

St. Catherine's Academy Gazette

Holy Mother Church has Dedicated the
Month of February to the Holy Family

Issue 54

February 2020



MORNING PRAYER.

The earth, O Lord, rejoices,
And sings with glad acclaim,
A hymn of many voices,
In honor of thy name.
We join the happy chorus,
That hails the morning light;

And bless the Lord that o'er us,
Kept loving watch all night.
Our every thought and action,
We offer up to thee;
From folly and distraction,
We beg thee keep us free.

Let no profane example,
No censure, no applause,
Lead us this day to trample,
O Lord, upon thy laws.
It pleased thee, Lord, to make us,
That we might serve thee here;

Let not thy grace forsake us,
But keep us in thy fear.
Preserve our life, O Father,
That we may serve thee still;
But let us lose it rather
Than disobey thy will.

Source: Songs for Catholic Schools, 1862

FEASTS AND FASTS

Our Lady of Lourdes -
February 11th
Septuagesima Sunday -
February 9th
Sexagesima Sunday -
February 16th
Quinquagesima Sunday -
February 23rd
Ash Wednesday -
February 26th

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SPAIN

THE BETROTHAL OF ISABELLA

He healeth the broken of heart.—Ps. cxlvi.3.

I.

EAR Guadavera, where the river Isellina winds through wood-bound vales and verdant meadows, nestling among the trees at the foot of a crag overhanging the banks of the river, is an old gray castle, built by the ancestors of the Graziano di Luzman family, in the beginning of the eleventh century.

A steep path, so narrow that only one person can ascend it at a time, mounts up to the summit of the crag, and there among the orange and acacia trees is a little chapel, so old that it is moss-grown and half in ruins, dedicated to the infant Jesus in gratitude for a miracle which took place, say the archives of the Graziano di Luzmans, in the fourteenth century.

It happened in this wise. The Count Luis Graziano di Luzman had an only daughter and three sons. Isabella, the girl, was the most beautiful being that had ever been born in Spain. Her mother was an Englishwoman, and from her Isabella inherited eyes that vied the forget me nots in color, a skin white as the lily, cheeks that made the roses look pale, and golden hair fine as spun glass, and as glowing as the rays of the summer sun at noonday.

Now Isabella was as good as she was beautiful, and as it was not the custom of ladies in those days to study as they do now, she spent all her time in working for the poor and praying in the chapel. Her mother was dead, and her father's sister, who directed the servants of the castle and took care of Isabella, was not very kind to her; indeed, she thought nothing of beating the girl with her distaff when in a bad humor, and Isabella was of too sweet and submissive a nature to complain to her father, who was very fond of his lovely child, though very strict, as most parents were in those days.

The castle was very gay; the King of Spain himself had been the Count's visitor, and all the year round guests were coming and going, for the Count was exceedingly hospitable, and loved company and good cheer, and there was no lack of hunting, fishing, and other sports for the gentlemen who came to accept the Count's invitations.

Among the frequent visitors to the castle was a noble Englishman, the Lord Lynton, of Lyncourt, who lived in Spain on account of his only son's health, for the climate of England was no better then than it is now; and the young Hugh Lynton was always ill when in his native country. His mother was dead also; and his father willingly sacrificed his life for the good of the son, and remained away from his friends, his home and native country for the sake of his delicate child. Little Hugh was the same age as Isabella, and not being able to take part in the manly sports of the other young men, on account of a delicacy of the spine which made him appear humpbacked, so much he stooped, remained at home with the ladies, which was not at all disagreeable to him, as he was near Isabella, whom he had loved dearly from his earliest childhood, not so much on account of her great beauty, as of her gentleness and kindness to him, which she showed in a hundred thoughtful attentions so delicately and quietly that they almost passed unnoticed.

As they grew up Hugh became stronger, but never lost his love of study and retirement, and always when at the castle he stayed by Isabella's side, reading to her while she worked, walking about the garden with her while she attended to her flowers, or telling

her of all the wonderful things he had seen in his travels.

When Isabella was fifteen years old her father decided to take her to Court, and in spite of her tears and entreaties he ordered her to be ready to start on her sixteenth birthday. Her aunt scolded her severely for her ingratitude.

"What," said she, "was Isabella too grand a lady to take notice of all the beautiful jewels and dresses her father had given her to appear at Court? What more did she want, indeed? She must be a queen herself, must she?" But Isabella cried bitterly over the lovely dresses, and begged to be left at the castle and not taken out into a world for which she felt herself ill-inclined and all unfit.

No one knew her secret; she herself hardly guessed it—it was that Hugh had been staying at the castle with his father for some months, and she had learned to love him, and now she must leave him for a whole year, and who could tell what would happen in a year?

One afternoon she was sitting in her little bower in the garden, a sweet little nook all overgrown with roses and honeysuckle by the side of a streamlet which ran through the garden, when she heard footsteps on the gravel path, and Hugh appeared, his face very pale and wan, his eyes red with crying. "What is it ails thee, my Hugh?" asked the young girl gently and anxiously. "Oh, Isabella, my own, my dear one," he cried, "thou art going to start next week for Madrid. Oh, Isabella, what shall I do without thee? But thou wilt soon forget me there in the gay world where each gentleman is stronger, more valorous, and more bravely attired than his fellow. Oh, my Isabella, thou wilt come back betrothed, perhaps even married, and wilt never have a glance to bestow upon poor, sickly Hugh." He fairly broke 'down, and laying his head on the grass, sobbed as if his heart would break. The child, for she was no more in innocence and simplicity, sat down beside him, and taking his hand covered it with kisses and tears.

"Hugh, my Hugh, say not such cruel things. Sooner would the lily forget to open her petals to the sun, sooner would the river cease to flow onward to the sea, sooner would the angels forget to light the stars in heaven, than Isabella forget her Hugh."

