus was coming, still out of respect for Him, his God, he should make himself as clean and tidy as was in his power. This he did, and Sister lent him a large jersey and some shoes and socks which made him look quite respectable.

“Jesus will hardly know me,” he said, looking at himself with great satisfaction.

After this, Joseph went to Holy Communion every day. He would take a crust of bread in his pocket for breakfast, and eat it on his way to school from the church.

One day the school doctor came to examine the children. When Joseph came in and the doctor noticed his thin, stunted little body, and his ragged garments, he turned to the Sister saying:

“What a wretched, miserable, little object.”

Joseph heard, and his face flushed. When the doctor had gone, he said, “Sister, Our Lord didn’t call me a ‘wretched, miserable, little object,’ when I went to Holy Communion this morning, did He?”

“No indeed,” replied Sister. “When Jesus saw you coming into church this morning He said, ‘Here Is my little Joseph. How I love to come into his faithful little heart!’ ”

Joseph’s face flushed with pleasure at these words. Looking up into Sister’s face, he said, “I will always be his faithful little Joseph,” and Sister felt sure that he would.

Source: First Communion Days, Imprimatur 1920

MATCH THE PROFESSION WITH ITS PATRON SAINT

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| ___1. St. Sebastian | A. Bodily Ills |
| ___2. Our Lady of Lourdes | B. Youth |
| ___3. St. Martha | C. Athletes |
| ___4. St. Michael | D. Sore Throats |
| ___5. St. Blaise | E. Cooks |
| ___6. St. Dorothy | F. Schools |
| ___7. St. John Berchmans | G. Policemen |
| ___8. St. Thomas Aquinas | H. Nurses |
| ___9. St. Raphael | I. Florists |
| ___10. St. Ambrose | J. Learning |



(answers to be found on the last page of the Gazette)

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME

It was a warm day in summer, and the Appian Way was uncomfortably hot beneath the glare of an Italian afternoon sun. My companion and I had left Rome by the Porta S. Sebastiano and, when about a mile and a quarter from the city proper, we had turned to the right, into a vineyard marked by large cypress trees. We were at the entrance to the Catacombs of St. Callistus. My companion was a non-Catholic and an earnest seeker of the true faith. I had told him if he wished to see a visible proof that the doctrines of the Catholic Church of today are still the same as those of the Early Church, then he should visit the catacombs of Rome. He became interested, and asked me to accompany him. As the combined length of the galleries of the various catacombs now discovered is estimated to be 587 miles, it was clear that we could visit only a small number of them. I chose St. Callistus. Guided by a trappist monk we descended, with lighted tapers, a steep stairway and found ourselves in a chill, damp gallery that lay hidden in appalling darkness far below the surface of the vineyard. It was a narrow gallery leading into many others. We had left the world of the twentieth century, and had gone back to the days of Pope Callistus I, to the year A.D. 218. By the dim taper-light I saw an expression of awe upon my companion's face. The voice of the monk sounded strange and sepulchral in those silent depths of the earth, as he called our attention on each inscription on the slabs inserted in the walls and enclosing the remains of confessors and virgins of those early post-apostolic days. There were many broken slabs; and some empty niches in the walls showed where once the bodies of martyrs lay for centuries until they were removed to various Roman churches. In those narrow galleries and in the broader chapels excavate in the soft stone-the volcanic *tufa granolare*-we saw everywhere evidence of what was the belief of those who received their Faith directly from the disciples of the Apostles themselves. In the Tomb Chapel of the Popes were buried many of the early of the early successors of St. Peter as head of Christ's Church on earth. On the walls about us were words and symbols, centuries old, of our own Catholic beliefs today: the Divinity of Christ, Baptism, the Holy Eucharist, the Mass, Purgatory, the Resurrection of the Dead, the Sacrament of Penance, the Communion of Saints, Holy orders, and the love of Mary, the Mother of Christ, ect. As we descended deeper and deeper and penetrated galleries that lay beneath galleries, I scarcely noticed that the air was chill with a penetrating dampness, for my heart was warm with gratitude that I possessed the same faith and the same belief of that Early Church, governed then, as now, by the Pope of Rome. Only spiritually blind could fail to see that the Catholic

