

St. Catherine's Academy Gazette®

Holy Mother Church has dedicated this month to Our Lady of Sorrows

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IGNATIUS, CHILD OF GOD

The hill was thronged with people, some idly curious, some full of sorrow, others brutally thirsting for the sight of blood. On the summit, facing the sea, and bound to stakes, were twenty-two priests, awaiting the executioner's torch that would blaze their way to heaven. Near by knelt a group of Christians united in prayer that they, too, might stand firm in their hour of trial. The hot sun beat down pitilessly, and the sea like a mirror threw back its torrid rays.

Suddenly Father Spinola raised his head. "Where is my little Ignatius?" he cried. His clear voice rang over the great mob and there was an instant's calm. A woman who had been kneeling in the midst of the group of Christians arose and came forward, a little child half hidden under her cloak. The boy was dressed as for a festival, and his big eyes, though grave and wondering, showed no sign of fear.

"See, Father," the good mother said, "here is Ignatius." Her voice broke for an instant, but she went on bravely. "I offer all I have to God, my life and my little child."

Feasts and Fasts This Month:

Sept. 8th ~ The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary

Sept. 12 ~ The Feast of the Most Holy Name of Mary

Ember days this month:
Sept. 19, 21 and 23

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The priest smiled, and there was a light too radiant for earth in his strong eyes. “God be with you and give you strength,” he said gently.

The mother turned to the boy. “My Son,” she cried, “look up and see the one who made you a child of God by Baptism. Go to him, my little Ignatius, and ask him to bless you.” The child obeyed. He loved the priest, and all unafraid, even of the great chains and the soldiers, he knelt at Father Spinola’s feet.

With his baby hands crossed on his breast he cried in his childish treble, “Bless me, dear Father, ask God to bless me.”

The first tears that had come to the priest’s eyes in years came now, as he blessed the little one. His closely bound hands bled freely in his effort to make the sign of the cross. “Go to your mother,” he said tenderly, “and be brave for Jesus sake.”

With a bright smile the boy went back to his mother’s side, and knelt once more under the folds of her cloak.

A wave of something like pity swept over the crowd, and the executioners, seeing it, hastened their bloody work. With sharpened axes, they came quickly toward the group of Christians. There was only time for a swift prayer. In a few moments four martyrs lay headless on the hill. One was the mother of Ignatius. The boy closed his eyes and his baby lips moved. The priest watched, his heart raised in prayer for the frail little soul.

The dark eyes opened and were lifted to heaven, and the little arms spread wide like a cross. “Jesus,” he whispered, and the sharp sword fell. The baby martyr was with God.

Feast, Blessed Charles Spinola, S. J. and Companions, September eleventh.

~ Children of the Kingdom, Imprimatur 1914 ~



Prayer for My Parents

THOUGHT: Do you know, dear child, that there was no child more gentle, more obedient, more loving towards His parents than the Holy Child Jesus? You want to be like Him, do you not? for you love Him dearly. Then be kind and good as He was; He will love you still more if you are a loving child to your parents.

My God, I thank Thee for having given me such kind parents. I owe them so much and can give them nothing in return. But I can pray for them: bless them and give them all that can make them happy and help them to save their souls. O dear Holy Child Jesus, Thou wert the Sweet Little One, teach us to be gentle and humble as Thou wert, and to obey my dear father and my loving mother as well as I can.

Amen.

Prayer for Brothers
and Sisters

Almighty Father! We are Thy children, whom Thy divine Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, purchased with the price of His most Precious Blood, and whom Thy Holy Spirit sanctified: mercifully grant Thy grace to my brothers and sisters, that we, being united according to Thy will on earth, may praise Thee together in Thy glory. Through Christ our Lord.

Amen





The Jesuit Martyrs of North America

Christmas Day on the coast of France. A tired traveler kneels in adoration in a little village church and pours out his thanks to the newborn King. He has had a long and weary journey across the sea, and now he is once more in his native land. Six years ago he had left home and country to work among the Indians of North America, expecting to lay down his life there. And here he was, back in France! No wonder his heart was glad.

A journey of five days brought him to the house of the Jesuits at Rennes. He knocked at the door and asked for the Superior.

"Father Superior cannot see you now," answered the porter; "he is getting ready to say Mass."

"Tell him," answered the traveler, "that a poor man from Canada would like to see him."

The superior came at once.

"Yes, Father."

"Do you know Father Jogues?"

"Yes, Father, very well."

"He was captured by the Iroquois Indians. Is he alive?"

"He is alive, Father. I am he."

We can imagine with what joy the people of France welcomed the holy Jesuit. Everybody wanted to see and hear him. Even the Queen of France asked him to come to the Court that she might speak to him.

After a short time with the Jesuit Fathers in France, Father Jogues went to Rome. It was only natural that he should long to kneel at the feet of the Holy Father, for was not the pope the head of that glorious Church for the spread of which Father Jogues was ready to lay down his life? And in Rome a happy surprise awaited him. During his stay with the Indians, he had been shamefully treated. Whenever anything had gone wrong, the "Blackrobes," as the missionaries were called, were blamed. At one time, when he was taken captive and cruelly tortured, the Indians chewed off and later burned off some of his fingers. Therefore, it was not possible for him to say Holy Mass, the greatest happiness a priest has on earth. But when the Holy Father saw his crippled hands, he said: "It is not fitting that Christ's martyr should not drink Christ's blood," and gave him permission to say Mass, in spite of the missing fingers.

