

St. Catherine's Academy Gazette®

Holy Mother Church has dedicated this month to the Most Holy Rosary

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Our Lady of the Rosary

Of all the devotions dear to the Mother of God, the Rosary has a wider distribution and has been approved by more agencies human and divine than any other. It was a devotion advocated by Our Lady herself in at least three separate apparitions, in different lands and in different centuries, some of quite recent occurrence. In 1858 she appeared to little Bernadette at Lourdes, exhorting her to say the rosary. Long centuries before this, tradition has it that she appeared to a young Spanish priest, Dominic de Guzman, and first described in detail how her Rosary should be said.

Few records exist on the subject, but tradition appoints somewhere in the south of France, and the opening years of the thirteenth century, as the place and time of this first apparition. The young priest to whom she appeared was a missionary burdened with the task of fighting a heresy that was causing the ruin of thousands of souls and threatening to overwhelm the Church in France and ultimately in all Europe. Meeting with little success in his mission, Dominic threw himself at Our Lady's feet, begging for some special help in this emergency. Mary answered his plea by describing to him the method of preaching with the Rosary. Whatever the details of its origin, history bears out the fact that the Rosary has been one of the principal factors in the spread of Christianity since that time.

Dominic was not the first to use beads in counting prayers. Centuries before his time, fervent souls had kept account of prayers by using small pebbles or beads, in chaplets of varying prayers and lengths. But tradition ascribes to him the combination of vocal and mental prayers which we now know as the Rosary. A particular scene from Our Lord's life is appointed for meditation with each decade of ten Hail Mary's, one Our Father, and one Gloria. The prayers themselves are a repetition of the vocal prayers most familiarly known to Catholics. Its very simplicity makes it a devotion quickly grasped by a child, by a new convert, by a person who cannot read. But the vocal limitations place no bounds

Feasts and Fasts This Month:

Oct. 2th ~ Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels

Oct. 7th ~ Feast of the Most Holy Rosary

Oct. 28 ~ Feast of Christ the King

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on the meditation that accompanies the Mysteries. These, even the most learned will never exhaust.

*"O Queen of the holy Rosary, each mystery blends with thine
The sacred life of Jesus in every step divine;
Thy soul was His fair garden, thy virgin breast His throne,
Thy heart His faithful mirror reflecting Him alone."*

Our Lady's Rosary was the terrible secret weapon which turned back at least two great armies: the Turkish fleet was vanquished at Lepanto in 1571 by the power of the Rosary, and again in Hungary in 1716 the Mohammedan hordes were turned back by the same weapon. In gratitude for these victories, the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians was appointed to be kept on May 24th. The feast of the Most Holy Rosary is kept either on the first Sunday of October or on October 7th. Also commemorated is the feast of Our Lady of Victory.

It was more than six centuries after Dominic preached the Rosary that Our Lady again appeared, and again in France, in behalf of the Rosary. At Lourdes in the Pyrenees she manifested to a frightened little girl that she was "The Immaculate Conception" and that she wished her Rosary to be said. Since the eighteen successive apparitions there in 1858, an unending stream of pilgrims has poured into Lourdes from all parts of the world, and hundreds of miracles worked at the shrine defy the finest researches of medical science. Almost every Catholic has a Rosary and says it more or less faithfully. How many million miles Rosary beads have traveled through troubled fingers only God and His Mother know. How many miracles of grace it has worked in the lives of those who were faithful to this devotion, it must keep the angels busy to record. How many times it has pulled back from the gates of hell some wayward soul who perhaps has no other devotion, we shall have to wait for heaven to discover.

The vocal prayers of the Rosary are repeated over and over, perhaps because we are all children at heart and children love to ask the same thing over and over of a loving mother. Some have found in this a point to criticize; they have never sounded to its depths this prayer that is so dear to Mary. There are times in all our lives when, faced with pain or sorrow, our very thoughts seem to stop; in such paralyzing moments the only prayers that will come to our lips are those we have said since childhood: the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Gloria. It is a natural thing that a stricken child should call upon its mother for help; so it is that we grope for our Rosary in the darkness of tragedy of temptation. And Our Lady does not fail to help: she is a careful mother.

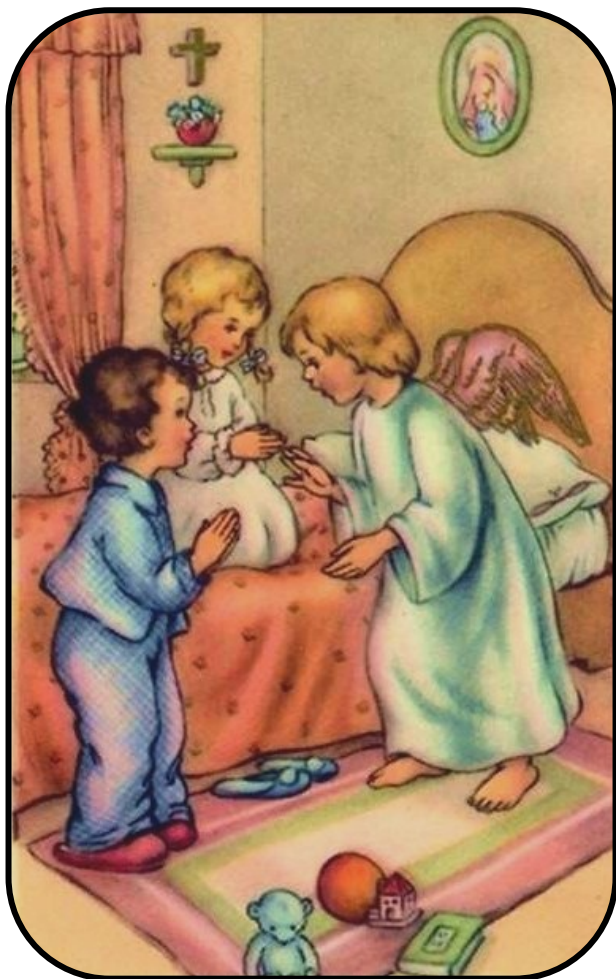
Paradoxically, though the Rosary is limited to so few prayers said vocally, its possibilities for mental prayer have almost no limits at all. The greatest of mystics and scholars have lost themselves in the depths of the Mysteries presented by these scenes of the Incarnation, Death, and Resurrection of the Redeemer.



The wings for soaring are to be found in any of the Mysteries; in the measure in which we can detach ourselves from earth, poor mortals that we are, we are allowed to fly to God.