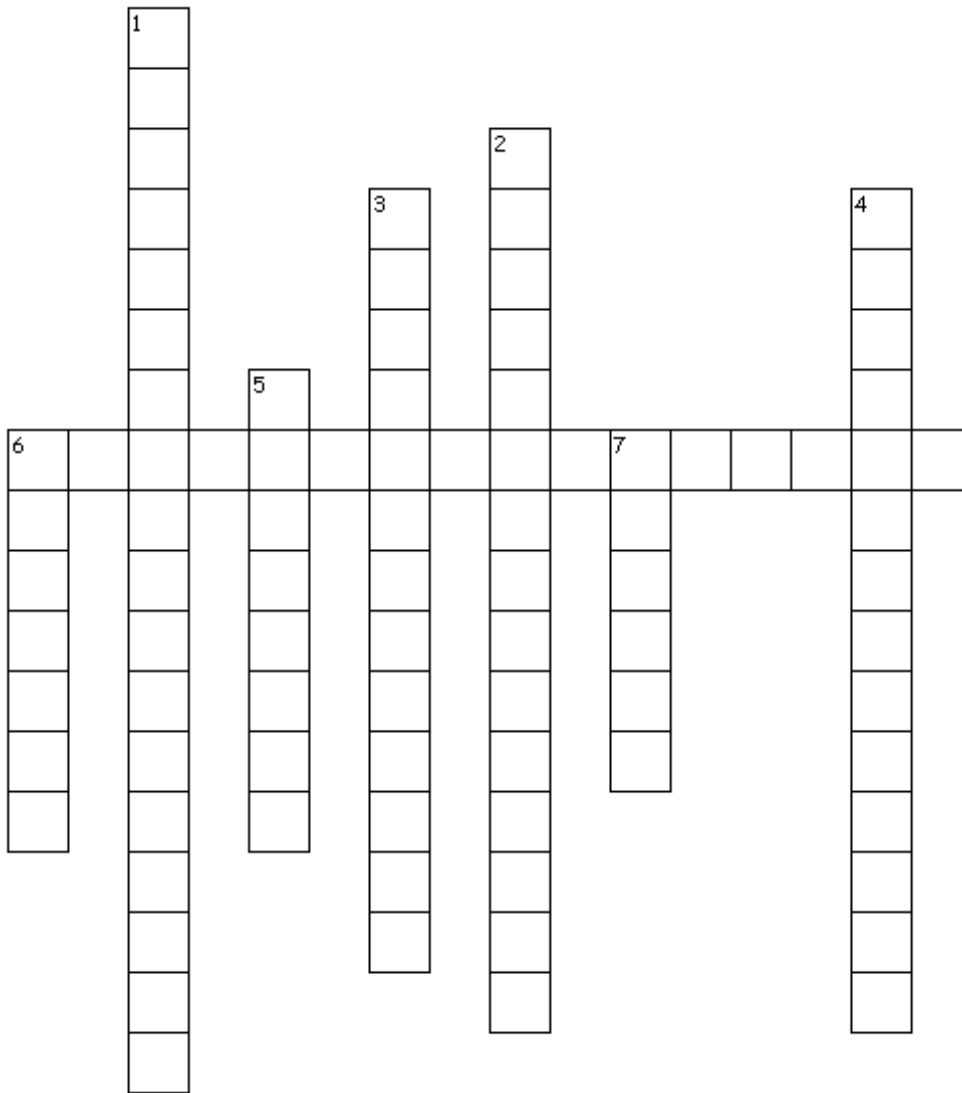


Church of today is the Catholic Church of the Catacombs. When our supply of tapers was burning low, we retraced our steps and ascended the steep stairs and stood once more in the bright Italian sunshine. My companion was strangely silent. I did not obtrude upon his thoughts as we quietly walked back To the Eternal City. I was not surprised when I heard later that he had become a member to the Catholic Church. The researches of the learned Jesuit, Father Marchi, and of his celebrated pupil, De Rossi, have explained the origin and the mode of construction of these underground cemeteries and meeting places of the early Christians of Rome. They were not mere abandoned sand-pits occupied by the followers of Christ. They were cemeteries, and were excavated under a privilege of the laws of pagan Rome which rendered the tombs of the dead inviolable. They began in times of persecution after the first century. Their subterranean galleries offered and secret refuge, and a place for Holy Mass and the reception of the Sacraments. Secret chapels were dug and intricate galleries were made that seemed to lead to no where, for pagan spies had to be baffled. Entrances were concealed by connecting them with old, disused sand-pits. Cardinal Wiseman in "Fabiola" gives us a beautiful picture of the Church of the Catacombs: of the faith of the early Christians and the dangers besetting them. It is a story that should be known by every Catholic.

Source: Can You Explain Catholic Practices, Imprimatur 1937

N G V F P Z I D E Y S W I C H H F H I L	
G W W F N U X S T D W L H A O L J X Q G	
C N N T L D W O E P R A Y E R S Q V Z X	1. NOVEMBER
W Q I O L T T E R S L U O S Y L O H G L	
O W N R A U P C N F S P X O Q J P X U N	2. PURGATORY
Z V E M E G M S A R M Z W N I N G F N Z	3. HOLY SOULS
W S A D Q F Q I L S U T M B Q A H T E R	
B S J D G V F L R S A P C C P T E M W R	4. SAINTS
S D Q L E I E U E X Q V O U I B N H C E	5. SUFFERING
D I D A E P D F S U H B R A B M Q U W B	
K C Z O Q X R K T A E G F N X V H Y U M	6. FAIYHFUL
Y U C Q W A O O Y Y A U N H O Y P Y U E	7. MASS
V G C G A N F O F T M F J E S K L U H V	
D C J D D S D J O U G I K A G N X Z Y O	8. PRAYERS
R U K W P J Y R S R N I G V I J T N C N	9. HEAVEN
U O B X F C Y O J A C D V E K Y L Y X C	
A B Z W E L R N M G I K I N J C A C E C	10.DE PROFUNDIS
U T P B W E Q Y G B Y N I S J E T U P W	
M K S Z I V W P I G K R T N A O D I Z Q	11.ETERNAL REST
B J R G J J H Y F I A Z O S B W O U U L	

NOVEMBER CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Across

6. Received the Miraculous Medal from the Blessed Virgin.

Down

- 1. This saint is often pictured holding roses in her cloak.
- 2. Archbishop of Milan from 1564-1584 AD.
- 3. Gave half his cloak to a beggar.
- 4. Teacher and mentor of St. Thomas Aquinas.
- 5. The only female saint ever to receive the title "The Great."
- 6. He is known as the first apostolic father of the Church.
- 7. The first of Christ's apostles.