"Is it true, indeed?" exclaimed Hugh, starting up, and clasping the young girl to his breast. "Is it truth that thou speakest, mine own? Oh, promise me that come what may, thou wilt be ever true to me, that thou wilt never plight thy troth to another than poor Hugh Lynton."

"I promise," whispered the girl tenderly. "Oh, Hugh, thou wilt sooner forget me; thou so clever and wise and good, how canst thou love a poor, simple, ignorant girl like me?"

"My darling, thou art good as an angel, and altogether sweet and beautiful, mine own Isabella. We will never be faithless to each other, will we?"

They spent a happy afternoon together, talking over the future, each trying to console the other and persuade themselves that a year was not so very long after all.

"I will write thee a letter when I have occasion," said Hugh, "or perhaps I shall persuade my father to come to Madrid when the winter is over and we return from the warm coast of Italy." "I will pray for thee every day," said the girl gently and reverently. "I will burn tapers at the shrine of Our Lady, and doubtless God will bless us and unite us again."

They spent a happy month together before the departure for the Court, but at last the woeful day came, and they had to part. Hugh was out in the garden in Isabella's little bower, where they had promised to meet for a last farewell, that their grief might be unvisited by prying and unsympathetic eyes. Just as Isabel was running downstairs, her

aunt came out of her drawing-room, and said sharply: "Where art thou going, Isabella? Come here; there is no time to be running about now. The carriage will be at the door in five minutes." She came after the girl, seized her roughly by the shoulders, and pushed her into the drawing room.

"I know what thou art after," she hissed in the girl's ear. "That young Hugh Lynton, the beardless boy—I tell thee that thou shalt never see him again, hypocrite that thou art. Often and often have I watched thee, and when thou pretendedst to go and pray at the chapel thou hast been with him sauntering about in the garden, instead of sitting with thy aunt and endeavoring to cheer her solitude."

"I never pretended to be in chapel when I was with him," sobbed Isabella. "And I never thought that thou wouldst be pleased for me to sit with thee, or I should have stayed by thy side with pleasure." "Ah," retorted the aunt, "don't think to delude me. Anyhow, I tell thee thou art parted from Hugh Lynton forever—yea, forever." She locked the door and put the key in her pocket, in spite of Isabella's tears and entreaties. She was only released in time to run downstairs and join her father as the carriage was waiting before the front door of the castle. With an aching heart poor Isabella drove away, without having had one look, one word from Hugh, without being able to send him a message to explain her not being at the bower to meet him.

And he, poor Hugh, waited and waited for hours, and when at last he summoned courage to go to the castle and ask if they were gone, and heard the dreadful news, his heart sank within him, and some presentiment of the trouble before them crossed his mind and drove an arrow through his heart.

II.

Isabella was much admired at Court. Her beauty was of an uncommon kind in Spain, where dark eyes and hair prevail. She was asked in marriage over and over again, but for some reason or other her father refused all the offers, until at last one day her aunt entered the girl's boudoir and said: "Said I not well that thou shouldst never see Hugh Lynton again? Thy father has accepted a brilliant offer of marriage for thee, and soon thou wilt be betrothed." Isabella fell on her knees at her aunt's feet. "Oh, aunt," she cried imploringly, "save me from this cruel fate of being separated from Hugh. Save me; beg my father not to force me into an alliance which would make me unhappy for all my life."

Her aunt only mocked the girl; the truth was, she was jealous of her youth and beauty, and only too glad to give vent to her spite by sneering at Isabella in her trouble. A few days afterward the Count Graziano di Luzman called Isabella to him and told her that the young Marquis Lusignan, a French nobleman then at the Court of Spain with the French ambassador, had asked for her hand in marriage, and that he had given him his promise that she should be his bride.

"He is young, handsome, and rich," said her father. "What more can a girl want? And, hey, why these tears?" Isabella threw her arms around her father's neck, and besought him to break off the promise he had made to the Marquis de Lusignan and to allow her to marry Hugh Lynton. "What, a humpback?" said her father angrily. "Dost think that I am going to give the only daughter of the house of Graziano di Luzman to a humpback? Forsooth, I would almost as soon see thee lying dead than give thee up to such a life." "Run away,

girl," he said at last, patting her cheek; "runaway. Thine is but a girl's light fancy. Soon thou wilt forget Hugh Lynton, and in after-years wilt thank me with all thine heart for having been firm at this moment."

In vain Isabella protested. Her father was resolute; he had never heard of such a thing as a girl wishing to choose her husband for herself, especially when she had no more sense than to choose a young man who could not but be a disgrace to her all her life.

The weeks rolled by. Isabella grew thinner and paler every day. The Marquis was presented to her by her father, and she took a dislike to him at once, with his scented locks and beard, his finely-pointed mustache and affected airs. Every day she spent more and more time in prayer, half hoping that God would send some way of escape, perhaps at the last moment, to save her for Hugh. She had had no letter from Hugh, though he had promised to write, and he had never come to Madrid, and she thought sometimes, in an agony of despair, that perhaps Hugh was dead. Her aunt told her mockingly that Hugh was faithless, as all men are, and that he had most likely found some pretty Italian girl with whom he was already wedded. Indeed, she affirmed having heard the news from a lady who had been at Court.

The marriage was fixed for Christmas Day, and the family were to travel back to the castle, so as to celebrate the festival in the chapel which had been the scene of all the family ceremonies for many generations back.

Poor Isabella had lost all her light-heartedness now. She was never seen to smile or laugh. Often and often she spent the whole night in prayer and weeping. For the days flew by, and no tidings of Hugh and no sign of relenting on the part of her father soothed her breaking heart. That journey home that she had looked forward to so long, oh, how sad and harrowing to her feelings! Still the time passed by. It wanted only two days to Christmas, and still no ray of hope lightened her path. At last Christmas Eve arrived, and the family assembled at midnight to hear Mass. The next day was fixed for the wedding, and Isabella was so ill and trembling that she could hardly approach the altar rails to receive holy Communion at the midnight Mass.