Throughout the troubled centuries since Dominic first preached the Rosary, it has been a lifeline to heaven for millions of souls. Through the terrors of persecution in country after country, Christians who dared not convene for prayers, who were denied the Mass because all their priests had been killed, whispered in secret the prayer of the Rosary. In this way the Faith has been preserved, sometimes for centuries. Even today, many a Catholic struck down by an accident or sudden illness owes the grace of receiving the Last Sacraments to the fact that he carries a Rosary in his pocket. For that is an unmistakable sign that he is one who has a claim upon the Mother of God; he will have an intercessor to stand beside him at the throne of God. After a lifetime of saying, over and over, "Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death," one could expect nothing else but that she would.

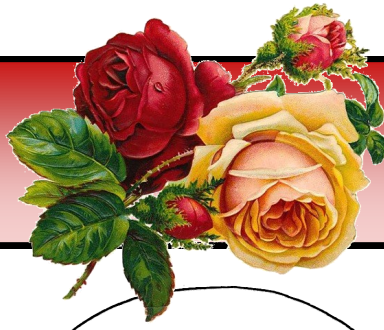
~ "Our Lady's Feasts," *Imprimatur* 1945 ~



Mother's Way

Oft within our little cottage
 As the shadows gently fall,
 While the sunlight touches softly
 One sweet face upon the wall,
 Do we gather close together,
 And in hushed and tender tone
 Ask each other's full forgiveness
 For the wrong that each has done.
 Should you wonder why this custom
 At the ending of the day,
 I and voice would quickly answer:
 "It was once our mother's way."

~ Rev. Abram J. Ryan ~





WHAT SISTER TOLD ME

TO my knowledge, the story I am about to tell never appeared in print before. It was told me by Sister Mary, who used to relate it to the children under her care. And because it gives us such a lesson of respect and reverence for holy things, I cannot help retelling it here—as well as I remember it.

Jennie was a girl like so many others, alas! After she had left school, she began to think she was too smart to be good and pious. She just thought of having nice things and a good time; and she did only what she just had to for God. Poor Jennie!

Yes; poor Jennie. Why, she had not even a rosary! And one day when her anxious mother handed her a rosary that she had bought for her and said, "Please say it often, Jennie; you need Our Lady's care," the unhappy girl became angry and did a sad thing.

"I don't need any old rosary or any such trash!" she cried; and with her right hand she threw the blessed beads into the waste basket. Oh, how could she do such a thing! It makes one's heart ache.

Some years passed. Jennie began to work in a factory. One day, in some inexplicable way, her right hand was caught in the machine she was operating and was torn and crushed in a dreadful way. She was taken to a hospital. The doctors found that her whole hand up to the wrist would have to be taken off; and so it was done. Jennie was crippled for life.

Well, what of it? Why, that was the hand with which Jennie had thrown her rosary away, in her anger and contempt. Now she actually had to throw the hand itself away!

"How I wish I could hold the beads in my hand right now," she said to Sister. "Oh, I feel that God has punished me thus for the dishonor I showed to Our Lady's holy rosary."

But that was the good God's way of bringing her back to goodness. She is very humble and devout today; and in her left hand there is often something that is beautiful to see in the hands of a Christian—the rosary.

Such is the story Sister told me. And now I am wondering how many right hands there are in the world that have times without number been used to offend God in even more dreadful ways than the way in which Jennie unhappily used hers.

And I am wondering for how many people in the world it would not be better if they were sick or blind or deaf or lame or crippled. Such things are often a blessing in disguise. They draw us nearer to God; they make us think more of the happy land where sickness and sorrow shall be no more—nor any such thing.



ROSARY AND ANGEL WORD SEARCH

1. JOYFUL	T C Y N M Y S T E R I E S O U E G
2. SORROWFUL	U A X P L A I H A N G E L S T L L
3. GLORIOUS	O R H E I D E R E A L C A X O T O
4. MYSTERIES	Y C H O L L D O V I C P I R S A R
5. ROSARY	W H C T U I A N I C E F Y D S H I
6. BEADS	T A O R F T C E R C I B A T E C O
7. CRUCIFIX	I N H S Y I E S T C E S M W H O U
8. DECADE	H G B N O P D E U S R S B E A D S
9. HAIL MARY	X E T O J O L R I E L E S I I N A
10. OUR FATHER	Z L Z I A R C E S T L E H Z L M C
11. GLORY BE	N S H N I L D G H U E P G R M I M
12. GUARDIAN	A B S I T A U P F O A S S N A B I
13. ARCHANGELS	L T L M E A S W O R U V R F R U H
14. SERAPHIM	A T H O R E O R E T H Q E V Y R P
15. CHERUBIM	I N E D A R O S A R Y N W D T E A
16. PRINCIPALITIES	H E I B R A N W I N F R O I D H R
17. POWERS	F A T O U R F A T H E R P H E C E
18. THRONES	N R S P R I N C I P A L I T I E S
19. DOMINIONS	
20. VIRTUES	
21. ANGELS	



The Little Poor Man of Assisi

We remember how the first hermits left everything they had and became poor for the love of God. Even when later the monks lived together under one roof, they remained very poor and earned their daily bread by the work of their hands. By and by, however, some of the convents began to own land and to gather wealth. Some of the monks no longer lived the strict lives of the early hermits and were not a good example to the people.

One day a wealthy young man of Assisi, dressed in a rough brown garment, with a rope tied about the waist, appeared in the streets of the town. The people of Assisi who, like most people of those days, were fond of riches and fine clothes, could not understand what had happened.

"Why does Francis, the son of the rich cloth merchant, wear such miserable clothes?" they asked one another.

Soon they learned the truth. Francis had been very ill. When he recovered, he was a changed man. He saw how foolish it was to put fine clothing on the body and forget the care of

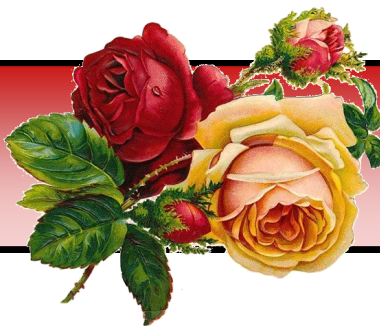
the soul. He saw, too, that if men wanted to convert others to Christ, they themselves would first have to become poor and humble, like Christ their Leader. Love of wealth was the great disease of the age. It would have to be cured by the opposite virtue—love of poverty.