(answers can be found on the last page of the gazette)

SAINT CHARLES BORROMEIO

The life of S. Charles appears to be made known to us to show, that although solitude and poverty have been necessary for the sanctification of many holy men and women, it is still possible in the very midst of the honors and riches of this world, to keep a heart quite free from attachment to these things; a heart which is humble, simple, and fixed upon God only. This great Saint was born upon the 2nd of October, 1538, about fourteen miles from Milan, and he began so early to show such pleasure in prayer, in building little chapels and attending to the altar, that his parents believed God designed him for the priesthood.

Charles, even as a very little boy, wished this most earnestly himself, and the desire caused him to be very careful that in his dress and his conduct there should not be the slightest thing unbecoming in one who hoped to consecrate himself to the special service of God.

During the time of his studies at the University of Pavia, his piety was an example to all his companions, and by prayer and watchfulness he obtained God's grace to resist all the temptations which beset him during his boyhood. When he was but twelve years of age, one of his uncles gave up to St. Charles a rich Benedictine abbey, and from another relative a second abbey and priory became his own property a few years later; yet he did not expend any more money upon himself, but increased his alms to the poor.

Before he was twenty-three years of age the Saint was made Cardinal, and then Archbishop of Milan, but in these and other dignities which came to him, he only thought of the work he could do for God and the Church, remaining as humble and free from human considerations as if he had been poor and unknown.

So little did he trust his own judgment that he always had several persons about him whose advice he could ask in all that he undertook, and to these he listened with great submission. A life like his was full of occupation, yet, though he got through so much business, he never seemed to be in a hurry, and by giving up needless amusements and being very punctual and orderly, he found time for all that was necessary for him to do, and yet had many hours given to his sacred studies and prayers. St. Charles was very severe in his treatment of himself, but he had great discretion in his practice of penance, so that, instead of loading himself with austerities to which he was unused, he began moderately, increasing his fasts and mortifications every week, so that he was able to continue them to the end of his life.

He aimed at making himself indifferent as to his food, so that he eat black bread or white, and drank either clean or dirty water, just such as he met with where he might happen to be, and for many years before his death he fasted upon bread and water every day excepting on Sundays and holidays, and then he took some herbs or apples, but never any meat, fish, wine, or eggs. Whilst he was studying at Pavia, S. Charles was often in ill-health, but his moderation in his food quite cured him, so that it became a proverb to call strict abstinence "The remedy of Cardinal Borromeo."

He was in the habit of sleeping on a rough bed without removing his clothes, or else sitting up in his chair, until, at the request of the bishops of his province, he gave up doing so, and used a bed of straw, with a sack filled with straw for a pillow and only two coarse sheets and a counterpane to cover him. Though he had so much property at his

command, St. Charles never expended any of it for his own use, excepting sufficient to buy a little straw for his bed or bread and water for his food. Once a bishop found him studying during a severe night in a tattered, thin black habit, and begged him to put on something which would better protect him from the cold. St. Charles smilingly answered, "Suppose I have nothing better? The robes I wear during the day belong to the dignity of Cardinal, but this garment is mine, and I will not have any other for summer or winter."

In his palace at Milan there were some beautiful sculptures and paintings, which he had all removed, and also the arms of his family, which had been placed there by someone else; he laid aside the name of Borromeo and used instead his title of S. Praxedes, and in place of his coat of arms he took the motto, "Humilitas." The very least flattery gave him great pain, and to avoid it he carefully concealed even the graces God gave him, and never spoke of himself unless it was to tell something which he considered a fault. Perhaps there is nothing harder than to be willing to bear reproof, but to S. Charles this was not difficult; he was glad to be reminded of any failing, and had two very holy priests in his household who were specially commissioned to tell him everything they could see amiss in his actions, There was one priest who delighted to find fault with him, and for this reason St. Charles kept him in his family, and at his death left him a pension as long as he should live.

Although the Saint never spent any time in his own amusement, his kindness of heart made him ready to join others in anything which was not unsuited to his character as God's priest. One Sunday afternoon he had joined several others in a game of billiards, when one of the company asked what each would do supposing an angel came and told him he had only an hour more to live. "I should go to confession," said one. "And I should finish saying Office," said another, and so each in turn said how he should employ the time if he had been told to be ready to appear before God; but when it came to St. Charles he exclaimed, "Well, I should go on with the game, for I began it for the love of God, and I do not know anything He would rather have me do at this minute, or I should not continue it."

It is a lesson to us, that the very least action, even an innocent amusement which does not put aside any duty, may be begun and ended for God's glory if our intention is simply to please Him. St. Charles was so desirous to be free from all imperfections that he went daily to confession before saying his Mass, and he had a wonderful light to see the least failing of which he could accuse himself, and for which his sorrow was deep and abiding. Once, in giving the Holy Communion, through the fault of the server, St. Charles let the Sacred Host fall, and his compunction was so great that as a penance he fasted for eight days, and was four days without saying Mass, which was the only time he ever omitted offering up the Holy Sacrifice unless in some serious illness. The Saint had naturally a very great timidity in preaching, but believing that it was a way of attracting many souls to God, he set himself to conquer his reluctance, and became entirely the master of these feelings, so that God gave him great power over the hearts of those who heard him.



He was also very anxious that children should be taught Christian Doctrine, and for this purpose established a great many schools, where he collected a number of teachers and scholars on Sundays and holidays, so that the Catechism should be well known and understood everywhere.