Father Jogues had the heart of an apostle. He longed to go back to his dear Indians in the hope of gaining more souls for Christ. And so, after a few short months at home, we see him once more on his way to America.



The first Jesuit missionaries who were later honored by the Church as martyrs, came to Canada in 1625. They were Father John de Brèbeuf and Gabriel Lalemant. They worked principally among the Hurons, a tribe that lived in that part of Canada just east of Lake Huron. It took years of hardship and sacrifices to reach the hearts of these ignorant and superstitious men. In 1636 Father Isaac Jogues came from France to join Father Brèbeuf and the other Jesuits in their work of saving souls. For six years he labored among the savages in the country around the Great Lakes. He was the first Catholic priest to travel down into the United States as far as Manhattan Island.

In the year 1646 Father Jogues visited a village where Auriesville, New York, now stands. He wished to meet the Iroquois Indians, the greatest enemies of the Hurons, in order to make terms of peace with them. He was captured at Lake George, tortured, and finally put to death. With him were Renè Goupil, a lay brother, and John Lalande, a layman, who were both martyred about the same time with Father Jogues.

Two years after the death of Father Jogues, Fathers Brèbeuf and Lalemant also became victims of the fierce Iroquois. To this list of glorious martyrs are added the names of three other Jesuits. They are Fathers Charles Garnier, Noel Chabanel, and Anthony Daniel, who gave up their lives as the others had done, so that the poor Indians, too, might become children of the Church and branches of the true Vine. They were all canonized on June 29, 1930. The feast of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America is celebrated on September 29.

We know from the early history of the Church that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of Christianity. Shortly after the death of Father Jogues 3,000 Hurons were converted. The very ground which received the blood of the martyrs was the birthplace of the holy Indian girl, Catherine Tekawitha, known as the Lily of the Mohawks, whom the Church will some day perhaps honor as the first saint born in our own United States.

~ "The Vine and the Branches," *Imprimatur* 1934 ~

God, make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A tiny flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all;
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God, make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.



~ Matilda Betham-Edwards ~



St. Isaac Jogues, a North American Martyr ~ Feast day September, 26th



North American Martyr Word Search

1. NORTH AMERICA
2. NEW FRANCE
3. JEAN DE BREBEUF
4. NOEL CHABENEL
5. ANTHONY DANIEL
6. CHARLES GARNIER
7. ISAAC JOGUES
8. GABRIEL LALEMANT
9. RENE GOUPIL
10. JEAN DE LA LANDE
11. FRENCH SETTLERS
12. MISSIONARIES
13. JESUIT
14. HURON
15. INDIAN
16. IROQUIS
17. SAINTE MARIE
18. MARTYRS
19. BLACKROBES
20. PRIESTS

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



Love the beautiful, seek out the true,
wish for the good, and the best do!







THE NATIVITY OF MARY

September 8

The Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin is the day on which our Lady came into the world as a little baby. It is Mary's birthday.

We do not usually celebrate the birthdays of the saints. Instead, we celebrate the day they died, because that is the day they are born into the joys of Heaven.

But the birthday of Mary, our Blessed Mother, is an exception. We do celebrate her birthday because she came into this world full of grace, and because she was to be the Mother of God.

Mary was the sweetest and purest little girl who ever lived. She was holy because God had made her soul all-pure from the beginning. But she was holy, too, because she loved God with all her heart and used the many graces He gave her to come closer and closer to Him. She became the living temple of God.

When Mary was born, legions of angels hastened from Heaven to surround her little crib and exclaim over her beauty and holiness. The birth of Our Lady was like the dawn. When the sky starts to turn a rosy pink early in the morning, we know the sun will soon come up. In the same way, when Mary was born, she brought great happiness to the world, for it meant that soon Jesus, the Sun of Justice, would appear. Mary was the wonderful creature whose privilege it was to bring Jesus, the Saviour and Redeemer, to all mankind.

Even today, if we have Mary, we have Jesus. Whoever is very devoted to her is very close to the Heart of Jesus.

Do you want to offer a gift to the Blessed Mother on her birthday? What pleases her most is that we avoid every kind of sin, because sin offends her dear Son Jesus.

~ Adapted From: "Lives of The Saints," Imprimatur 1955 ~

Jesus

JESUS, my Saviour, my God, my Friend,
 In life and in death my soul defend;
 In joy and sorrow, in good and ill,
 Be Thou my Hope and Protector still.



Grant I may walk in Thy footsteps bright,
 Glorious Jesus, be Thou my Light;
 Grant I may never desert Thy side,
 Crucified Jesus, be Thou my Guide.



TRULY WONDERFUL

This would be a very long story, were I to tell it as well as it might be told. But that is what I am not going to do.

It happened in Poland. At Kiev, St. Hyacinth had built a large and beautiful church. One morning, however, while he was devoutly saying Mass in it, the news was hurriedly brought to him that the Tartars, then his people's greatest enemies, were at the gates, prepared to bloodshed, pillage, and plunder. Everybody else trembled with personal fear; but not so the saint. He feared only for the Blessed Sacrament - feared that it might be desecrated, insulted, in the profanation of the church which was sure to follow. Quietly opening the tabernacle, he took therefrom the ciborium containing the sacred Hosts and placed it under his garments, on his breast. Then, turning to the frightened religious who were gathered around him, he said: "Fear not. Trust in God. He will care for us. Just follow me."

But as they were leaving the church a mysterious voice called out insistently, "Hyacinth! Hyacinth!" The saint paused. The voice came from Our Lady's statue on the altar. "Hyacinth," the figure said reproachfully, "you take the Saviour to safety and leave His Blessed Mother to the outrages of the heartless marauders!"