And that is how it happened that one day Francis took off his rich garments in the presence of his father, and chose poverty as his companion and friend.

Soon other young men joined him and together they formed a new company of monks known as the Franciscan Order. They had nothing of their own, living only on the alms that were given to them by others.

The new Order spread rapidly. The monks went from country to country and preached to the people. They were helping the pope to make the Church, which seemed to be on the point of ruin, strong and firm once more. And because





they were poor and their own hearts were filled with a burning love for God, they brought many souls back to Christ.

Francis himself, by his great love for God and the poor, became one of the greatest saints of the Church. His love reached out not only to men but to all of God's creatures. Even animals seemed to know how much he cared for them, for they would gather around him while he prayed and would listen to him when he spoke about God's love for them. He called the animals, and even the sun and moon and stars, his brothers and sisters and asked them all to help him praise the Lord. What a beautiful soul Francis must have had!

One time, during the crusades, Francis went to the Holy Land. He hoped to become a martyr there, for the sultan had put a price on every Christian head. Francis even went so far as to preach before the sultan.

"I will go through fire for the Christian faith," Francis told him.

The sultan was surprised at the courage of the saint and let him go unharmed.

At another time Francis said to one of the monks: "come, let us go out and preach."

Together they walked around the town, simple, humble, silent, and then returned to their convent.

"But, Father Francis," said the astonished monk, "did you not say we were going to preach?"

"And don't you think we preached a better sermon by our good example," asked Francis, "than by many words?"

Is it surprising that thousands of people came to this wonderful saint and asked to join his Order? Even women wished to serve God in the Order of St. Francis,

Therefore, together with St. Clare, he founded a convent for women, so that they, too, might live for God alone. But still others came, married men and women among them, asking Francis to receive them into the Franciscan Order. The saint knew that God needed good men and women in the world also. Therefore he started the "Third Order of St. Francis" to which all people may belong who wish to lead more perfect lives but cannot enter a convent. Many men and women around us belong to this Order, although we may not know about it. They have special prayers and rules, but they remain at home or go to work just as people usually do.

The last year of St. Francis' life had come. He was kneeling alone in prayer with his arms stretched out in the form of a cross. Then a wonderful thing happened. Jesus on the cross appeared to him and gave him the marks of His five wounds. It was a sign of the great love which



God had for this little poor man of Assisi.

Francis died shortly afterward, in the year 1226, with the words on his lips: "Welcome, sister Death."

Did you ever hear the saying "Actions speak louder than words?" What do the words mean? How did St. Francis show that he understood these words?

Did you ever stop to think that you also preach by your actions every day? Here are a few ways by which your actions help others or keep other from doing right. See how many more you can add to the list:

1. You and your little brother are sent upstairs to say night prayers and go to bed. You do not say your prayers but go right to bed. Your little brother watches you and then does the same. What do your actions show?

2. Sister gives you some problems to work in school. You copy from your neighbor. Mary sees you and also copies.

3. During Lent you get up early every morning and go to Mass. Your friend hears about it and wants to go with you.

4. You and the neighbor's boy are walking along the street. A case of apple drops from a delivery wagon. You call the driver and help him pick up the apples. The boy with you thinks you are foolish, but he follows your example.

5. You are out camping with some boys. On Sunday morning you tell the boys you are going to hike to the nearest church for Mass. They did not intend to go; but now two of the boys say they will go along.

6. A little lame dog is running through the alley. You pick up stones to throw at him. Soon there are more boys throwing stones at the dog.

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

In vain we call old notions fudge
 And bend our conscience to our dealing;
 The Ten Commandments will not budge,
 And stealing will continue stealing.

~ *James Russell Lowell ~*



The Holy Guardian Angels ~ Feast day, October 2nd

To see a colored picture of the one above turn to the last page ~ It will give you ideas on how to color this one.



PERSONAL BODYGUARDS

Did you ever hear someone say "That was certainly a red letter day" when they spoke of some big event?

I'll never forget one such red-letter day in my own life. It was the day on which I offered a High Mass for little Ann Murphy, a happy, loved four-year old baby who had gone home to God. It was an occasion of mixed feelings for her good Catholic parents, who sorrowed at losing their sunshine and joy, but rejoiced that they had a Saint Ann of their very own praising God in heaven with the angels and saints.

There was no black at that Mass. All was white, for Ann had gone to God clothed in her innocence, without ever having offended Him. The white dress and veil which she wore as she lay there in the coffin told us that there indeed was one who had seen God and was with Him. Some would say, "She's an angel, now." Of course that isn't exactly true, since human beings can never become angels. Man and angels are two different creatures of God. But Ann's guardian angel and other angels of God were surely present at that Mass offered on little Saint Ann's burial day. How Ann's guardian must have beamed with joy as he brought the soul of his little charge to God, and said, "Here, God, is the soul of the little one you gave me to care for. She is safely Yours for all eternity."

Angels are all around us. You see, Ann wasn't the only one who had an angel. Each one of us has a bodyguard at his side. You too, as God's creature, made by Him, and for Him, have a personal bodyguard. This guard is a prince of God's court, an angel. He is a friend, guide, and protector, who was given to you at birth, and who has never left you since, not even for a single moment. He is ever at your side. Once while giving religion instruction I told some boys and girls that their guardian angel never leaves them. For several days afterwards I noticed that a little girl called Cincy was sitting far to the left of her desk. Finally, I said, "Cincy, you are going to fall. Why do you always sit to the side of your desk?"

"Oh, Father," Cincy answered, "I'm leaving space for my guardian angel. You said that he's always at our side, and I don't want him to fall on the floor."

Your angel is always near by to help you in all your needs, to warn you when you are tempted to do wrong, for the good angels are very anxious that we do no wrong. They want to bring us to God and heaven, to take the places of the bad angels who sinned. The question is, "Do you always listen to your guardian angel?"

At night when you are tucked into bed, I imagine that all the angels meet and discuss their charges. Some are very happy as they tell of the victories won by their charges the boys



and girls like yourselves, over whom they watch. Some must be very sorry and ashamed to look the other angels in the eye as they have to admit that those for whom they were bodyguards weren't so victorious that day, and gave in to the devil. Jimmy's angel has to hang his head when he tells about Jimmy, who cheated in the ball game and caused a fight. And Patsy, was very disobedient to her mother. She wouldn't do the dishes and other little chores just because her mother had said that Patsy couldn't go to the movies. So Patsy pouted.