The great work of St. Charles was to arouse the priesthood to a more perfect life of humility and self-sacrifice; it cost him great trouble to visit all the churches and monasteries under his authority, but he persevered through all discouragements and difficulties, and succeeded in getting the services of the Church performed with more solemnity and devotion, putting right a great many things which had grown disordered for want of thought and care. Into the valleys far away from Milan and yet belonging to it, he went through snow and torrents, crossing rugged rocks which were almost impassable, bearing hunger and thirst, cold and weariness, joyfully, because he was about the work of his Master. If he saw a priest incapable of fulfilling his duties, he placed there another more zealous; in every parish he found out each person's state of soul, and their bodily wants were not forgotten; many who had gone astray through heresy were brought back to the Church, and he sent before him priests to prepare the people to receive the Holy Eucharist, which he gave himself.

The false accusations and persecutions which are the portion of every follower of Jesus Christ, came upon St. Charles Borromeo, but he only prayed earnestly for those who made themselves his enemies, and begged God to keep all anger and resentment from entering his heart.

The dislike to the saintly archbishop was so bitter in those who did not love the cause of God's truth that three persons conspired together to murder him, and one evening, whilst St. Charles with his household were engaged in the usual devotions, one of these posted himself at the chapel door, and at a convenient opportunity, fired. The music ceased, and every one arose in great alarm, but St. Charles, without stirring, made a sign for all to kneel down again, and finished his prayer as quietly as if no interruption had taken place. This allowed the murderer time to escape; but the Saint believed himself to have received a deadly wound, and, lifting his hands, made an offering of his life to God; however, on rising, he found that the ball with which the blunderbuss had been loaded, had only struck his rochet and fallen at his feet, and some small shot had pierced his cassock. After retiring to his room, a slight bruise and swelling were found on the place which had been struck, which never disappeared during the rest of his life. The danger to which he had been exposed made many desire to find out the persons who had been concerned in the plot, but St. Charles forbade this, and gave himself only to thoughts of God's goodness, making a solemn thanksgiving in public, and then offering his life anew to the divine service in the solitude of a retreat of several days.

The rochet worn by the Saint that evening is still preserved, as well as the ball which struck him. Afterwards, suspicions arose as to the murderers, and they were examined, upon which they confessed their guilt. St. Charles tried hard to get their lives spared, but all save one were executed, and he took care of their relations afterwards. However, these dangers and troubles proved how deep was the love with which the Saint was regarded by his people, and the reverence which the whole Church felt for him.

St. Charles had succeeded in putting down the many disorders of the Carnival, but with all his energy, he could not hinder many profane exhibitions and amusements, for

which he foretold that God would send the plague as a punishment. His words were true, for it soon broke out, and during the Saint's absence, news was brought to him of this calamity which had overtaken Milan. He hastened to the town, though the governor and nobility had left it in terror; he visited the place to which the infected persons were removed, and increased his prayers and penances to obtain God's mercy.

In three processions the Saint walked barefoot, dressed in violet, with a halter round his neck and a crucifix in his hands, offering himself to bear the punishment which his people had brought upon themselves. He also melted down all his plate, and gave his furniture for the relief of those who were destitute, and by his example, induced a number of priests to risk their lives in attending on the sick. After raging for some months, this terrible disease began to abate, and St. Charles fixed a day for a public thanksgiving, and three days' prayer for the souls of those who had died from it. In the year 1584, the Saint seemed to have a strong belief that his death was not far off, and during his yearly retreat, he was more than ever absorbed in God, more than ever free from all attachment to earth, ready to live or die according to the divine Will. During the last week of October, he was taken ill with ague, but concealed it as far as he could, and only slightly shortened the times of his prayer, and allowed his usual dry bread to be toasted; no other care would he give to his body, but continued his work, going to Arona to finish the foundation of a college, and journeying on towards Milan. He reached there on All Souls' day upon a litter, and then the physicians were sent for, who said his illness was dangerous. He received the last Sacraments with great peace and happiness, and died calmly in the night between the 3rd and 4th of November, murmuring "Ecce venio" as he drew his last breath.

The forty-six years of his life had been years of labor for the good of souls, but there was no weariness in his work, because it was all for God; difficulties came often, but to his brave and generous heart they were but part of the cross of Christ, and false accusation became sweet, for it has been the portion of his Master, which he rejoiced to share. And though St. Charles has long since been in the company of the blessed in heaven, he has left a remembrance of his name in the congregation which it was one of his works to form. He called them "Oblates," that they might never forget that they had offered themselves as an oblation to God; he desired from them detachment from the world, although in that world they must work for souls; he asked of them a devotion which would keep them ready to undertake any labour for God's glory that their bishop might command; and, doubtless, many of his prayers were offered that souls might be led by their means to aim at the spirit of charity, humility, and contempt of the world which he taught and preached, as he journeyed about and round Milan, in the earnest words which sprang from the earnestness of his heart, and by the still more beautiful teaching of a saintly life and example. *Source: Stories of the Saints for Children, Vol. III, 1874*



“Our age is one of sentimentality even in spiritual things. We want the roses of St. Therese of the Child Jesus, but take no heed of the crucified she is clasping to her heart.” *Cardinal Merry de Val*



ST. CECILIA

It was the eve of Cecilia's bridal day, when, against her will, her noble parents were forcing her to marry the Roman youth, Valerian, although she had long consecrated her heart and life to God. She had wept and pleaded in vain; now she prayed with a firm trust in God's deliverance, even at the last hour, that He would keep the heart which was given to Him only. In answer to that prayer, Cecilia was favored with the sight and conscious presence of her guardian angel, and seated at her organ, her voice rose up in a clear sweet song of praise to God, in Whom was all her confidence.