Christmas Day dawned, and still no help came. And Isabella, half-dazed with grief, was dressed by her maids and led into the chapel for the wedding ceremony. The young Marquis knelt beside her at the altar rails. The chapel was thronged with guests and retainers, and the priest came in and began the service; then Isabella broke forth into bitter tears, and with a look of agony to the statue of the holy Virgin with her Child above the altar, she prayed: "O infant Saviour, on Thine own birthday wilt Thou not set me free?"

And lo, before all the multitude, the Holy Child stretched forth His hand, and such a bright light streamed therefrom that the Marquis de Lusignan became blind. And a noise of horses was heard in the court-yard, and the door opened, and there entered the Lord Lynton, of Lyncourt, and his son Hugh, no longer small and humpbacked, but tall, lithe, and stalwart as the Count's own sons. And Isabella left the altar, and went to meet him, and he clasped her in his arms, and vowed never to let her go until he had the promise of the Count that she should be his bride. The Marquis de Lusignan, hearing what had befallen, and how Isabella had given her faith to Hugh Lynton, as a noble and proud chevalier, could no longer claim her as his bride, and so that happy Christmas morning Hugh and Isabella were wed. And as they came into the hall of the castle, and eager guests pressed round them to congratulate them and wish them every happiness, when Isabella gave her hand gently and compassionately to the Marquis de Lusignan to thank him for his generosity, his eyes opened, and he saw clearly and was no longer blind.

And the little chapel was built on the summit of the crag, and seven silver bells were placed in the belfry, that far and near the children might love and revere the Saviour, and put their trust in Him, remembering, when they heard the silvery chime, the betrothal of Hugh Lynton and Isabella. Every Christmas to this day the little children come in procession, and Mass is sung and alms are given to the poor in gratitude and thanksgiving to Him who never faileth to "heal the broken of heart."

Source: Legends and Stories of the Child Jesus from Many Lands, 1894



QUIZ ON THE NEW TESTAMENT

1. Who was responsible for bestowing the name Jesus on Our Lord?
2. What is, "The Acts of the Apostles"?
3. Who were the parents of St. John the Baptist?
4. Which are the historical books of the New Testament?
5. To whom is the title, "The Father of Lies," given?
6. Who are the Evangelists?
7. Who was the first apostle called to the apostolate by Our Lord?
8. How were both St. John the Baptist and St. Paul killed?
9. Of whom did Christ say that she "hath chosen the best part"?
10. What was the Cenacle?

Answers can be found at the end of the Gazette



PRAYER FOR PARENTS

Lord Jesus, for love of me once a child, to do Thy Father's will Thou didst live on earth. That I might learn to obey, Thou wast obedient to Thy dear Mother Mary and to the holy Joseph, Thy Foster father.

Bless my dear parents, and have mercy on them. Spare them long to me, and grant that I may never give them pain or sorrow, but always obey them for Thy dear sake, Jesus Christ, my Lord.

Source: Little Book of the Most Holy Child, 1875

ST. MATTHIAS, APOSTLE AND MARTYR

A.D. 64

When by the suicide of Judas Iscariot there was a vacant place among the Apostles of our Lord, they betook themselves to the house of S. John after their return from Mount Olivet, to fill up the number by some one who could bear witness to the life and death and miracles of Jesus.

The way of election was by drawing lots, a method of choice much used by both Jews and Gentiles, and these lots being put into an urn, the name of Matthias was drawn, and he thus became one of the Apostles.

The Holy Ghost had not then been sent down upon them, but soon after its great gifts were given to fit the Apostles for the difficult work which lay before them, and Matthias among the rest received his charge to preach in and about Judea.

The Greek tradition tells us that he travelled into Cappadocia, where he was treated with the greatest cruelty by the inhuman and barbarous people, and while among them he suffered martyrdom for Christ's sake, after converting many to a knowledge and love of Him. The manner of his death is not positively certain, but it is believed to have been the painful death of crucifixion; his body was kept for a length of time at Jerusalem, and thence translated to Rome.

Source: Saints for Children, 1876

VIRTUES PURGATION

Eliminate the unnecessary letters to uncover the virtues in each row.