Jackie's angel must be ashamed, too, when some of the angels told about their good boys and girls, for Jackie had not been good that day. He had lied to get out of being punished for something he had done. What a life these naughty children lead their guardian angels.

Not all the angels have bad reports. Some have very wonderful things to tell. They relate with great joy that their charges won many medals for bravery during the day. Rose's angel reports that his charge was very loving and kind to one of her little classmates who had been blamed for something she didn't do. Rose reminded her friend that her guardian angel knew she wasn't guilty and would tell God all about it. So Rose's friend didn't need to worry.

Julia's angel tells that his charge was accused of having cheated and, although Julie knew she wasn't guilty, she did not defend herself. She whispered to her angel to help her and told him she wanted to accept this little cross as best she could. In accepting it, she would ask God to help her missionary in faraway China. This was a big victory, as it is really hard not to defend yourself when you know you are innocent.

You see, that it takes courage and virtue to be good and to give joy to God and pleasure to your guardian angel. How can you get all that courage and strength?

You can get it by asking your guardian angel to obtain it for you. He can help you, if only you ask him and are determined to show the devil a cold shoulder when he tempts you. Your angel will help you to say yes and no at the





right times. Pray to him often, every morning and every night, and often during the day, especially when you are tempted to offend God. Your great bodyguard, friend, protector and guide can defend you not only from spiritual pitfall, but even from temporal and bodily dangers. We may be surprised when we get to heaven to find out how often our angel has physically protected us. He may have turned aside a speeding car in the path of your auto and thus avoided a head on crash. He may have caused your playmate to throw the ball out of line when you were in its path, thus avoiding you being hit. The picture that we so often see of the guardian angel pointing to a bread in a bridge is not merely the imagination of the artist. It simply means that our bodyguard defends us, not only from dangers of soul, but also from those of body.

Say often that prayer you learned when you were very small:

Angel of God, my guardian dear
To whom God's love commits me here,
Ever this day be at my side,
To light and guard, to rule and guide.
From sinful stain, oh keep me free,
And in death's sorrow my helper be. Amen.

~ "Hello Halo," Imprimatur 1947 ~

UNSCRAMBLE THE SAINTS NAMES

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. EMRIGUS | A. BRIDGET |
| 2. SIFRANC | B. TERESA |
| 3. SUTISLLAC | C. HILARION |
| 4. REEATS | D. REMIGUS |
| 5. LEARAPH | E. HEDWIG |
| 6. NOIRHILA | F. CALLISTUS |
| 7. GIWHED | G. EDWARD |
| 8. TEBRIDG | H. RAPHAEL |
| 9. WEDARD | I. EVARISTUS |
| 10. SVEUARIST | J. FRANCIS |





HONESTY REWARDED

THERE she stood on the street, crying as though her heart were breaking, and vainly looking for something in the trampled snow. Margaret was her name.

"Why are you crying so, my child?" asked a benevolent gentleman who happened to be passing by.

"Oh, sobbed the girl, "my mother sent me to the store with fifty cents to buy groceries with, and I lost the money here in the snow. And I—I can't find it."

"Well, now, that was careless enough of you," said the gentleman. "You ought to be more careful."

"Yes, I know," said Margaret, "but there was a funeral starting from the house across the street, and I stopped to watch and forgot to hold the money tight, and it slipped from my hand into the snow. And oh, sir, it's not because of the punishment I will receive, but because it will hurt mother so. She must work so hard and every penny means so much . . . Oh, I wish I had been more careful!" And the poor girl began sobbing again.

The gentleman was moved. Here was a girl who really thought much of her mother and who looked at her carelessness in the right way. "Now, don't take it so hard, child," he said kindly. "Here's half a dollar. Just run along and buy the groceries with it and be more careful in the future." With that he passed on.

He had only gone about two blocks when a breathless girl overtook him. It was Margaret. "Oh, sir," she began—

Ah, could it be that she had been playing a dishonest trick on him and that she was going to try it again? But no—

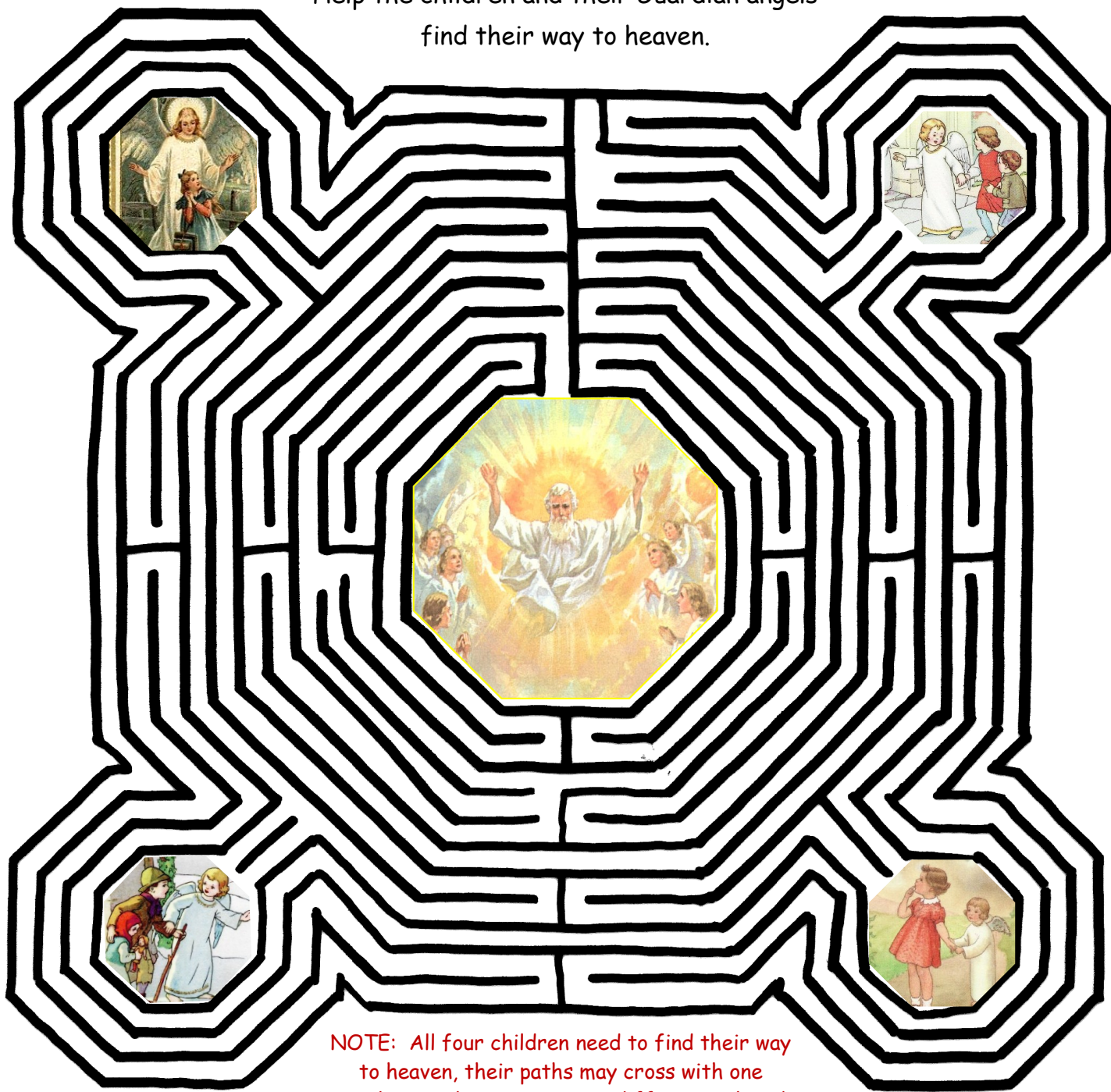
"Oh sir," said Margaret, "I found my money after you left, and here's your fifty cents back again. But I'm still so grateful to you. You were so good to me."