"But, O Mother," the saint protested, "I am not strong enough to carry thy statue, much as I would like to." For the statue was made of alabaster and was very heavy. "Ah," came the pleading reply, "if you only had more love for me and greater confidence in God, you would find it easy." "But I do love thee and I do trust in God," said the saint. And going to the altar he reverently took the miraculous statue into his arms. And - just think of it! - the image became to him as light and as easy to carry as a lovely flower.

With the ciborium resting on his bosom and the statue in his arms, the saint hastened to leave the city, followed by his awed companions. And his trust was double rewarded. God struck the Tartars blind while he passed in safety.



But a new obstacle presented itself. In order to reach Cracovia they had to cross a river. When they reached its banks they found no means of getting across. Full of confidence, however, in the power of the God he was carrying and in the intercession of His great Mother, the saint made the sign of the cross over the river and set foot upon the water. Yes, *upon* the water; for he did not sink, but walked over its surface as over a street of glass. Not even the soles of his sandals were made wet. Amazed at this repetition of Peter walking on the waves, his companions followed; and they, too, reached the opposite shore dry-shod.

Still more astonishing is an accompanying miracle that was related at St. Hyacinth's canonization: the footprints that he made in crossing remained upon the surface a long time afterwards, so that all could plainly see them.

When the saint arrived in Cracovia he placed the Blessed Sacrament in a church there with grateful adoration. The statue of Our Lady he put upon the Virgin's altar for the special veneration of the faithful.

Is not this a story truly full of wonders? And does it not make us proud of our great God and happy to be His devoted children? And does it not make us rejoice in having such a Mother as the Mother of God and fill us with tender respect for the images and pictures that represent her? Of course it does!

Well, let us remember that if only we had greater confidence in God and more love for Mary we could - what could we do? Can you answer?

~ Just Stories, Imprimatur1929 ~

A MORNING PRAYER

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph, blest.
I humbly kneel and pray
That you will look on me with love
And bless me all the day.

I offer you my thoughts and
words
And everything I do;
My study and my hours of play,
I offer up to you.

O keep me from the stain of sin,
And pleasing in thy sight.
And guard my footsteps till I
seek
Thy blessing for the night.

~ Jesus Teach Me to Pray, Imprimatur 1908 ~



St. Hyacinth, Feast Day August 17th



MEDALS

The use of medals by Catholics is misunderstood by many outside the Church. Those unfamiliar with Catholic practices seem to think that we wear medals for the same reason that ignorant people carry in their pockets some so-called "good-luck charm."

A medal may be defined as a small disc of metal bearing a device or inscription, usually commemorative or honorary. We find civil governments frequently using medals as memorials to commemorate the deeds of their citizens. Our own American Government bestows medals not only as marks of appreciation of valor, but also to teach us to imitate valiant deeds.

The Catholic Church, also, sanctions the use of medals. Thus we find medals being struck for jubilees, centenaries, and extraordinary events. Others are of a devotional character and are produced in honor of our Saviour, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints. Just as the State sanctions the use of medals to instill a love of country, so the Church approves of them to inspire her children with a love of our Saviour, and to teach us to imitate the virtues of those who in life were dear to our Lord.

Certain medals receive a special blessing from the Church and have rich Indulgences attached to them for the users. Non-Catholics should not confuse our use of medals with the pagan custom of wearing amulets and charms as protection against danger and disease.

Catholics do not believe that the medal itself has any power whatever. A blessed medal is worn as a petition for Divine aid and Divine protection, and not as an amulet or charm. In the early Church it was necessary to combat the pagan custom of wearing amulets. The Church, in its wisdom, used an easy and natural remedy against superstition by teaching her children to wear some symbol of their religion, such as a cross, either as a confession of their Faith or as a prayer for Heavenly aid.

Thus in our day Catholics place a Badge of the Sacred Heart or a medal of St. Christopher in their automobile. They use the Badge as a petition to Christ to guard and to protect them. They use the medal of St. Christopher to ask his prayers for them as travelers, for St. Christopher, a Christian martyr, according to a pious legend, accepted the task of carrying people, for God's sake, across a dangerous, raging stream.

The use of the scapular medal is now widespread. A concession by Pope Pius X, in 1910, permits the wearing of a medal instead of one or more of the small scapulars, provided the medal receives a special blessing and represents on one side our Lord with His Sacred Heart and, on the other, the Blessed Virgin. The scapular medal must be blessed by a priest who has faculties to invest with the corresponding scapulars. This blessing consists merely of the Sign of the Cross. A separate blessing must be given for each scapular which the medal is intended to replace.



A CATHOLIC QUIZ

Fill in the blank with the correct answer:

1. The Isle of Saints. _____
2. A tree held sacred by the pagan Germans. _____
3. The country in which St. Boniface gave up his life. _____
4. The land which St. Frances Xavier longed to convert but never entered. _____
5. The city in which the first American saint was born. _____
6. The Council which declared the infallibility of the Pope. _____
7. The title by which the Blessed Virgin called herself when she appeared to little Bernadette. _____
8. A letter which is written by the pope for the instruction of all Christians. _____
9. An order of Sisters founded by St. Vincent de Paul. _____
10. The king who was converted by his Catholic queen. _____

Encyclical

China

Ireland

Tree of Thor

Clovis

Holland

Sisters of Charity

Vatican

Lima

Immaculate Conception

Answers found on the last page of the gazette

A NIGHT PRAYER

O JESUS dear! Before I rest
 I thank Thee, and I pray
 That Thou wouldst take
 away my sins,
 Committed through this day.