ROOGENUGTLEHNESS

RMERASHCYNESS

SLODTHILIFULGENCE

PIUNETCOUTHY

HUOBNOXMILIOUSTY

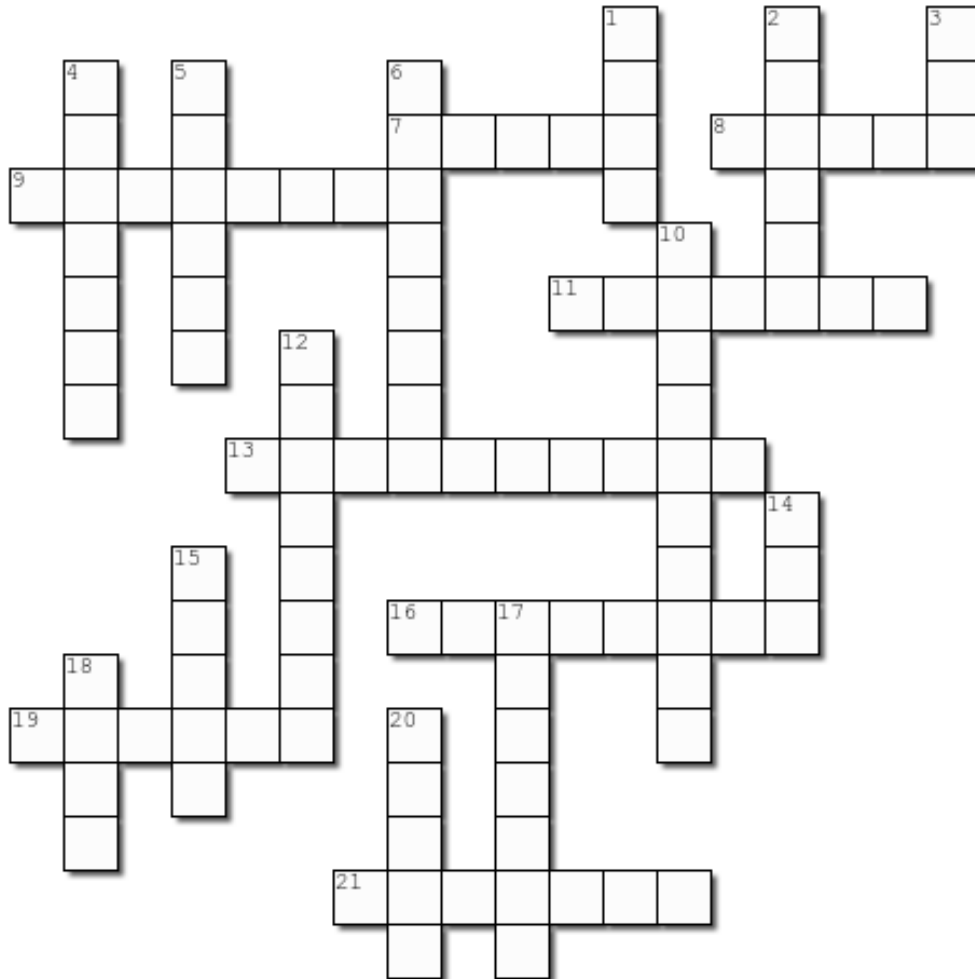
ALIFIDENAELITYTION

PEAPUGNACEFULIOUSNESS

Answers can be found on the last pages of the Gazette

LITANY OF THE HOLY NAME

Complete the crossword puzzle below



Across

- 7. JESUS, GOD OF _____
- 8. JESUS, _____ OF ALL SAINTS
- 9. TREASURE OF THE _____
- 11. JESUS, STRENGTH OF _____
- 13. JESUS, KING OF _____
- 16. JESUS, GOOD _____
- 19. JESUS THE _____ GOD
- 21. _____ LOVER OF SOULS

Down

- 1. _____ AND HUMBLE OF HEART
- 2. JESUS, _____ OF VIRGINS
- 3. _____ OF JUSTICE
- 4. _____ OF EVANGELISTS
- 5. _____ OF THE WORLD TO COME
- 6. _____ OF THE FATHER
- 10. _____ OF ETERNAL LIGHT
- 12. JESUS, LOVER OF _____
- 14. JESUS, SON OF THE LIVING _____
- 15. _____ OF CONFESSORS
- 17. _____ OF VIRTUES
- 18. _____ OF GLORY
- 20. _____ OF THE GREAT COUNCIL

THE HOLY CHILDHOOD

HOSE were wonderful years at Nazareth for the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph whilst the Infant Christ grew from babyhood to manhood. What a joy it was to teach Him to take His first steps and to watch His every movement. Often He played with the shavings from St. Joseph's plane as he worked in his shop or made some toy for the Holy Child. His little playmates loved Him and somehow noticed that they never did anything wrong when they were with Him. Perhaps, too, He had His favorite animals—a pet lamb or a pair of doves and daily fed them, He, the God Who had created them.

St. Joseph and His Mother must have been frequently surprised at His wonderful answers and questions. Often the Blessed Virgin's tears quietly fell when she saw Him busy with hammer and nails and thought of the prophecy which must come true:

"They have pierced My hands and feet" (Ps. xx, 17).

When she held His tiny hands in hers she seemed to see them torn with cruel nails; when she brushed the hair from His sacred brow, she thought of the crown of awful thorns that would one day clasp it tight, for the little Savior had come into the world to save us—you and me—by dying a dreadful death, and His mother knew this well.

Over His whole life fell the shadow of the terrible Cross—the Cross from which He would one day hang in death. It was ever in His mind and He shuddered at the thought, yet loved that Cross for it meant Heaven for you and me.

When a Jewish boy reached the age of twelve, he felt very important. He was treated somewhat as a man and could choose his trade. He now went to the temple at Jerusalem, received little parchment bands, on which passages from the Bible were written, and which were tied with straps to his head and arms. He was also obliged to fast and to go to the temple for the great feasts.

When Christ was twelve years old He accompanied His parents on the long journey to Jerusalem for the feast of the Pasch or Passover. As the Holy Family neared Jerusalem, suddenly at the highest point of the road, they came in sight of the "City of Perfect Beauty." It was built upon four hills surrounding Mount Moria, which stood in the centre, rising straight up from the deep ravines about it. Crowning this mountain rose the temple, a mass of snowy marble, with its roof of dazzling gold. From every point of the city it could be seen standing high above its three courts or galleries built on three terraces.

The temple was not a single building as are our churches, but consisted of a great number of rooms and courts and porches, etc., as well as of the sanctuary. The people prayed in the open air in the courts; only priests entered the temple and offered the sacrifices.

Tired and travel-stained, the pilgrims from Nazareth, after a four days' march, reached Jerusalem. The Jews were pouring in from all parts of the country and tents were being pitched on the hillsides, for the city could not accommodate all. Jesus, Mary and Joseph entered the women's court, God entered His own temple.



Christ watched the lambs led past Him on their way to the altar to be sacrificed and He, the Lamb of God, thought how He would one day be led as a victim to the altar of the Cross. His mother watched Him pray, as all Jews prayed, with outstretched arms, and thought how those same dear arms would be outstretched in agony upon the Cross.

At last the seven days came to an end. The feast of the Passover was finished. All prepared to leave in the midst of great confusion, for from two to three million strangers had come to the city. With difficulty the different caravans were formed for the homeward journey. The men and women left by separate roads which joined after a certain distance. Children might accompany either parent. When St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin met they found that the Child Jesus was not with either of them.

In the greatest grief and anxiety, they turned back toward the city and for two days and nights continued their search. At last they said: "Let us go again to the temple."