"Well, well," said the benign gentleman in surprise, quite taken aback. "Little girl, you're the right kind—God love you! No; just keep the money. And here's another dollar for yourself. Such beautiful honesty is worth it and unspeakably more."

Thus was Margaret's honesty rewarded. If this virtue is so pleasing in the eyes of men, how precious it must be in the eyes of God!



Help the children and their Guardian angels
find their way to heaven.



NOTE: All four children need to find their way to heaven, their paths may cross with one another on the way. Using a different colored pencil for each child helps.

“In their hands they shall bear thee up: lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.”

~Psalms 90: 12 ~



CEREMONIES OF MARRIAGE

*"A man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife,
and they shall be two in one flesh."* (Genesis, 2:24)

She had not seen the inside of a Catholic Church for over twenty years. An impossible marriage had coaxed her out and kept her out. Passing the parish church one afternoon, she picked up a piece of paper. On it she found a heart colored with red crayon in a childish way, and beneath it, in a childish scrawl, was the single sentence:

"Jesus, be my Valentine."

Some little one had lost this, a child who apparently had been told in school that Jesus should be our first and best Valentine. Evidently the child had made one of her own, had taken it to church to read to our Lord, and had dropped it as she hurried away. The finder felt a tug at her unhappy heart. Memory flashed back to tender years when she too had called Christ her Valentine.

What was to keep her from making Him her Valentine again? What could keep her from renewing her love for Christ? A call at the rectory, a contrite confession, a fervent Communion soon made it possible for her to say again from her heart:

"Jesus, be my Valentine."

Valentines are symbols of love between human beings. They are also symbols of love between creature and Creator. Especially are they symbols of that true love which is pledged until death in the sacred ceremony of marriage. That ceremony is designed to seal the love of two human beings in the love of God. If you are married or to be married you might think of these ceremonies today, and every time you hear of Valentines or marriages.

When the couple arrives at the altar the priest speaks to them of the importance and value of this sacrament and of their mutual obligations, especially the duty of unselfish love. The priest asks the groom:

"John Brown, wilt thou take Mary Jones, here present, for thy lawful wife according to the rite of our holy Mother the Church?"

"I will," answers John.

A similar question is asked of Mary, who answers with the same words. They join hands as each repeats:

"I, John Brown, take thee, Mary Jones, as my lawful wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

Making the sign of the cross over them, the priest says:

"I join you together in marriage, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."



He sprinkles them with holy water. The joining of hands is a symbol of their mutual trust and support. The sign of the cross and the sprinkling with holy water show the pouring out upon them of the graces of Christ.

The celebrant then blesses the ring with these words:

“Bless, O Lord, this ring which we bless in Thy name, that she who should wear it, keeping faith unchanged with her husband, may abide in peace and obedience to Thy will, and ever live in mutual love. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.”

The ring is a symbol of the tie that joins husband and wife forever. The minister of the Church blesses it to show that God approves their oath. It is worn by the wife, because she especially makes the joy and peace of the family secure by her unswerving love. The husband presents it to her, because in him chiefly resides the authority of the family. The marriage concludes with several short verses and responses and the following prayer:

“Look down, we beseech Thee, O Lord, upon these Thy servants, a graciously protect Thy institutions, whereby Thou hast provided for the propagation of mankind; that those who are joined together by Thy authority may be preserved by Thy help. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Mass begins, and continues until after the Our Father, when the priest turns to the kneeling couple and offers the nuptial blessing, which give here in part:

“O God, who by Thy mighty power didst make all things out of nothing... who hast hallowed wedlock by a mystery so excellent that in the marriage bond Thou didst foreshadow the union of Christ with the Church... look in Thy mercy upon this Thy handmaid, who... entreats protection and strength from Thee... May the yoke of love and peace be upon her. True and chaste may she wed in Christ, and may she ever follow the pattern of holy women: may she be dear to her husband like Rachel; wise like Rebecca; long-lived and faithful like Sara ... May she be grave in demeanor and honored for her modesty. May she be well-taught in heavenly lore. May she be fruitful in offspring. May her life be good and sinless. May she win the rest of the blessed and the kingdom of heaven.”

The Mass proceeds until after the *Ite, Missa est*. Again the celebrant turns to them and calls down a special blessing:





"May the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob with you, and may He fulfill His blessing upon you; that you may see your children's children unto the third and fourth generation; and may afterwards have everlasting life, without end, by the help of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth God world without end. Amen."

With these uplifting and grace-giving ceremonies we seal the love husband and wife, seal their affection in the love of Jesus Christ. The ceremonies are never-to-be-forgotten sacramentals.

Don't ever forget or lose your true Valentine—Jesus Christ. May the study and remembrance of these marriage ceremonies help married couple to find and renew their love in the love of Christ. May the thought of the ceremonies help lovers to prepare to seal their love in the love of the heart of Christ. Amen.