She had never been like the usual Roman maidens; she was so modest, so grave, that people said she had the glance and step of an angel, but she had won the love of Valerian, who was still a Pagan, yet who was to become a Christian and a martyr, too, by her means.

That marriage eve he went to the palace where Cecilia lived with her parents, and sought her presence, and once again she told him that her promise was made to know no other spouse than Christ, that He would protect her, and that even then an angel defender was by her side, whose bright sword was outspread between them. Valerian was awed now, all but convinced that Cecilia might never be his, but he asked her to show him the angel, and he would believe; he hears that when his eyes are opened by the waters of baptism, when he is a Christian, he shall behold the heavenly spirit, and at the maiden's bidding he carries a note to Urban, the Pope, afterwards martyred, who is in hiding in one of the catacombs hewn out of the rock.

Valerian comes out a Christian—a new creature in Christ Jesus—who takes his way back to Rome, knowing that death is probably before him and before Cecilia, death for the faith they both hold now.

As he sought the apartment of the maiden, he drew back awed at the bright light that streamed forth, for she was kneeling in prayer, her hands and face raised to heaven, and beside her a glorious angel. Humbly yet lovingly Valerian passed in, and knelt upon the other side, as the angel placed on each young head two crowns of lilies and roses—flowers of heaven, not of earth. Thus crowned, they remain upon their knees in prayer, and Valerian's petition is that his brother, too, may receive light, which is granted him. They were two of the most noble youths of the city, and when the news spread that they were Christians, the Prefect had them taken prisoners, and beaten cruelly, then beheaded for the sake of Christ, Whom they had only just known. The news is taken to Cecilia—death had come very near her now, and she knew not how soon she might be seized and dragged to torture.

So she set about arranging her affairs, consigning all she had to the use of the poor; then the high-born maiden was taken captive, and brought before the Prefect. She was not afraid, she was longing for





martyrdom, and when the sentence was passed, there was no sign of suffering upon her face. They doomed her to be confined in her own baths—the splendid marble baths of the old Roman palaces—there to be burned by the most intense heat, kept up by the stoves below. Just as we read in Scripture of the three youths who walked in the midst of the flaming furnace praising God, Cecilia walked through her baths unhurt by the fierce heat, her hands extended in prayer, her voice rising in clear soft hymns to heaven.

Fresh fuel was added to the fires hour by hour—no man dared brave an entrance into those heated baths, and yet the words of praise came fresh and strong, till evening faded into night. Four and twenty hours went by, still Cecilia sang and prayed, and all heard and marveled that she did not die. Then the fires were ordered to burn low, so that an executioner might bear the heat sufficiently to enter and destroy her with the sword; and when with some difficulty he ventured in to the apartment where but for the power of God she must long before have been burned to ashes, her cheek was cool and fresh, as if no heat had been near her. A moment more, the sword pierced her heart, and Cecilia was amongst the company of virgin martyrs in heaven.

Source: Stories of the Saints for Children, Vol. III, 1874



**NOVENA TO OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL FOR THE HOLY SOULS
TO BE SAID FOR NINE CONSECUTIVE DAYS**