I believe, I hope in Thee alone,
 I love Thee with my heart;
 Bless Thou my body, soul,
 and friends,
 My Lord, my God, Thou art.

O Mary, Mother, Virgin dear!
 Saint Joseph! Guardian blest,
 My angel! And my patron saints!
 Care for me while I rest.

*~ Jesus, Teach Me to Pray,
 Imprimatur 1908 ~*



The True Cross

The True Cross refers to the Cross on which Our Blessed Lord and Saviour died for the salvation of the world.

In the fourth century, Saint Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, discovered it in Jerusalem. She sent part of it to Rome.

Both Saint Helena and the Emperor Constantine built two magnificent churches in Jerusalem to commemorate the discovery. One was built on the site of the Holy Sepulcher. The other was built on the site of Calvary and completed in the year 335 A.D.

On May the third we celebrate the Finding of the True Cross by Saint Helena. On September fourteenth of every year we celebrate the feast known as the Exaltation of the True Cross.

That part of the True Cross preserved in Jerusalem was later taken by the Persians. In the year 629 A.D. an eastern Roman Emperor, name Heraclius, recovered it from the Persians. We also celebrate this fact on September fourteenth.

The Church has always preserved the relics of her Saints. A relic may be part of a Saint's body. Or it may be something which he used in life, such as an article of clothing or tools.

It is natural for us to preserve something which our mother used during life. We treat our mother's watch, for instance, with respect and love. The watch helps us to remember and love our mother. It is the same way we venerate or honor the relics of Saints. We do not worship them.

There are many particles of the True Cross preserved throughout the world. They are very small. They are very precious. We do not possess all the fragments of the True Cross. Added together, all the relics of the True Cross in the world would not make up more than one-third of the Cross on which Our Lord died. On Good Friday we sing the following beautiful hymn to remind us of Christ's Holy Cross:



Faithful Cross, above all others,
 One and only noble Tree,
 None in foliage, none in blossom,
 None in fruit thy peer may be;
 Sweetest Wood, and sweetest Iron;
 Sweetest weight is hung on thee.





A MISTAKE

At Douai, in Flanders, there lived a good priest whose whole life was absorbed in works of unceasing benevolence and piety. From the religious care of the soldiers, whom he loved as a father, he went on to care for all the poor and destitute who came within his reach. He sought them out in street and garret. He gave them all that he possessed, and, what is better far than alms, he brought to them the help and consolations of religion—peace of conscience, and gladness of heart.

One evening in the December of 1855, after a long and busy day he returned to his humble dwelling, and rested from his apostolic labors while reciting the divine office. There was a knock at the door. He opened it, and perceived a little girl, who entreated him to come as quickly as possible to a poor lady who was dying, and who lived in Rue—, No. 28.

The good priest was anxious to go at once with the child to the house named, but the little messenger said that it was not so urgent as that, but that she only came to ask him not to put off his visit till the next day in case of death. He then wrote down the address, and sent the child back to say that he was coming.

When he had ended the recitation of his office he set out at once, regardless of the fast-falling rain and the bitter coldness of the night. A soul was to be saved, one in sorrow and suffering was to be comforted; with such an end in view what were cold and rain? On reaching the street the child had named, the priest went into No. 18, convinced that that was the number which had been given him. It was a very poor and humble dwelling. The priest went softly up the staircase and knocked at the first door he came to. A man opened it, and, perceiving some one in the garb of an ecclesiastic, greeted him with a burst of angry abuse, and replied insultingly and in the negative to the inquiry of the priest if there were anyone sick in the room, and then shut the door in his face.

Meek and patient like his divine Master, the good priest went quietly away and knocked at another door, where he met with no better success. He then went up to the second story, where he found a little boy on the landing.

"My child," he said, "could you tell me the room of a poor lady who is living in this house, and who is very ill? Her name is Madame G--."

"In that room down there at the end of the passage there is a poor lady who is very ill, Monsieur le Cure; father said she would not live through the night; but I do not think it is the name you said."

"Never mind the name, but show me the door, my child."

And the little boy led the way. The priest opened the door and entered the room. Near to a bed on which was stretched an evidently dying woman there was seated a man of about fifty years of age. He rose immediately and seemed astonished at the sight of the priest, who greeted him kindly,



and asked how his poor wife was "for this is doubtless your wife, and you are Monsieur G--."

"I? nothing of the kind!" replied the owner of the room indignantly. "Who sent you here, pray, to meddle with our affairs?"

"But some one came for me," replied the priest, greatly astonished. "They told me that some poor Madame G-- was dying, and desired to receive the last sacraments without delay. If I have mistaken the street, or the house, or the room, it seems to me, at least, that the poor lady here has no less need of my holy ministry. God has doubtless led me here, and has permitted this mistake."

"Yes, yes, Father, it was God who led you here," murmured the weak voice of the dying woman.

"Nothing of the kind," exclaimed the husband. "It is more than ten years since a priest has stepped foot into my house, and you shall not hear my wife's confession; she belongs to me, and you may attend to your own concerns."

"You are mistaken, Monsieur," said the priest gently yet firmly. "Your wife belongs to God before belonging to you, and you have no right over her soul. If she desires to confess, I will hear her confession; and it is my duty not to forsake her until, by her own will, she shall refuse my ministry." Then approaching the sick woman, he asked: "Do you desire to be reconciled to God and to die a Christian death?"