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

A Game with the Saints

1. The greatest saint in heaven.
2. The saint who is pictured with keys in his hand.
3. The Apostle of the Gentiles.
4. The Apostle who has a cross named after him.
5. A saintly queen who preferred to see her son dead rather than have him commit a mortal sin.
6. The patroness of sacred music.
7. The Apostle who stood beneath the cross.
8. The saint who baptized Jesus on the Jordan.
9. The mother of the Blessed Virgin.

(Answers are on the last page of the gazette)



Children's Sermon for the 19th Sunday after Pentecost

The Dying Camel

"Friend, how camest thou hither, not having on a wedding garment?"

Did you know that camels go out into the desert alone to die? A traveler once watched a scene like that. An old camel stumbled off across the sand dunes on his last journey, pitiful and alone. As the traveler watched, a shadow appeared in the sky. It was a vulture, wheeling



above the camel in circles, watching and waiting. Slowly the camel walked until it finally stumbled. Right away the vulture swooped down. But the camel got wearily to its knees and then to its feet; so the vulture moved away and continued to fly in great circles, watching and waiting. The rays of the sun caught it and threw its shadow on the sand. Again the camel stumbled and again the vulture swooped. This went on and on until they passed out of sight, the camel stumbling and the vulture stooping. It is a picture of a soul in mortal sin. Always the devil is there watching and waiting, always ready to swoop down for the kill.

Mortal sin robs our soul of grace. When we commit a mortal sin, the light of God that shines in our souls goes out. If we die in mortal sin, the devil swoops down on us and we belong to him for all eternity. We become like the man in the Gospel who did not have on a wedding garment. We will be cast out into the exterior darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

In this regard, there are two resolutions which every one of us should make:

1. Never as long as we live to commit a mortal sin.
2. If through some misfortune we should commit sin, not to stay in that state but to remove it by going to confession as soon as possible.

We can help ourselves to keep these resolutions by thinking of the seriousness of sin, the greatness and goodness of God Whom we offend, and the danger in which we place ourselves. Mortal sin is a serious offense against the law of God. When we sin, we say, "I don't care what God thinks, I am going to do it anyway." What a shame to offend the God to Whom we owe so much—the kind and gentle God! And what a danger we place ourselves in! The danger of falling into the hands of the devil.

There was once a fish who got tired of life in the pond where he lived so he jumped out of the water onto dry land. He gasped and flopped around and said to himself, "I wish I was back in the pond again."

A little boy came along and felt sorry for him. He picked him up and threw him back in.

After a while the fish got tired of life in his pond again and jumped out once more. Again he gasped and flopped around and again the little boy threw him back where he belonged.

Over and over the fish did that, and the boy saved him every time. But once the fish jumped out when the boy was not there to save him, and he died. We are taking chances like that poor fish when we place ourselves in danger of death by sin.



Honor the King!

Isn't it sweetly true? The longer we think of the Blessed Sacrament the more our hearts seem to melt in tenderness and love. And oh! how it hurts us when others make fun of this most sacred consoling mystery of our holy religion! What a dreadful sin that is!

In 1807, in a village in Prussia, there lived a very wicked man. He was so bad that on the fifth of January that year he invited twelve companions just as wicked as himself to dinner. When they were all seated at table the wretch—it is too terrible to think about!—took bread and wine and mockingly pronounced over them the words of consecration. Then, still continuing the impious blasphemy, he distributed the bread and wine to his fellows. When his turn came to partake of it a deadly faintness took possession of him, a horrid blackness obscured his sight, and he dropped his head on the table—dead! God's punishment of the scoffer was swift and awful. His body was buried the next day—outside the cemetery wall, as though it were the body of a beast. And his soul? Alas!...

But let's turn away from this disgusting sight. Let's breathe a prayer of love and reparation and think of some noble act. You have heard of Count Rudolph, haven't you, and of how he one day gave his horse to a priest? Let me tell you about it again.

Count Rudolph was out hunting one day with a great number of attendants. Suddenly the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of a little bell fell upon his ears. He looked around and saw a priest passing with the Blessed Sacrament. It was a public sick call. Immediately the Count dismounted from his horse and knelt in adoration upon the ground. Then he accompanied his Eucharistic King.

Now, it happened that there was a little brook to be crossed. But the plank that had served as a bridge had been washed away. So the priest prepared to wade over. When the nobleman saw this he hastened forward, and obliged the priest to mount his own beautiful hunting horse and thus cross the streamlet and proceed to his destination.

The next day the priest brought the horse back to the Count. He would not accept it. "No," he said to the clergyman, "I will never again ride the steed that has had the honor of carrying my Creator and my Lord; keep it for yourself and employ it in God's service."

Deeply moved at this evidence of faith, the priest uttered these prophetic words. "Be assured that the Most High will not fail to reward this generous act of yours; He will grant high earthly honors to you and your posterity."

And so it was. The pious Count was elected Emperor of Germany in 1273; he was the founder of the Austrian imperial dynasty.

God does not suffer Himself to be outdone in generosity. Would you be honored? Then honor the Eucharistic King.



Christ the King ~ Feast day, the Last Sunday of October



Which Do You Choose?

If there was one thing Irene liked to do more than anything else it was to dance. In fact, she was just crazy about it; and because this kind of amusement is so very dangerous for poor, weak human nature, the misguided girl soon found herself on the broad, seemingly flowery path that leads away from heaven. Poor Irene! Had she but listened to the warning voices of those who had her welfare most at heart and who so often pleaded, "Be careful; though dancing is not wrong in itself, still it were better to avoid the dance hall.

Oh, stay away, if you value your greatest treasure, the pearl of holy purity. Make the sacrifice for Jesus' sweet sake and be truly happy!"

Yes; it was quite evident that Irene was not what she used to be. Some sad change—a change for the worse—had come over her. In the little country town she had come from she had been quite a different girl—a devout child of Mary.

Well, when Blanche, her schoolmate and fellow-Sodalist, came to the city, Irene was delighted. She would show her friend a good time. The first thing, of course, was a dance or two. Now, the dances seemed decent, quite so, in fact, so Blanche went—just to please her friend. And thus she became one of the "bunch," as that circle of girls called themselves.

Then it happened that the first Saturday came around, on which the Sodalist girls were to go to confession preparatory to receiving Holy Communion the next morning. After supper Irene and the "bunch" called.

"We're off for a dance far out in the country, Blanche. Get ready, dear!" she cried gaily.

"Oh, Irene!" Blanche said reprovingly, quite shocked. "Don't you know this is Saturday night, on which we are especially forbidden to go to dances? And have you forgotten the Sodality, Irene? We must go to confession tonight."