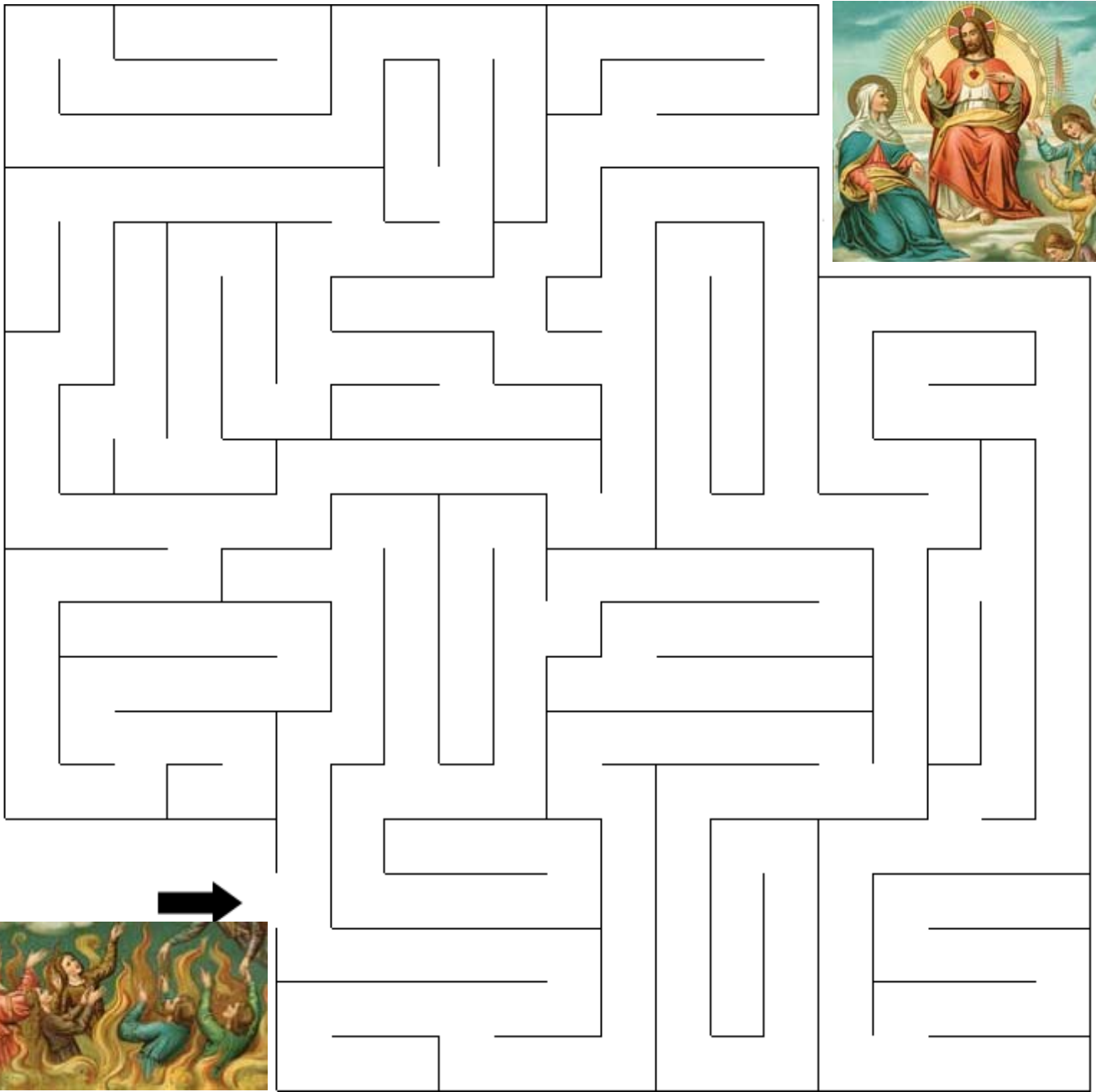
O HOLY ANGEL, whom God, by the effect of His goodness and His tender regard for my welfare, has charged with the care of my conduct, and who assists me in all my wants and comforts me in all my afflictions, who supports me when I am discouraged and continually obtains for me new favors, I return thee profound thanks, and I earnestly beseech thee, O most amiable protector, to continue thy charitable care and defense of me against the malignant attacks of all my enemies. Keep me away from all occasions of sin. Obtain for me the grace of listening attentively to thy holy inspirations and of faithfully putting them into practice, In particular, I implore thee to obtain for me the relief and deliverance of all the Souls in Purgatory, the ones who prayed for the Souls themselves while still on earth; the forgotten and abandoned Souls; the souls of my relatives and friends; the souls of priests and religious; the souls of all those to whom I am obligated by charity to pray for and may have neglected by laxity in memory; and most especially for the Soul I here name in this novena.

[Mention the person or think of him.]

Protect me in all the temptations and trials of this life. but most especially at the hour of my death, and do not leave me until thou hast conducted me into the presence of my creator in the mansions of everlasting happiness. Amen.



HELP THE HOLY SOULS GET TO HEAVEN



ETERNAL REST GRANT UNTO THE SOULS OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED
O LORD, AND LET PERPETUAL LIGHT SHINE UPON.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE. AMEN.

MEDICINE FOR THE SOUL

A wealthy factory owner lay ill in a Catholic hospital. At the admission desk he had requested the Sister to write the word "none" after "Religious Affiliation." When elderly Father Murphy called on the sick man, the latter looked at him and said, " My future is settled. If I am damned, there is nothing I can do about it. If I am saved, I am saved, no matter what I do. My mind is quite settled on this point and you would be wasting your breath to try to talk religion to me."

Father Murphy was troubled about the man's state of soul, especially since he was to undergo surgery. He had a talk with the sick man's doctor, who was a Catholic of splendid faith. The next morning the doctor called on his patient, chart in hand. After the usual greetings, the doctor began as follows:

"Well, Jim, we've been trying to help that heart of yours with medicine, and we've been treating you for a few other things, too. But I've decided to call off both the medication and the surgery."

The patient looked at the doctor and silently wondered, his face one question mark.

"Yes, Jim, I've made up my mind. Either you are going to get well, in which case you don't need doctors or medicines; or you're going to die, in which case nothing that doctors could do would help you anyway."

The sick man, raising himself on one elbow, glared at his doctor. "Do you, a good doctor, think it wise to neglect medical care in my case?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered the doctor. "It seems to me it's right in line with your religious beliefs, as you've explained them to me."

"This isn't a question of religion; it's a question of my getting well."

"Well, Jim, if you don't like my reasoning when it comes to saving the life of your body, then why do you use the same reasoning when there is question of saving the life of your soul? You want all the skill and care that medical science can give you !o save your body from death, which you know must come, sooner or later. But why don't you use the same care to omit nothing to save your soul?"

The good doctor's words made a deep impression on the sick man. Before he went to surgery a week later, the waters of baptism had washed away all sin from his soul, and grace flooded him with new life.

Application

You can do nothing good without actual grace, the supernatural help of God which enlightens your mind and strengthens your will to do good and to avoid evil. Actual graces are passing helps that come as they are needed; you are free to accept or reject them. If you accept them, they will help you to live a good life; if you refuse, you must answer to God. These graces come to you in different ways: the sacraments, prayer, fasting, almsgiving, good example, words of advice.

The sick man in the story at first refused the help of actual grace in the persons of the chaplain and his doctor. Later with God's help of actual grace, his mind received light and his will strength to give up his foolish way of thinking and to turn to God.

