



# St. Catherine's Academy Gazette®

Holy Mother Church has Dedicated the  
Month of March to Saint Joseph

Issue 55

March 2020

## ST. JOSEPH, FRIEND OF THE SACRED HEART

With many a noble title,  
By the fervent hearts of those  
Who call themselves his clients  
And recount to him their woes,

Is the great St. Joseph greeted;  
And from heaven's height he tends  
To listen to the praises  
Of his clients and his friends.

He is called the Foster-Father  
Of the Eternal Son;  
The Patron of the Dying;  
The Just, the Holy One;

The Model of all Purity;  
The Guardian of Youth;  
The Image and the Shadow  
Of the Almighty Truth.

But there's one among his titles  
In which we'd fain take part;  
And that one we hold the dearest  
Is "Friend of the Sacred Heart."

By the blessed cot of Nazareth,  
And those years of sweet content  
Which in that holy friendship  
By thee were gladly spent,

Obtain for us, thy clients,  
To bear with thee a part,  
And become in thought and action  
Friends of the Sacred Heart!

*Source: Messenger of the Sacred Heart 1891*

### FEASTS AND FASTS

Saint Joseph, Spouse of  
the Blessed Virgin Mary  
and Patron of the  
Universal Church  
~ March 19th~

Annunciation of the  
Blessed Virgin Mary  
~March 25th ~

Passion Sunday  
~ March 29th~

Ember Days  
March 4th, 6th and 7th

### WHAT'S INSIDE

Before a Crucifix	3
Gregory the Great	8
Can You Explain Catholic Practices	10
St. Peter Damian	13
Crossword Puzzle	17
Penance and Self Denial	18

## HUMILITY LEADS TO HEAVEN

**O**NCE upon a time there was a lord's son, who went out into the fields sad and thoughtful. He looked up at the sky, which was so blue and clear and said with a sigh, "Ah! how happy must they be who are in heaven." At the same moment he perceived a gray old man, who was walking the same way, and he asked him the question how he could go to heaven. "Through humility and poverty," answered the old man. "Put on my clothes, and wander about the world for seven years, to learn what misery is: take no money with you, but when you are hungry, beg a piece a bread, and thus you will approach by degrees the gate of heaven."

Thus advised, the nobleman threw off his fine clothing, and putting on, instead, the beggar's rags, he went forth into the world, and endured much misery. He took only the most scanty meals, spoke never a word, but prayed daily to God to take him, if He pleased, to heaven. When seven years had passed, he returned to his father's house, but nobody there knew him. He told the servants to go and tell his parents that he had returned; but the servants would not believe him, and only laughed at what he said.

"Then go and tell my brothers," said he, "that they may come to me, for I should like to see them once again." This request they also refused; but at length one went and told his brothers, but they did not believe it, and gave themselves no trouble about it. Then the young pilgrim wrote a letter to his mother, and described all his misery, but said nothing about his being her son. The lady pitied his misfortunes, and caused a place to be made for him below the staircase, and there two servants, by turns, had to bring him food.

But one of these servants was wicked at heart, and said to himself, "What shall the beggar do with good food?" and so he kept it for himself, or gave it to the dogs, while he gave the poor, weak, half starved young man, nothing but water. The other servant, however, was honest, and took him daily what he received for him. It was only a little, but still enough to sustain life.

With this scanty fare the pilgrim was quite content, though he grew weaker and weaker. But when his illness increased, he desired to receive the last rites of the Church, and after he had received them, the bells of all the churches, far and near, began to ring. The priest went back quickly to the poor beggar, and found him lying dead, with a rose in one hand, and a lily in the other. Near him lay a paper on which his name was written.

Great was the grief of the noble lady, his mother, when she found that the beggar was her own long-lost son. Yet her sorrow was soon changed to joy, for her son had died a saint; his poverty and humility had made him very dear to God, and the good mother knew that for the riches, and honors, and comforts, he had denied himself on earth, he had gained in exchange a crown of heavenly glory.

That holy young man was St. Alexius.

*Source: The Metropolitan Reader, Cum Permissum Superiorum 1879*

Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine!



### BEFORE A CRUCIFIX

Nailed upon the fatal tree,  
 Depicted here, my Lord I see ;  
 Can I coldly look and feel  
 No contrition o'er me steal ?  
 Sin has caused this agony,  
 And, alas, a sinner I.