"Confession! Pshaw! Do you still believe in that nonsense, Blanche? What's the use of going so often? We are obliged to go only once a year, you know. And I don't see why we shouldn't be allowed to dance Saturday night, too, if we feel like it. Well, we're going. If you want to be a pious little Sister's girlie—oh, all right! Suit yourself!" And Irene laughed a cruel, mocking, derisive laugh. The "bunch" smiled with contemptuous pity on the "Sister's girlie."

Blanche's poor heart was sorely wounded. But she was brave and faithful under the temptation. "I'm going to confession. I'm going to be a true child of the Church and of Mary," she simply said.

The next morning two striking things happened. There was an automobile accident on Union Avenue. At early dawn a car loaded with girls coming home from some dance hall crashed into another car. Several of the young ladies were injured. One was taken to the hospital in an unconscious condition. It was Irene. The doctor looked grave. "It's a fractured skull," he said, "with injury to the brain. We may be able to save her life, but she will be deprived forever of the use of reason."

That morning, too, just a little later, the landlady of a respectable Catholic boarding house for girls went up to wake one of the boarders, a child of Mary, who had been to confession the evening before and wished to go to Communion at the early Mass. She rapped and rapped. There was no answer. Rather



surprised and slightly alarmed, she gently opened the door and entered the room. There upon the bed, neatly tucked away and with her hands piously joined, lay the young boarder in the sleep of death. A sweet smile was upon her face, as though she had passed away in some beautiful dream. It was Blanche!

Oh, how good God is to those that are true to Him and to His Mother Mary! How virtue is rewarded. And vice? O my Jesus mercy!

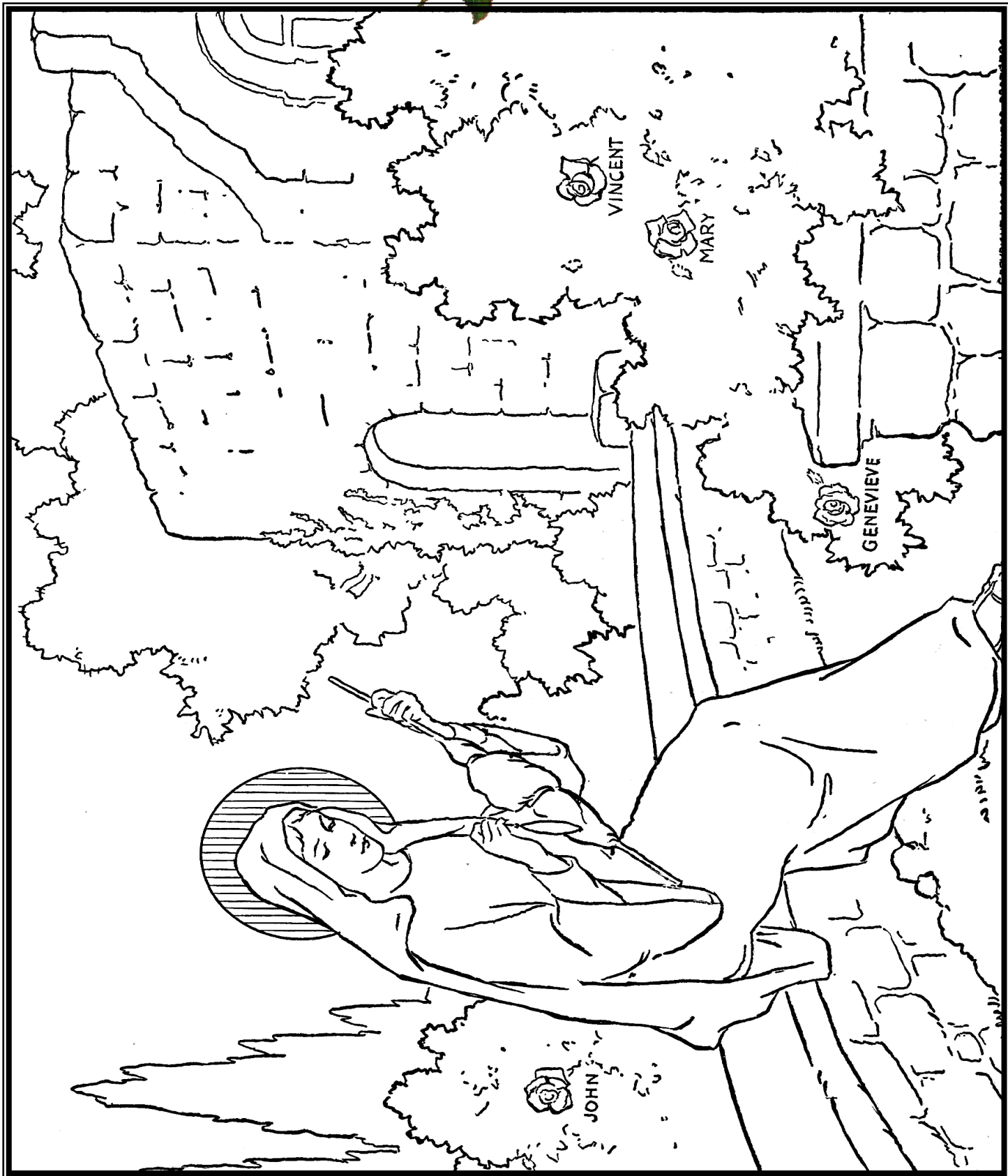
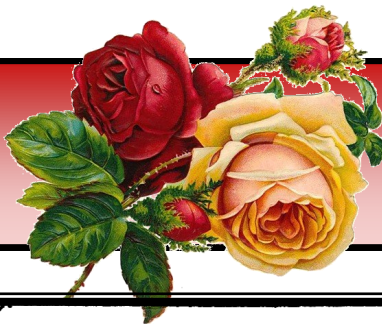
~ "Tell Us Another," Imprimatur 1925 ~

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S ROSE GARDEN

On the next couple of pages you will find a little project for the children. This is how it works. . . . Have a child color the picture on the next page. For every act of charity or perfect act of obedience performed, the child may take a rose, and paste in on one of the rose bushes in the Blessed Virgin's garden. The parent or teacher can choose a desired amount of roses to be placed on the bushes in a specified time. If the child/children do this they can receive a special award. A large hole punch works great to cut out the roses, and a glue stick works good to stick them to the poster.