There on the third day of their search, they found sitting in one of the courts a group of Jewish rabbis, with long snowy beards and locks. They were the teachers, the learned men. The old man Hillel, nearly one hundred years old, was there, and Gamaliel, Simeon's son, and little Paul who had come from his home in Tarsus to be taught. The young Nicodemus was there, too, he who prayed much that the Messiah might come soon.

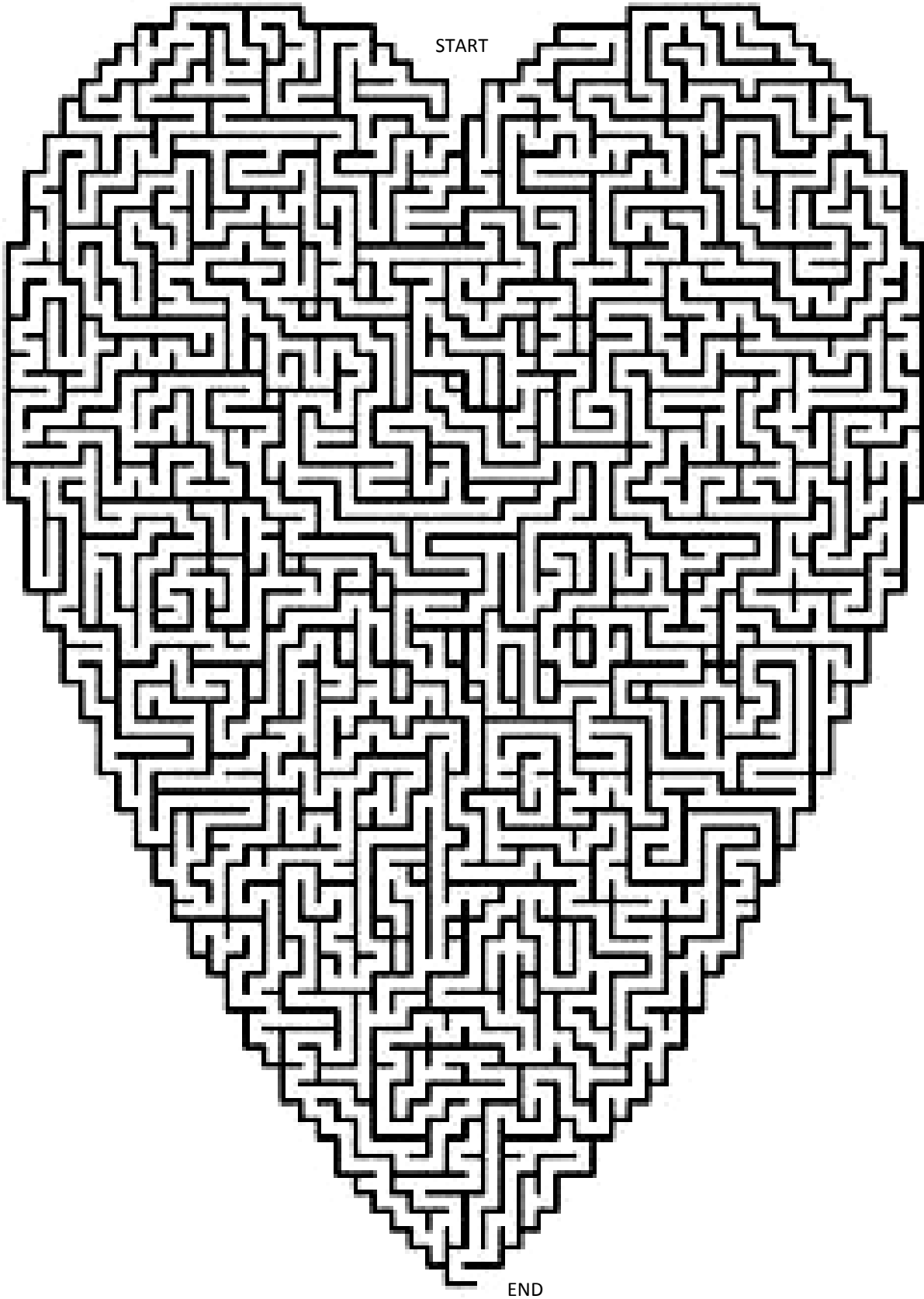
In their midst was a Boy. Oh, the beauty of His face! He had been quietly listening. Gamaliel was speaking. He showed that the time had come for the Messiah to be born. He proved it from the prophecy of Daniel. But others said: "No, the time has not yet come," and a dispute arose.

Suddenly a Child's clear voice was heard and all gazed in wonder at Him. He asked one question and then another, cleared up their difficulties and showed that the time for the Messiah had come. Astonishment was on every face. Never child spoke as this one. Who was He? Just then a woman spoke: "Son, why hast thou done so to us? Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing. And He said to them: How is it that you sought Me? Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" (Luke ii, 48, 49). Yes, the business of His Father, God, was that He should teach men Who He was. Then Jesus left the doctors and went home with Mary and Joseph and obeyed their every wish.

Questions

- (1) What was the Feast of the Passover?
- (2) What did Our Lord do when twelve years old?
- (3) Tell of the three days' loss.
- (4) What did the Blessed Virgin say when she found Our Lord?
What did He answer?
- (5) What did His answer mean?

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY MAZE



Solution can be found at the end of the Gazette



FATHER WILLIAM SCOT, O.S.B.

WILLIAM SCOT, known in religion as Father Maurus, was a gentleman by birth, and educated at the Cambridge University, His conversion to the Catholic Church was brought about by the reading of Catholic books, and upon renouncing Protestantism he left his native land.

For some time he remained in the seminary of Valladolid, and there entered into the Order of St. Benedict, one of the first Englishmen who joined the congregation of Spanish monks. He was admitted to his religious profession in the Abbey of St. Facundus, and having been ordained a priest returned to England, hoping to do good to many souls.