Wicked men who used him so,  
 Fixed the thorns upon his brow;  
 Nailed the sacred hands and feet,  
 Knew not Jesus, mild and sweet:  
 The despised, forsaken one,  
 Was the king of heaven's son.

But I, who have been early taught  
 To know and love him as I ought,  
 Have done all that I could do,  
 His deep suffering to renew;  
 Clung to sin, which caused his pain,  
 Thus crucified my Lord again.

Lord, by all thy sorrows sore,  
 Let it be like this no more;  
 I hate the sin which caused to flow  
 Thy precious blood; and hear me now,  
 Entreat, I may thy grace partake,  
 And for ever sin forsake.

*Source: Catholic Hymns for Youthful Minds, 1847*

## FATHER EDMUND GENINGS

**H**UMBLE in obedience, devout in Christ, strong in faith, prompt in good works.” Thus speaks one who knew Father Genings in his early youth, when he was pursuing his studies in preparation for his work as God’s priest, and these qualities which endeared him to his companions, and won the approval of his Superiors, were the foundation of his holy after-life, and happy martyr’s death.

He was born in the year 1567, at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, and from babyhood he was strangely grave, and seemed too thoughtful for the usual amusements of children. His great delight was to go out in the evening-time and look at the stars, and doubtless then his little mind was full of strange wondering thoughts about God and heaven, although he did not tell them. On one such night the child ran in hastily and in fear to his mother. He seemed to have seen a terrible sight in the sky, as of armed men with weapons murdering others who were unarmed, while blood was flowing everywhere. Perhaps some foreshadowing of the sufferings and persecutions of Christians whose blood should flow for their Master’s cause in England—priests who, unarmed themselves, would be murdered by merciless men. However this might be, no doubt the remembrance of what he had seen was never blotted out from the heart of the little boy who was to shed his own blood in the cause of truth when a few years had rolled by.

At about the age of sixteen, Edmund Genings was recommended by his school-master as a page to a Catholic gentleman, and under God this was the means of teaching him the faith, for hitherto he had been trained in the Protestant religion.

Other graces followed, and when but little more than seventeen years old, the youth was sensible of God’s voice calling him to a different life, the highest, noblest life, of priestly duty, and self-sacrifice. He went abroad to prepare himself for Holy Orders, and his life was an example to all who knew him; his health was weak, and many severe illnesses came upon him, but he bore every suffering with cheerful patience. At length his Superior resolved to send him to England, thinking the change might benefit him, and he accordingly left Rheims and went on his way as far as Havre de Grace. There he remained for a fortnight in the company of some banished priests who lived in that place just then, and who took him on a passage on board a ship bound for London. Mr. Genings was very grieved at the thought of returning to his home. His friends were Protestants, he had not yet obtained the grace of Holy Orders, and these reasons seemed so strong that he begged the priests to have but a little patience and not to insist on his going on board, for perhaps he might recover his strength sufficiently to pursue his studies. They agreed to a short delay, and on the very next day he was so much better that it seemed a miraculous recovery, and was able to return to Rheims and recommence his former mode of life, full of gratitude to God Who had heard and answered his prayers.

The Superiors of his college considered him ready for the priesthood before the usual age, and therefore, having obtained a dispensation from Rom, he was ordained when but twenty three years old, and the great dignity and responsibility belonging to his state produced in his body a strange effect, a sort of violent trembling which lasted all his life.

The young priest was sent in the following April upon the English mission in company with two others.

On their journey they met a party of Huguenots, who robbed them and took them prisoners, carrying them before the governor of the town, who thrust them into a dark dungeon from Tuesday to Thursday night, when their papers were restored to them, and they were

driven away in the darkness with God for their only guide. However, they pursued their journey safely and embarked in a French vessel, the captain of which promised to set them ashore on the English coast during the night.

They landed near Whitby, in Yorkshire, and coming to an inn in the town to refresh themselves, they found there one of the men employed in detecting and apprehending priests, and he seemed suspicious and asked them many questions. The time had not come then for them to suffer for God, and they found their way to the house of a Catholic not far from Whitby, where they separated from each other, Father Genings remaining about six months in the north of England, and then starting for his native city, Lichfield, hoping there to win his own kindred to God, but during his absence many changes had happened. Nearly all his friends were dead, and only one brother remained, who was said to be in London, and Father Genings resolved to seek him there.