The poor woman clasped her hands and began to weep for joy. "I thank God for this," she said. "For many days I have entreated my husband to call in a priest, and he would not. I desire to make my peace with God, who has had pity upon me."

"You hear this, Monsieur," said the priest, now turning to the husband. "Be so good as to leave me alone for some moments with your poor wife." These words were spoken with so much firmness and resolution that the man was forced to retire, which he did, muttering angrily.

"See, Father, what has saved me," said the dying woman, weeping and pointing out to the priest a rosary hanging from her bed. "I have been weak enough to fear my husband more than God, and to avoid quarrels I have neglected all my religious duties for ten or eleven years; but I have never ceased to commend myself to the Blessed Virgin. Every day I have said a decade of my rosary, and I have always had a devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. It is She, Father, who has brought you to me; it is she who has interceded for my poor soul!"

Deeply touched, the good priest consoled the sick woman, helped her in her confession, absolved her from her sins, and told her, on leaving, to prepare herself as well as she could to receive the holy viaticum and extreme unction, which he was going to bring from a neighboring parish. On leaving he almost insisted on shaking hands with the husband, who returned in great discontent to his happy wife.



The good Father now searched in his note-book for the address of the sick person who had sent for him, and found that instead of being No. 18 it was No. 28. While thanking God for this happy mistake, he hastened to the other house, where he found the sick woman who was really expecting him. He heard her confession, then without loss of time went to wake the sacristan of the parish, and, taking the Blessed Sacrament with the holy oils, returned to his two sick penitents; but when he reached No. 18 the poor woman had just expired. She had received the pardon of her sins in sacramental absolution, and the fervor of her good will had, doubtless, supplied in the eyes of a God of mercy for those other aids which the priest was bringing her.

Full of faith and gratitude toward the Blessed Virgin the refuge of sinners, the consolatrix of the afflicted, the priest of God administered to his other sick penitent the last sacraments of the Church; and it was he who himself related to me this touching adventure. It is but another instance which helps to prove how great are the treasures of benediction which spring from devotion to Mary, and how merciful Jesus is to those who love His Mother.