The first sight which greeted him on his arrival was one of those which were sadly frequent at that time — a priest being hurried away to die for the love of Christ. It was the very priest' who had received Father Scot into the Church years before, and the sight seemed granted as a presage of what was shortly to befall himself, for within three days he was also apprehended and cast into prison for the like cause.

For about twelve months this first confinement lasted, and then Father Scot was banished from the country; and this happened several times during his life. He went to live at Douai during his last banishment, but soon returned to England to work, and again fell into the hands of those who were watching for him.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was his chief adversary, and it was before him that Father Scot was brought for examination. The principal evidence of his priesthood was, that as he came up the river from Gravesend to London he found he was in danger of being discovered, and therefore threw a little bag into the water, which contained some medals and crosses, his Breviary and faculties. A fisherman had caught the bag in his net and carried it to this George Abbot, then Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was the 25th of May when Father Scot was conveyed to Newgate to take his trial, and while there he gave great edification to his fellow-prisoners.

It was said sometimes among them that it did not seem likely the court would order the execution of any priest just then, and at such words it was noticed that Father Scot always seemed very much grieved and disappointed.

When, however, he received notice to attend at his trial upon the afternoon of the Thursday, he became more cheerful, and prepared himself to appear at the Old Bailey before the Lord Mayor, the Bishop of London, and some others.

When he heard the verdict pronounced upon him, "guilty" the holy man fell on his knees and exclaimed aloud, "Thanks be to God," adding that no news had ever been so joyful.

Then, turning to the people, he explained that he had not answered the question of whether he was a priest because he wished to see whether his judges would condemn him on mere suspicion, which they had done. But he added, " To the glory of God and of all the saints in heaven I now confess I am a monk of the Order of St. Benedict and a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. Be you all witnesses, I pray you, that I have committed no crime against his majesty or my country. I am only accused of priesthood, and for priesthood alone I am condemned."

Father Scot then returned to his prison so calmly that none would have supposed what had been done that day. On Friday he was again brought to the bar, and sent back to his dungeon with his hands tied behind him, where he spent the night in prayer and thanksgiving.

The next morning the hurdle came for him and another condemned priest who was to be executed at the same time. Father Scot made his appearance in his religious habit, but he was ordered to take it off. As he stood for a moment by the hurdle, he declared to the crowd that he was a faithful subject of the King and prayed daily for him, and that he also constantly entreated God to turn away His divine wrath from England, and pardon the sins which were committed against Him.

After so saying, his arms were pinioned, and he was drawn to Tyburn with his friend and companion Father Newport, where they both met death with cheerfulness and courage, upon the 30th of May, which was Whitsun Eve. To them it was given not only to believe in Christ, to labour for him, but to suffer for him; and by the grace of God they were enabled to rejoice in that brief moment of tribulation which worked for them, " above measure exceedingly, an eternal weight of glory."

Source: Stories of Martyr Priests, 1876



CANDLEMAS

The light of faith which begets the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, as well as the light of glory which crowns the fruits of that spirit, are symbolized in the candles which the Church blesses on this day, and which the people carry. They are made of purest wax, gathered by the industry of the bee from the stamens of flowers, to tell us that devotion is the fruit of purity of heart, of lively and humble faith joined with good works. Candles are used in all the offices of public worship, in the various benedictions of the Church, in the administration of sacraments, to remind us of the devotion with which we ought to receive these priceless blessings. No Catholic home ought to be without its blessed candles. They are necessary in time of illness for the reception of the Sacraments; they are useful and precious at all times because of the blessing which is attached to them.

Source: Messenger of the Sacred Heart, 1890



THE SPIRIT OF PENANCE

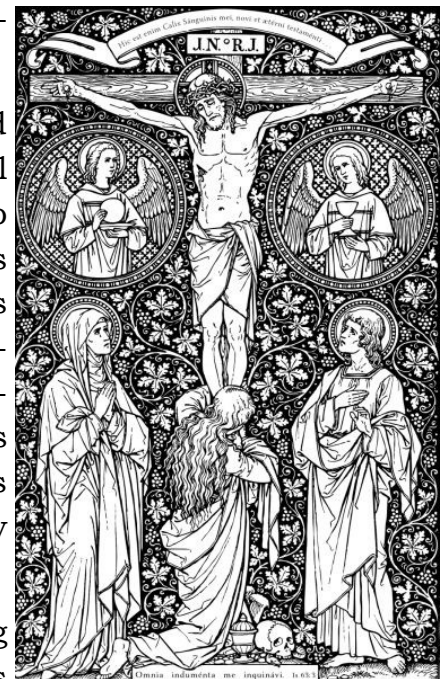
THE idea of penance is all too commonly associated with the external act. This materialistic notion of penance works one of two evils: its entire neglect or its unworthy performance. The superficial are satisfied in the external act of penance; the self-indulgent find it too burdensome to attempt.

So penance has lost its prestige and our age has wandered far from its spirit. A confirmation of this, which needs no commentary, is the dictionary definition which declares the word obsolete except as applied to the sacramental penance given by the priest. This is an index of how almost entirely the idea of penance is lost outside the Church, and it would often seem that, even in the minds of the children of the Church, its practice is frequently restricted to this sacred obligation lightly performed.

And yet penance is an essential for everlasting life. And why? Because all true penance is in its nature sacramental: it is an outward sign of inward grace. Its action is twofold: it is not only a turning away from sin but a returning unto God. Indeed the closer union of the soul with God is the primary purpose of penance and it fails of its purpose when it fails in this. Man was made for God; sin frustrated this purpose; the Passion and Death of the Man-God alone was capable of restoring the union severed by sin: of admitting mankind again to the state of grace; only the application of the merits of Jesus Christ to the individual soul enables it to “bring forth fruits worthy of penance.” In other words, outside of the state of grace, no act, however good in itself, is efficacious for expiation. This fact shows that penance indicates a state of grace: sorrow for sin and a certain union with Christ, and implies a strong motion towards closer union with Him. This interior and necessary quality of penance cannot be too strongly accentuated. Without it a lifetime spent in good works is waste; with it every simplest thought, word or deed enriches the soul with the infinite treasures of Divine Love and gives immense glory to God: “In this is My Father glorified; that you bring forth very much fruit, and become My disciples” (John xv. 8).