~ idea adapted from: *Practical Aids for Catholic Teachers,* Imprimatur 1928 ~







RECOMMENDATION TO ONE'S GUARDIAN FOR A HAPPY HOUR OF DEATH

By: St. Charles Borromeo

My good Angel: I know not when or how I shall die. It is possible I may be carried off suddenly, and that before my last sigh I may be deprived of all intelligence. Yet how many things I would wish to say to God on the threshold of eternity. In the full freedom of my will today, I come to charge you to speak for me at that fearful moment. You will say to Him, then, O my good Angel:

That I wish to die in the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church in which all the saints since Jesus Christ have died, and out of which there is no salvation.

That I ask the grace of sharing in the infinite merits of my Redeemer and that I desire to die in pressing to my lips the cross that was bathed in His Blood!

That I detest my sins because they displease Him, and that I pardon through love of Him all my enemies as I wish to be pardoned.

That I die willingly because He orders it and that I throw myself with confidence into His Adorable Heart awaiting all His Mercy.

That in my inexpressible desire to go to Heaven I am disposed to suffer everything it may please His sovereign Justice to inflict on me.

That I love Him before all things, above all things and for His own sake; that I wish and hope to love Him with the Elect, His Angels and the Blessed Mother during all Eternity.

Do not refuse, O my Angel, to be my interpreter with God, and to protest to Him that these are my sentiments and my will. Amen.





OCTOBER ROSES

October is the month of the Rosary, and you would perhaps like to hear a story which was told to me by a dear old Irish nun. The first question, of course, is : " Is it true ? " It might be —that is all I can say.

This, then, is the story which might be true:

After St. Dominic had been travelling about and preaching all day he usually passed the night in the church. When he was too tired to pray any longer, he lay down on the altar step to sleep, and one night he had a wonderful dream.

Our Blessed Lady appeared to him, and round her in groups of tens were fifty beautiful angels in shining white robes, carrying lilies in their hands and singing. As St. Dominic listened the music was sometimes glad, and sometimes seemed to be glad but with tears very near. The words seemed familiar to him, and as he listened more closely he distinguished the Archangel's greeting to the Blessed Virgin—the " Hail ! Full of grace !"—then our Lady's sweet Magnificat, They sang their own special Gloria in Excelsis then, very softly, the Nunc Dimittis of holy Simeon, and, lastly, verses which he knew came from St. Luke's Gospel: "Son, why hast Thou done so to us ? Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

"How is it that you sought Me ? Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business ?"

With these words the white angels spread their silver wings and were quickly out of sight.

The Blessed Virgin was not left long alone; fifty other angels soon surrounded her, but they were clothed in scarlet robes, their purple wings seemed to trail upon the ground, and they carried many symbols—there was a chalice, a cruel scourge, a crown of sharp thorns, a cross, nails, and a spear. St. Dominic could not bear the sight of these terrible emblems, and prostrated, with his face on the ground. The music they sang was the saddest he had ever heard; like, but far sadder than, the solemn music of Holy Week. It nearly broke his heart to listen to it, and the words the angels sang filled his eyes with tears. They began with " Thy will be done," and the words fell from the angel lips as something falls drip, drip to the ground. Then the words were lost, and St. Dominic trembled all over as the awful music drowned them with a clang which sounded like blows being struck. After a little time he heard : " Hail ! King of the Jews,"* and " Behold the Man ! " Then the angels formed a long procession and moved away chanting some of the old sad verses from the Psalms. Their faces were covered with their purple wings, but he could just make out the words: "They have dug My Hands and My Feet, they have numbered all My Bones."



It was a long time before St. Dominic dared to look up, but at last he raised himself to catch the sounds of music in the distance—music so grand and so joyful that it drove away the pain and filled his soul with gladness. Already he could hear the "Alleluia," and the words from the Twenty-third Psalm: "Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates, and the King of Glory shall enter in." The angels were getting nearer now; St. Dominic could see their robes all of shining cloth of gold, and their sparkling crowns. As they advanced they were singing his own favourite Veni Creator; they grouped themselves around their Queen, and sang in praise of her and the saints glorious hymns such as he had never heard before. Then they, too, disappeared, and left St. Dominic alone with the Mother of God.

Very humbly and very lovingly he begged her to tell him the meaning of what he had seen, and she, so my story tells, taught him what you have been already taught—the Rosary, with its fifteen mysteries. Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious, and its one hundred and fifty Aves, St. Dominic went back to his work; he preached the Rosary of our Blessed Lady, and by means of it he converted very many sinners. And you, too, even the smallest, if you try this month to say your "Hail! Mary" well, and offer it for the conversion of sinners, will do what St. Dominic did—you will win souls for Christ, our Lord.



The whole of October is the month of the Rosary, but it is, as it were, brought to a point on Rosary Sunday.

If you go to a Dominican church to the High Mass on that day, you will see piles of roses brought to the altar—roses, white and red and yellow; roses which are only buds, and roses which are just ready to scatter their beautiful petals at the foot of the Tabernacle. The priest will bless them, and then give them to the people in honour of our Blessed Lady, one of whose beautiful titles in the Litany is "Mystical Rose." Which is your favourite title for her?

Some children are shy and always forget what to do when there is any little ceremony of this kind, and so do not enjoy it. Try to remember to take off your gloves before it is time to leave your place. Then, when you get to the altar, you will take and kiss the rose which is offered to you; you do this out of respect because it has been blessed. The priest who gives you the rose will hold his hand so that you may kiss it too, and a little Catholic child will do this with utterest



reverence, for a priest's hand is one of the holiest things on earth, holding, as it does, each day within its clasp the Sacred Host—the dear White Rose of pure delight. When the priest has passed you, get up and go to your place, in order to make room for others. While you are waiting for Mass to begin, you might look at your rose and see what you could learn from it. I wish you all lived here, and could tell me what lessons it taught you! I wonder what colour you will get? Last year, I heard someone say: "Yellow rose for faith, white rose for purity, and red rose for love."

~ A Wreath of Feasts for the Little Ones, "Imprimatur 1912 ~

Such a beautiful story ~ Oh, how I wish we had these lovely traditions still.



Answers to A Game With the Saints

1. The Blessed Virgin
2. St. Peter (Apostle)
3. St. Paul
4. St. Andrew (Apostle)
5. St. Blanche
6. St. Cecilia
7. St. John (Apostle)
8. St. John the Baptist
9. St. Anne

Answers to Unscramble the Saints Names

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



This is a series of Catholic Gazettes for children. We are trying to put a little information in each 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.~

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