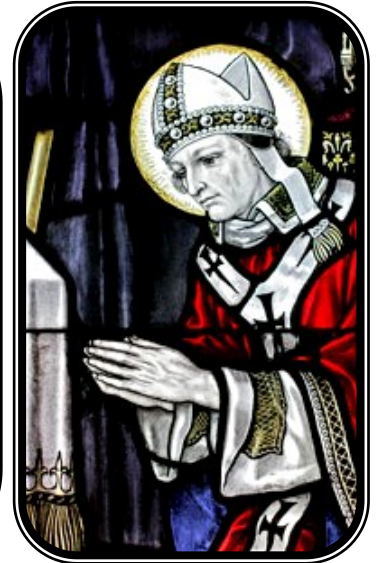
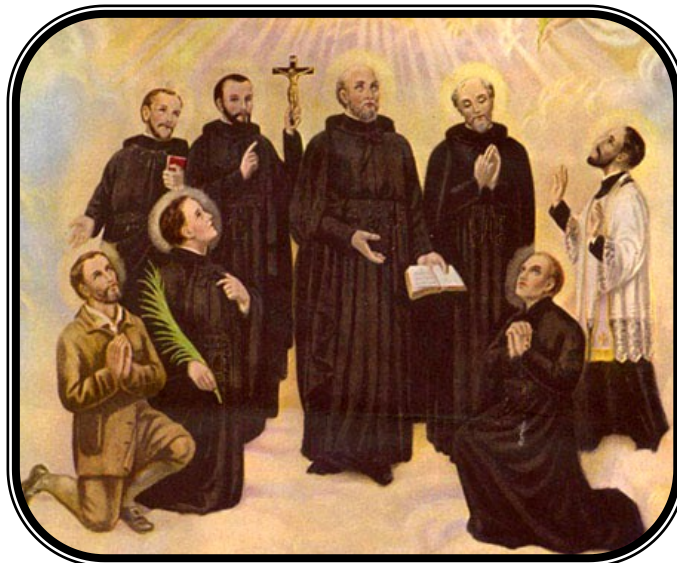
Actual grace enlightens our minds.

Source: Catechism in Stories, by Father Lovasik, Imprimatur 1956

QUIZ ON THE SAINTS

1. What is hagiography?
2. In commemorating the saints does the Church celebrate their birth or death?
3. Who is the Apostle of Germany?
4. Who is the patron saint of greetings?
5. What Irish saint is called the voyager?
6. Who was Saint Isaac Jogues (1607-1646)?
7. Who is the patron saint of England?
8. Who is the patron saint of dentists?
9. What is the most remarkable miracle associated with Saint Januarius?
10. Distinguish between St. Thomas A Kempis and St. Thomas a' Becket.

(answers can be found on the last page of the gazette)



Occupy your mind with good thoughts, or the enemy will fill them with bad ones. Unoccupied they cannot be." St. Thomas More

"Come, Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of Thy faithful and enkindle in them the fire of Thy love."

THE MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS

November is the month of the Holy Souls. During November the Church would have us keep in mind those who, departing this life in God's grace, are not entirely free from venial sins or have not fully paid the satisfaction due to their sins and, hence, are detained in Purgatory before being admitted to the joys of Heaven.

The Catholic Church has always offered prayers for the dead. The writings of the Fathers of the Church and the inscriptions on early Christian monuments, particularly in the catacombs at Rome, attest to this fact.

The Council of Trent tells us that those detained in Purgatory "are helped by the prayers of the faithful and especially by the acceptable Sacrifice of the altar." Prayer for the dead is prominently found in the Liturgy of the Church. Not only is All Souls' Day commemorated, but daily in Holy Mass there is a memento of the Faithful departed. Special Masses are found in the Missal.

Besides the Mass on the day of death or burial, other requiem Masses are authorized by the Church: on the third day, to inspire us with hope for our dead because of the resurrection of Christ on the third day; on the seventh day, to remind us that, as God rested from the work of creation on the seventh day, so our beloved dead now rest from the toil and labor of life. The Month's Mind, or Mass on the thirtieth day, is in imitation of the Children of Israel, who mourned the death of Moses and Aaron for thirty days. There is a special Mass for the anniversary day of the death of one or more of the Faithful.

While the Church teaches us to pray for the souls of the dead, it also teaches us to respect the bodies of the deceased. It forbids the cremation of the body and bids us remember that it was the dwelling-place of the soul and will arise from the grave to share with the soul eternal joy or punishment. The body is brought to the church of God and there placed before the altar; it is incensed, sprinkled with Holy Water, and a cross and lighted candles are placed near it to teach us that it was the companion of the soul in life and, through the Cross of Christ, will be the companion of the soul for eternity. When for some reason the body cannot be brought to the church, a catafalque is provided, and over it, as representing the body of the deceased, the celebrant reads the various prayers and performs the ceremonies which ordinarily take place over the body of a departed one.

We do not confine to November our prayers for the dead, but we should remember them in a special way during this month. It is a consoling thought for us that when our time of death will have come, we can depart this life knowing that we shall be helped by the prayers of the Faithful to render the satisfaction due for our sins. Let us now, by our prayers, help the Holy Souls, as we hope that one day we shall be helped by the prayers of the Faithful.

Source: Can You Explain Catholic Practices, Imprimatur 1937



HIS LOVE FOR US MADE PURGATORY

WHEN November comes, my boys and girls, we think of the Holy Souls in Purgatory. You know how the winds of autumn will sigh and moan these days. Maybe I 'm fanciful, but the desolation and mournfulness so common to many November days goes right to my heart. They seem to re-echo the grief-laden words, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me." For we know that Holy Church teaches that there is a Purgatory and that the souls therein detained are helped by the prayers of the faithful.