Truly, therefore, the external act is but a means to an end, and that end is not the self-satisfaction of having expiated personal sin but the impulse of love to remove all that is obnoxious to the Beloved, that withdraws the soul from His embrace. It is but the body giving effect to the will of the spirit which vivifies and impels it. The external act of penance is good, even necessary, as the tangible and visible expression of the soul’s purpose to remove every obstacle that impedes its progress towards God, but lacking the true spirit, it resolves itself into dust. This interior purpose shines through every penance prescribed by the Church.

During the seasons of penance, and most especially during Lent, she urges us to turn aside, not only from sinful pursuits



but even from those harmless and legitimate, in order to have more time for God: to enter more fully into the life of Christ; to participate in His Passion as willing disciples and explore the depths of His love. We frustrate this purpose when we compromise with this spirit and find ready excuse for frequenting entertainments, not evil to be sure, but time consuming and fatiguing, leaving less time and taste for prayer, an inability to rise for early Mass, an unreadiness for Holy Communion.

The prescription of the marriage ceremony, the counsel to continence has in view the purification and uplifting of the bond of human love. In withdrawal the soul sees in better perspective the divine purposes of matrimony and its holy responsibilities: abstinence cultivates strength in unselfishness and subordinates lust to reason and will. The very mitigations of the law of fast and abstinence in regard of food, prove that the law was not fashioned as an end in itself, but to cultivate temperance and force home the purpose of appetite: to preserve life; and to enforce the spiritual truth that we must come to God empty, if we would be filled. It thus becomes evident that weakness of body neither excuses nor debars from penance. The spirit of the law is open to all. And in the practical cultivation of this spirit, the letter of the law will acquire new meaning and attraction. Far from wishing to elude it, many will seek to fulfill it in larger measure.

What we will make of Lent in practice depends upon ourselves. The opportunities are large and the grace of God sufficient.

Source: Lent in Practice , 1928



APPARITION OF OUR LADY AT LOURDES ~ February 11th

This Novena begins on the 2nd of February and ends on the 10th.

EJACULATION

Blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary! *(100 days.)*

PRAYER

IMMACULATE Virgin, Mother of Mercy, Health of the weak, Refuge of sinners, Comfortress of the afflicted, Thou knowest our needs and our sufferings. Deign to look on us pityingly, and to help us bountifully. By appearing in the grotto of Lourdes, thou hast shown that thou didst wish it to be a privileged spot, whence thou shouldst dispense thy favors with especial abundance. Already very many have found there the cure both of their souls and of their bodies. Though we are so far distant from that holy place, yet even from afar we call to thee, O dear Lady of Lourdes, and ask that we may be sharers in those blessings.

Hear our humble prayer, O loving and beloved Mother; and obtain for us Help us in our bodily needs and spiritual infirmities; may our gratitude for thy favors make us still more careful to imitate thy virtues during all our life, that so we may one day come to share with thee in the glory of heaven. Amen.

Our dear Lady of Lourdes, pray for us.





NOVENA IN HONOR OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED

Which can be made at any time during Lent

PRAYER

JESUS Christ Crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, incline Thy Sacred Head, and listen to my petitions and sighs, as Thou didst listen to Thy eternal Father on Mount Thabor.

Hail Mary, etc.

Jesus Christ Crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open Thy sacred Eyes, and look upon me as Thou didst look upon Thy sacred Mother from the Cross.

Hail Mary, etc.

Jesus Christ Crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open thy sacred Lips, and speak to my afflicted heart, as Thou didst speak to St. John, when Thou recommendest him to Thy dear Mother.

Hail Mary, etc.

Jesus Christ Crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open Thy sacred Arms, and receive me Thy poor child, as Thou didst embrace the hard wood of the Cross, for love of me and of all sinners.

Hail Mary, etc.

Jesus Christ Crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open Thy sacred Heart, that seat of love and mercy, and receive mine into it; make it wholly Thine. Hear my prayers, and grant my petitions.

Hail Mary, etc.

*Source for both this novena and the one on page 16 is:
A Book of Novenas for the Principal Feasts of the Year, Imprimatur 1878*

SELF CONQUEST - SELF CONTROL

“The patient man is better than the valiant: and he that ruleth his spirit then he that taketh cities” (*Prov. Xvi. 32*)

“And He (Christ) said to all: If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me” (*Luke ix. 23*)

“He is most powerful who has himself in his power.” *SENECA*

“He who reigns within himself and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.” *MILTON*



THE CHURCHING OF WOMEN

THE beautiful ceremony of blessing a Catholic woman after childbirth dates back to the earliest days of the Church. It is commonly called, “The Churching of Women,” though the Ritual makes it perfectly clear that it is a special blessing for the mother and her child and not a ceremony of removing a legal defilement or of granting permission to enter God’s temple as was done by the Jewish Rite of legal purification, to which our ceremony may be traced. The exhortation before the blessing, commonly given at the altar-rail though the Ritual places it at the church door, explains its nature:

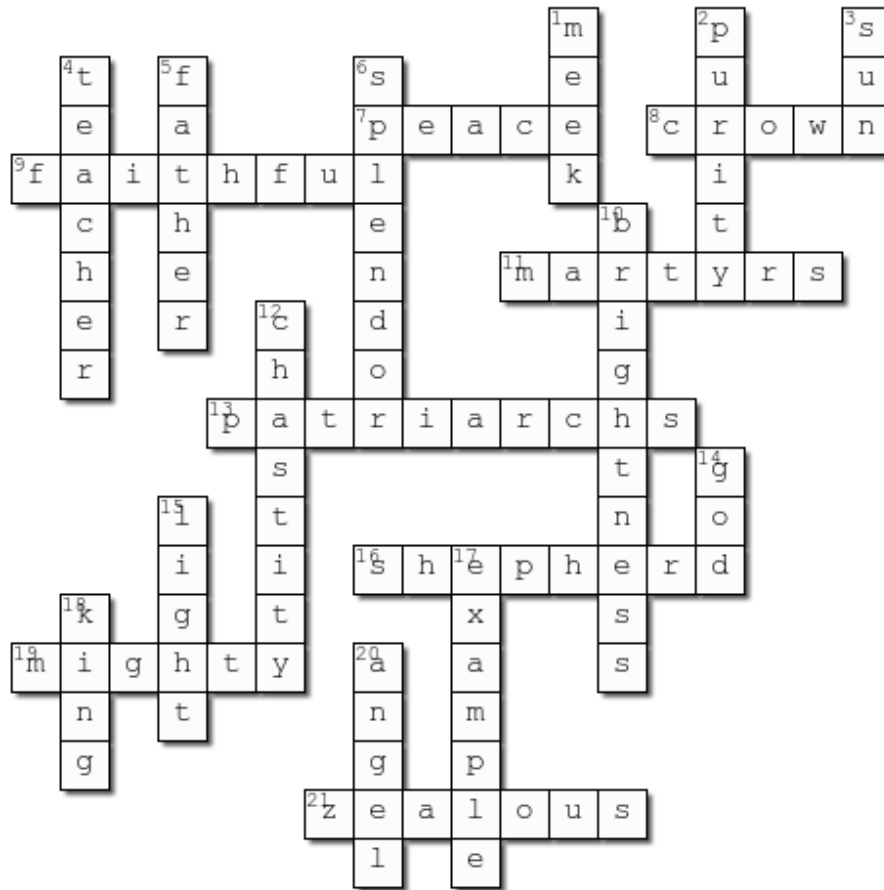
“According to a very laudable custom, you have come to request the blessing of the Church upon yourself and the child that has been committed to your care. While you return thanks to God for the many favors which He has bestowed upon you, at the same time fervently consecrate yourself and your offspring to His holy service. Be careful, both by word and example, to impress upon its youthful heart the principles of solid piety, that you may correspond to the views of Divine Providence in placing it under your charge, and may have the happiness of seeing your children attentive in their duties to God, and zealous for their own eternal welfare. You hold a lighted candle in your hand, to signify the good works by which you should express your thanks to God for the benefits which He has bestowed upon you, and the pious example by which you should lead your children, and all around you, to the love and practice of virtue. Endeavor to enter into this disposition, and to cultivate it all the days of your life, that you may obtain and enjoy the blessings which I am now about to ask for you, in the name of holy Church.”

The priest sprinkles the kneeling woman with Holy Water and recites Psalm xxiii and then places the stole in her hand and bids her enter the temple of God. As she kneels before the altar, giving thanks for the benefits bestowed upon her, the beautiful prayer is read:

“Almighty, Everlasting God, who through the Delivery of the Blessed Virgin Mary, hast turned the pains of the Faithful at childbirth into joy: look mercifully on this Thy handmaid, who cometh in gladness to Thy holy temple to offer her thanks: and grant that after this life, through the merits and intercession of the same Blessed Mary, she may prove worthy to obtain, together with her offspring, the joys of everlasting happiness. Through Christ our Lord, Amen.”

There is no obligation requiring a Catholic mother to receive this blessing and it is never given to a woman whose child is born outside of valid wedlock, for the latter case is not one for rejoicing and thanksgiving.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Across

- 7. JESUS, GOD OF _____ (peace)
- 8. JESUS, _____ OF ALL SAINTS (crown)
- 9. TREASURE OF THE _____ (faithful)
- 11. JESUS, STRENGTH OF _____ (martyrs)
- 13. JESUS, KING OF _____ (patriarchs)
- 16. JESUS, GOOD _____ (shepherd)
- 19. JESUS THE _____ GOD (mighty)
- 21. _____ LOVER OF SOULS (zealous)

Down

- 1. _____ AND HUMBLE OF HEART (meek)
- 2. JESUS, _____ OF VIRGINS (purity)
- 3. _____ OF JUSTICE (sun)
- 4. _____ OF EVANGELISTS (teacher)
- 5. _____ OF THE WORLD TO COME (father)
- 6. _____ OF THE FATHER (splendor)
- 10. _____ OF ETERNAL LIGHT (brightness)
- 12. JESUS, LOVER OF _____ (chastity)
- 14. JESUS, SON OF THE LIVING _____ (god)
- 15. _____ OF CONFESSORS (light)
- 17. _____ OF VIRTUES (example)
- 18. _____ OF GLORY (king)
- 20. _____ OF THE GREAT COUNCIL (angel)

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON THE NEW TESTAMENT

1. An angel appeared to St. Joseph before the birth of Our Lord and said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus" (Matt. 1, 21) and the Angel Gabriel said the same words to the Blessed Virgin (Luke 1, 31)
2. It is the book of the New Testament written by St. Luke the Evangelist, recounting the establishment of the Christian Church following the Resurrection of Christ and concerned chiefly with the acts of SS. Peter and Paul.
3. Zachary and Elizabeth.
4. The Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, the Acts of the Apostles.
5. The Devil (John 8,44)
6. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, the authors of the Gospels.
7. St. Andrew, the elder brother of St. Peter (John I)
8. They were both beheaded.
9. Of Mary, the sister of Martha.
10. The upper room in Jerusalem where Our Saviour celebrated the Paschal Supper, and instituted the Blessed Sacrament. It was in the same place the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles.

ANSWERS TO VIRTUES PURGATION

GENTLENESS

MERCY

DILIGENCE

PIETY

HUMILITY

FIDELITY

PEACEFULNESS

This is a series of Catholic Gazettes for children. We are trying to put a little information in each gazette for all ages. We pray that it will help all to know and love 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 : momoftigersfans@gmail.com

God Bless all of you!

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

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