"The Faith That Never Dies," Imprimatur 1900

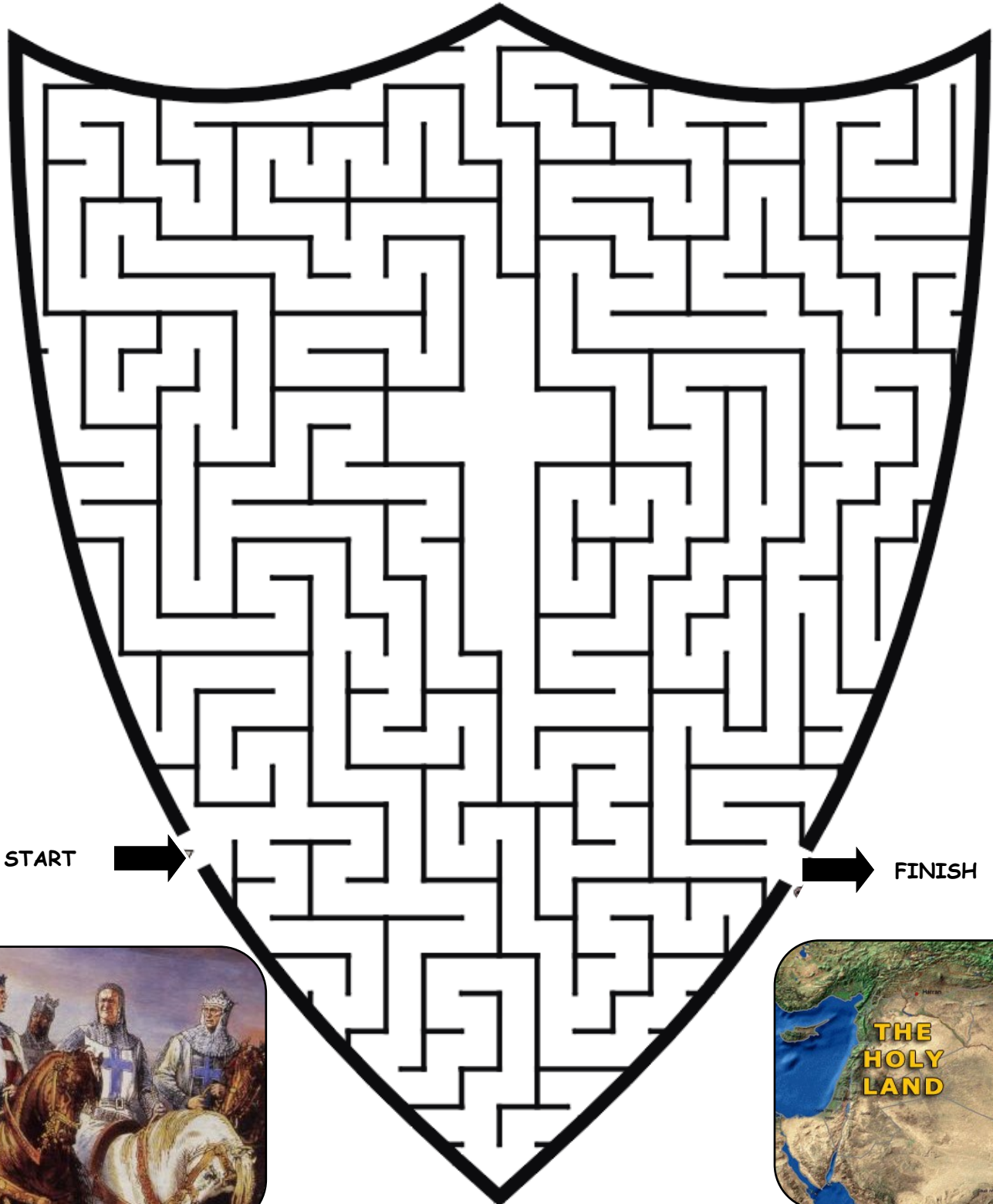
UNSCRAMBLE THE SAINTS NAMES

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. MARCELLUS | A. EESUTAC |
| 2. VALERIAN | B. RARDEG |
| 3. ROSALIA | C. CESWENSLAU |
| 4. JANUARIUS | D. SULLECMAR |
| 5. EUSTACE | E. WEHMATT |
| 6. MATTHEW | F. RIANVALE |
| 7. WENCESLAUS | G. ROALIAS |
| 8. GERARD | H. MEJERO |
| 9. LINUS | I. SLIUN |
| 10. JEROME | J. RIUSJANUA |





Help the Crusaders get to the Holy Land





St. Linus, 2nd Pope of the Catholic Church ~ Feast Day September 23



Jesus! Are You There?

Jerry Somers was just seven years old. He was in the First Communion class. And every evening after school Jerry and all the other little boys and girls went over to church to learn about God. The priest was always there with them, and every night the priest would tell the First Communion class about God. He told the boys and girls how God made them, how God died for every one of them, and all the other things that they should know about God.

One Day the priest told the children how Jesus lives up on the altar, and how He stays there all day and all night, locked up behind the gold door. He told the children that Jesus likes little boys and girls to come and visit Him. The priest said that Jesus is always ready for visitors.

Jerry Somers sat up in the front listening to every word that Father spoke. Jerry was making a plan. After class was over, the priest went home. All the little boys and girls went home, but Jerry Somers stayed in the church all alone. When he was sure that there was no one else in the church, Jerry left his seat, opened up the gate in the front of the church, and walked right up close to the altar. Jerry was never inside that fence before, and he was a little bit afraid. He looked around. No one was looking. Then Jerry climbed up on the altar. First he knocked on the little gold door, but there was no answer. Then he waited, and knocked again, but still there was no answer. Then Jerry whispered: "Jesus! Are You there, Jesus?" He listened, but there was no answer.

"That's funny," thought Jerry to himself, "Father said Jesus is always here. It's funny that Jesus doesn't answer." Then he thought, and he thought. "Perhaps, Jesus is sleeping," he said to himself, "and if Jesus is tired, I had better not wake Him up." So down he climbed, left the church, and said nothing to anybody.

But that night in bed, Jerry began to think about Jesus again. Perhaps Jesus was cold. Maybe He was lonesome. Certainly Jesus must be hungry. Oh, it would be too bad to have Jesus hungry! So the next day Jerry decided to take Jesus a cookie. He said to himself: "I'll leave it on the altar. Then I'll go back tomorrow, and if the cookie is not there tomorrow, I'll know for sure that Jesus is inside the little house on the altar. I'll know that He was hungry, and that He came outside and took my cookie."

Jerry left the cookie on the altar. When he came back the next day the cookie was gone, so Jerry put another cookie on the altar. Every day Jerry went to the church, and every day the cookie was gone, and every day Jerry brought a new cookie. And Jerry thought to himself: "Jesus must certainly like cookies. He must like my cookies all right, because He always eats them."



But here is something Jerry never knew. He never knew that the priest was taking the cookies, and the priest knew that Jerry was having so much fun bringing cookies to Jesus that he didn't want to spoil Jerry's fun.

Even though Jesus didn't eat Jerry's cookies, still I think that Jesus must love little Jerry Somers an awful lot. Just think of a little boy, seven years old, going to the church every single day to visit with Jesus. Just think of that same little boy bringing Jesus something to eat! I think that was swell.

Why don't you be like Jerry Somers? Oh, you don't have to bring Jesus something to eat, because Jesus doesn't need it. But you can stop in and visit with Jesus. If you want to bring Jesus something, just bring Him your heart. Give Him your heart filled with love, and Jesus will like that better than cookies or anything else that you can bring Him. You won't be able to see Jesus, and you won't be able to hear Him. But remember, Jesus is here just the same. Jesus is here all day and all night. He wants you to come to His house and visit Him.

You will come, won't you?

~ "Father Brennan's Favorite Stories," *Imprimatur* 1942 ~

THE LIFE ON EARTH OF OUR BLESSED LORD, FOR LITTLE CATHOLIC CHILDREN

"Thou hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat . . . Why hast thou done this?" . . . *Genesis iii: 11,13*

"I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed. She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." *Genesis iii: 15.*

THE LAW IS BROKEN

"Behold the Tree of Knowledge, To try you there it stands.
Of this you shall not taste the fruit. Nor touch it with your hands."
First Eve, then Adam, broke the Law, That Law which God had made;
So they were sent away from God, Because they DISOBEYED.

WHY GOD SENT HIS SON

Not you nor I, nor anyone, Could ever see God's face,
Unless God's Son came down to us, And won us back our place.
So that is why, dear little ones, Down from His heavenly throne,
There came the mighty Son of God, To claim and save His own.