Perhaps you do not realize it yet, but, really, the true Christian's life is a Way of the Cross. We must carry the cross after Jesus, if we wish to get to Heaven. And one of life's heaviest crosses is death. But many would welcome death; if only it meant Heaven without delay; if it meant resting at once in the arms of dear Jesus; if it meant immediately receiving the crown of glory. However, it doesn't always mean that for so many it means Purgatory: being cast into awful fire until the stains that are on the soul have been burnt away. Did I say "being cast"? Oh, no!

The soul that dies in God's love and in His grace and sees upon itself the stains of little sins and the remains of big ones at Christ's judgment seat will *throw itself* into those cleansing flames. It will see how soiled and ugly it is in the eyes of God and will want to go away and be purified before coming back to rest on the Lord's bosom forever. And that going away to suffer in love and peace is Purgatory.

Must there be a Purgatory? Of course there must! You know that God is infinite Sanctity and Purity itself, and that nothing impure can enter into His sacred presence. And you know, too, that souls blackened with mortal sin unrepented of and unforgiven go to that dreadful place of everlasting fire that we call hell. But all of us commit many little sins and maybe even big sins. We confess some of the little ones and all the big ones and they are wiped away from the soul; but the little sins leave stains and there are still some stains left where the big sins were, just as there's a stain left on your paper no matter how quickly you blot up the drop of ink that fell from your pen. And remember, nothing that is stained shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. Now, wouldn't it be terrible if even the souls from which ugly sin had been blotted out by forgiveness had to go to hell because, being still stained, they could not go to Heaven?

Oh, it would indeed be more than terrible! But God is too good for that. So His love for us made Purgatory, a place between Heaven and hell, where souls not quite pure are kept for a time and made clean in suffering.

Oh, wouldn't it be nice, though, if we could go to Heaven at once after death, without having to go to Purgatory? Well, maybe we can. Man's sinfulness demands Purgatory, you know, and so man's avoidance of sinfulness will enable him to escape, in whole or in part, its fearful punishments. So it's up to us to be very good; don't you think so? Let's be truly wise in the Holy Ghost.

Here are some ways in which you can lessen the distance between you and our Father in heaven. Avoid every little sin even: then you'll never commit a big one. And do penance by being very obedient and gentle and loving at home and in school; by being helpful and diligent, doing every task and getting every lesson as best you can to please God, Who is watching you; by not complaining when you haven't just what you'd like to eat and to wear and to entertain yourself with, and when others do not pay any attention to you, and when

you have an ache or a pain somewhere or when you are sick. And remember that carefully keeping the Ten Commandments and trying to be pure and blameless always is the best kind of penance and will lessen your Purgatory very much—maybe to nothing, even! Oh, that would be fine! Prayer can do all things. So, of course, it can shorten our Purgatory, too. A good, pious morning prayer, and a good, pious evening prayer, and Mass and Holy Communion in the morning, and the rosary and visits to the Blessed Sacrament and many little ejaculatory prayers during the day, and the good intention to do everything for Jesus—oh, that would be making a delightful, easy Purgatory of earth, wouldn't it?

And there would be few stains, if any, to be burnt away in the life to come. St. Cyprian says, "It is one thing to await pardon, another to enter directly into glory. One dies, and is cast into prison, and will not leave it until he pays the last farthing; another dies and straightway receives the reward of his faith and courage." How would you like to die?

One way to shorten your own Purgatory is to pray very much for the souls that are suffering there. It is the best way I know of. And nothing helps them more than to have Holy Mass said for them. St. Jerome says that a soul in Purgatory ceases to suffer during the time the Holy Sacrifice lasts. What a beautiful thought! As praying for the holy souls is the most excellent work of charity you can perform for your neighbor, so to have Masses said for them is the greatest good thing you can do.

Now, every morning during November, be sure to make the I intention to gain all the indulgences you can during the day for the poor souls. And then gain many! The rosary especially is a gold mine of indulgences. Then there are the little prayers that have an indulgence of so and so many days each time. Say them over and over again—also between times! And pray in particular for your dear ones. Oh, be sure that many are crying aloud to you, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends!" What a shame it would be if you wouldn't care!

Source: Talks to Boys and Girls, Imprimatur 1931

Children of the Heavenly King

Children of the Heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worth and praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lord obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.



ANSWERS TO MATCH THE PROFESSION

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

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON THE SAINTS

1. Writings about saints, holy persons, and holiness.
2. Their death, which is their birthday to Heaven.
3. St. Boniface (675-754). He was the first Bishop of Germany.
4. St. Valentine.
5. St. Brendan of Ireland (484-577). Tradition teaches that he reached some part of the new world on one of his missionary voyages.
6. He was a French Jesuit missionary to the new world who was martyred by the Indians after years of work among them.
7. St. George, whose name is most popularly known through the legendary account of his battle with a dragon.
8. St. Apollonia.
9. A phial of his blood liquefies when placed near his head, although many centuries have passed since his death.
10. St. Thomas a Kempis was a German regular, generally associated with the authorship of the "Imitation of Christ." St. Thomas a Becket was an English bishop, killed by henchmen of the king in a quarrel over the rights of the Church.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 6. CATHERINE LABOURE

DOWN: 1. THERESE 2. CHARLES BORROMEIO 3. MARTIN 4. ALBERT THE GREAT
6. GERTRUDE 7. ANDREW

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 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:

www.Crusaders-for-Christ.com