HOW THE STORY MAY BE TOLD

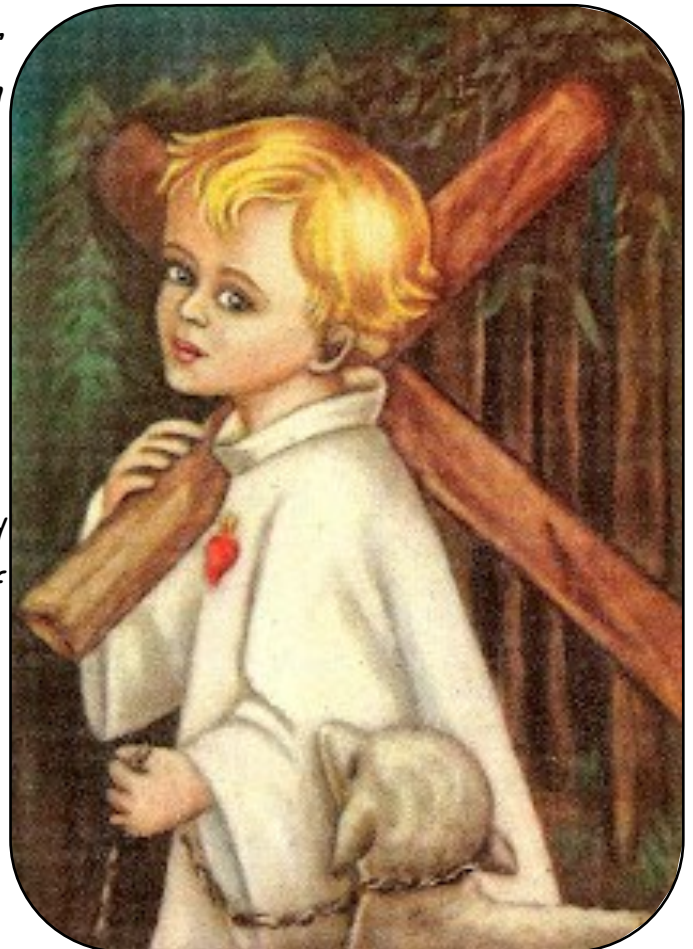
To try their obedience, God commanded Adam and Eve not to eat of a certain fruit which grew in the Garden of Paradise.

One day, however, they broke this one command. They **DISOBEYED** God. Eve took some of the fruit of the Tree, ate of it, and gave some to Adam, who also ate. As soon as they had done this, they were sorry and ashamed.

But God knew about it right away, and because *Adam and Eve did not remain faithful to God, but broke His command by eating the forbidden fruit*, He had to punish them. He sent them out of paradise, down to the earth, **AWAY FROM HIM**. And at the gate of paradise He put an angel with a flaming sword, so that they could not go back.

Now every man and woman and child on this earth are the children of Adam and Eve, our first father and mother. *On account of the disobedience of our first parents, we all share in their sin and punishment, as we should have shared in their happiness if they had remained faithful.*

But still we belonged to God. He loved us, and he wanted us in heaven, our real home., which we would never have lost had not Adam and Eve disobeyed Him. That sin of theirs had to be paid for. Who could pay for it? Only God. So God the Son came down from heaven, took the form of a man, and died as a man on the cross. *Our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is the Redeemer of Mankind.* He is God and He was man, too, and as man He died on the Cross for you and me and every one in the whole world.



~ *The Life on Earth of Our Blessed Lord, Imprimatur 1913* ~



Feast of the Seven Dolors (Sorrows) of the Blessed Virgin Mary ~ September 15th



MEAL PRAYER

"Jesus then took the loaves, and when he had given thanks, distributed them to those reclining." St. John, 6:11.

A Catholic Army chaplain of World War II was relating some of his experiences. Speaking of starvation in war-torn Europe, he described what he saw in an American Army camp in France. Every day a group of boys and girls of all sizes and ages, but with one common longing for food, would search among the empty food cans thrown out from the Army kitchen. With painstaking perseverance the children would scrape every speck of food from the cans. After they had gathered whatever they could find each child placed his precious findings on the ground, knelt down, made the sign of the cross, and said a prayer before his miserable meal. Many of the soldiers were touched to tears.

Millions of people are starving to death in the world today. Millions do not know when their next meal is coming from. Millions cannot remember when they had their last fully satisfying dinner. Yes, millions are like those famished French children—they pick up every scrap and speck of food, no matter where or when they find it. And many of them are grateful to the point of thanking God for these miserable scraps.

In the midst of all this starvation you and I have plenty to eat. Once in a while we may be hungry, but we always know that in time we will have something to eat. The Lord has been boundlessly good to us American's. He has spared us the sufferings of starvation. He has made our fields and gardens yield bounteously. How many of us thank Almighty God for every meal? How many of us remember to repeat a meal prayer three times a day? How many of us show appreciation to the Lord who provides for us?



Strictly speaking, it is not a sin to omit your meal prayer. However it is sinful never to say a prayer at meals. It is thoughtless and ingratitude of the rankest kind.

The Old and the New Testaments are full of examples of God's people praying for God's blessings on what they were about to eat, thanking God for the food which He made grow. We read that even the pagans would pause to think of their gods before they sat down to eat. But the best example is that our Lord, who gave thanks when He multiplied food to feed the crowd in the desert. The early Christian centuries are filled with reports of this pious practice.

"Prayer," writes Tertullian, "begins and ends the meal."



"When we sit down to the table," St. Anthanasius tells us, 'and take the bread to break it, we make the sign of the cross over it three times, and return thanks. After the repast we renew our thanksgiving by saying thrice: "The good and merciful Lord has given food to them that fear Him. Glory be to the Father, to the Son and to the Holy Ghost."

Why should we pray at all our meals?

1. It is the intelligent and thoughtful thing to do. It shows that we realize where food comes from. It shows that we think of Him who has made this meal possible. It distinguishes us from the mere animal. The story is told of a seven year-old boy who was invited to lunch at the home of a playmate. As soon as everyone was seated, and the food was served, the family began to eat without a prayer.

"Don't you pray before you eat?" asked the guest.

"We just don't take time for it," admitted the mother as she flushed a deep purple.

The visitor thought a moment and then blurted out:

"Your just like my dog-he starts right in."

2. Saying grace at meals is common courtesy. What would you think of a person to whom you gave a meal, who would not take time to thank you for it? After all, every meal we eat is a gift of God.

3. Saying a meal prayer is good hygiene; it is good for the health. The benefit of meal depends almost entirely upon the condition of your stomach, a very sensitive organ. If you are angry, over-excited, hurried or worried, the stomach becomes tense. It's glands do not function properly. It briefly, has a calming effect upon the entire system, especially upon the stomach. It soothes the nerves and the digestive organs, and that is good for the health.

4. Praying at meals is often the only chance and the only time we have during our busy day to direct our thoughts to God. We are supposed to "pray always." Since we cannot and do not at all time think of God during the work-a-day hours, we should be all the more thoughtful about remembering the Lord at definite times. Meal times are particularly precious.

5. Offering thanks at meals is the best way to incline God to grant further blessings of soul and body. We are eager to do another favor for the person who expresses his thanks. We are hesitant to go out of our way for one who never shows gratitude. So with God, He will continue to bless those who express their thanks for the blessings of food. He will withdraw His favors from those who never thank Him.

Meal prayers are a daily sacramental, a means of grace and heavenly help, and assistance to health of soul and body, a source of blessing throughout the day.



Picture yourself scraping your meal bit by bit from cans on a garbage pile. Picture yourself; picture your children searching among the leavings and garbage of other people for a bite or handful to eat. Then remember that God has spared us this suffering, this disgust. He has been bounteously good. Be sure to bless Him, be sure to thank Him, be sure to pray to Him every time you sit down to that thrice-daily blessing of a meal. Amen.

~Talks on the Sacramentals Imprimatur 1956 ~

HIDE NOTHING FROM THE SAVIOUR!

Have you ever seen a crystal vase full of clear, pure water? What a fine sight it really is! And one can see through it from the top and from the sides—right through to the bottom! Now, that's the way our souls should be in the sight of God—as open as the light of day. We must never hide anything from Jesus! Maybe it would be better to say we must never *try* to do so; for Jesus is God, and God knows and sees everything, anyhow. We should remember this especially when going to confession. Make a clean breast of it; you are only saying to God through His priest what God already knows.

Don't try to fool the Lord; you can't do it; you'll only fool yourself and make yourself miserable. Don't do even such little things as the one it is said St. Peter did.



What did he do? Well, one day, so the legend tells us, St. Peter and Our Lord were walking through the country of Palestine. It was a hot day. The journey was fatiguing. They had been a long time without anything to eat, so that Peter was simply famishing. He knew that the Lord must be hungry, too; but he also knew his Master's power of endurance; Jesus liked to suffer, and He never complained. Finally Peter could stand it no longer, so he blurted out: "Master, I am starving; I must have something to eat!"

"Surely, Peter; you ought to have something to eat—you must be so hungry," said Our Lord, always full of compassion towards others. "Go down this road for some distance and you will find a house. There they will give you bread."



Peter went. Of course, everything was just as Our Lord had said. He found the cottage and a woman just baking little loaves of bread. He asked for a loaf, which was gladly given him. Then, thinking of his waiting Master and how hungry He must also be he begged a loaf for Him, too.

"Surely," said the kind-hearted housewife. "And take this third loaf also; for you may still need it to satisfy your hunger."

With many thanks, Peter returned to the Savior. On his way back, however he said to himself, "I'll hide this third loaf and eat it later on, lest I get so frightfully hungry again; for the Master will go on and on without complaining of His hunger." He accordingly put the loaf under his arm so that it was covered by his mantle.

He found the Lord waiting. They sat down together and each ate his little loaf of bread. (I suppose it was merely a roll.) Then Jesus said: "How good the Father is, Who satisfies our hunger and gives us even more than we need! Let us thank Him with outstretched arms."

With a guilty start and in puzzled embarrassment, St. Peter thought of the loaf under his arm. But there was no help for it. He extended his arms; the loaf dropped to the ground. The Savior did not seem to notice it.

How ashamed Peter was! All that day he was uneasy and in the evening he could stand it no longer. So he fell at the Lord's feet and told Him everything. Then he was happy again. For Jesus did not scold. He never does.

~ "Tell Us Another," Imprimatur 1925 ~

An excellent book on the Jesuit Martyrs of North America is titled,
"Mangled Hands" by Neil Boynton S.J.

ANSWERS TO A CATHOLIC QUIZ

1. Ireland, 2. Tree of Thor 3. Holland 4. China 5. Lima 6. Vatican 7. Immaculate Conception
8. Encyclical 9. Sisters of Charity 10. Clovis

ANSWERS TO UNSCRAMBLE THE SAINTS NAMES

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

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 : <jwillson61@charter.net>

God Bless all of you!

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

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