For a whole month he tried every means of discovering him whom he sought, but in vain; at length he resolved to leave the city for a time. With his mind thus determined, he went out one day to say his Mass, and as he passed by the church of St. Paul he felt a strange sensation of fear; his body seemed bathed in perspiration, and so strong was his impression that some danger was near that he looked hastily round. Nothing, however, was to be discovered; only a youth in a brown cloak was in sight, and therefore he became calm and went on his way. On the day he had arranged to leave London the priest was praying that his disappointment in not finding his brother might be a means of grace by increasing his patience, and he cried, "Thy Will, dear Lord, is mine. Fiat voluntas tua;" and then he went out to offer the holy Sacrifice at a place where he had promised to go that last morning. As he returned he suddenly felt once more those strange emotions of fear and dread, and looking behind him he saw again the youth in a brown cloak. This time the features seemed familiar, and gazing more attentively he felt persuaded that the youth was his own brother, whom he had not seen for so many years; so he approached, and courteously asked from what county he came. "From Staffordshire," was the reply; and being asked his name, the youth said it was Genings. A rapid act of thanksgiving was offered to God, and then the priest asked if he could give any news of his brother Edmund, whom he had known. So then the youth told that Edmund was a "Papist; traitor to God and his country." A little more talk followed, in which Father Edmund did not make himself known to his brother, but said he would see him again, as he had important matters to speak of.

On the 7th November, 1691, Father Genings returned to London, and meeting another priest that evening, they arranged where they should celebrate the holy Mass next day, which was the Octave of All Saints. They resolved to go to the house of a friend for this purpose, and they told several Catholics who wished to be present.

In the morning, when Father Genings had already commenced his Mass, several officers forced open the door of the room and rudely entered, upon which some of the gentlemen present rose from their prayers to turn out the intruders, so that the holy Sacrifice might not be interrupted. A struggle ensued, upon which the other priest went to the officers and promised that they all give themselves up as prisoners if they would wait till Mass was concluded.

They agreed but immediately after the celebration they rushed in once more and seized Father Genings as he was in his vestments and also secured all who had been present, with their books, and all that belonged to the service of the Church.

On the 4th December, Father Genings was brought up for trial and found guilty of high treason, and the sentence passed upon him was that he should be executed before the house-door of Mr. Wells, in Gray's Inn Fields, where he had offered Mass on the day of his apprehension, instead of at Tyburn with the other prisoners. The judges told him that if he would conform to the new religion, he might expect mercy, but he declared his determination to die in the Catholic faith, which he knew and loved as the true religion of Jesus Christ. Then they put the good priest into a miserable hole in the prison— so miserable and so dark that he could not even see his own hands, and here he remained in prayer until his death without any food or nourishment.

When brought to the gibbet prepared for him, Father Genings saluted it joyfully, and being put upon the ladder, he made a profession of his faith, and the officer, scarcely giving him time for a Pater noster, directed that the ladder should be turned. A few moments after the rope was cut, and he fell on the block upon which he was to be quartered. The violence of the pain drew from him the exclamation, "Oh, it smarts;" but his sufferings were then almost ended. The hangman and many people present declared that after the martyr's heart was taken out, he murmured, "Sancte Gregori, ora pro me."

Many Catholics were witnesses of this cruel execution, and one of them was a maiden who had consecrated herself to the service of God. She had an intense desire to get some little part of the martyr's flesh, or a drop of his blood, which she might preserve as a relic; but not being able to approach the scaffold for the pressure of the crowd, she followed the men who carried his quartered limbs back to Newgate. The executioner took up one of his arms roughly to show to the people and flung it back so carelessly into the basket that one of the hands hung over the side. This young gentlewoman drew near and touched the thumb which had been anointed, when, to her surprise, it was instantly separated from the rest of the fingers and remained in her hand, neither did any one observe her as she carried it off.

Years after, when she was a nun of the Order of St. Augustine, and Father Genings's brother, for whose conversion he had prayed, had been brought to submit to the Catholic Church, and was studying for the priesthood, this lady sent to him at the seminary of Douai a little piece of the martyr's thumb, with a letter relating how she had obtained it. This brother's conversion had soon followed upon the holy priest's execution. When he first heard of it, he rejoiced, for his hatred to the Church was very great; but about ten days later he began to reflect seriously upon his way of life, contrasting it with the life of his martyred brother, who had given up all worldly pleasure for God's service. Then, being filled with remorse, he wept bitterly, and prayed for light to know the truth, and directly a great peace took possession of his heart, and he was conscious of a sudden reverence for the Blessed Virgin and the saints of God, and, kneeling on the ground, he made a vow to forsake kindred and country to gain a true knowledge of his brother's faith.

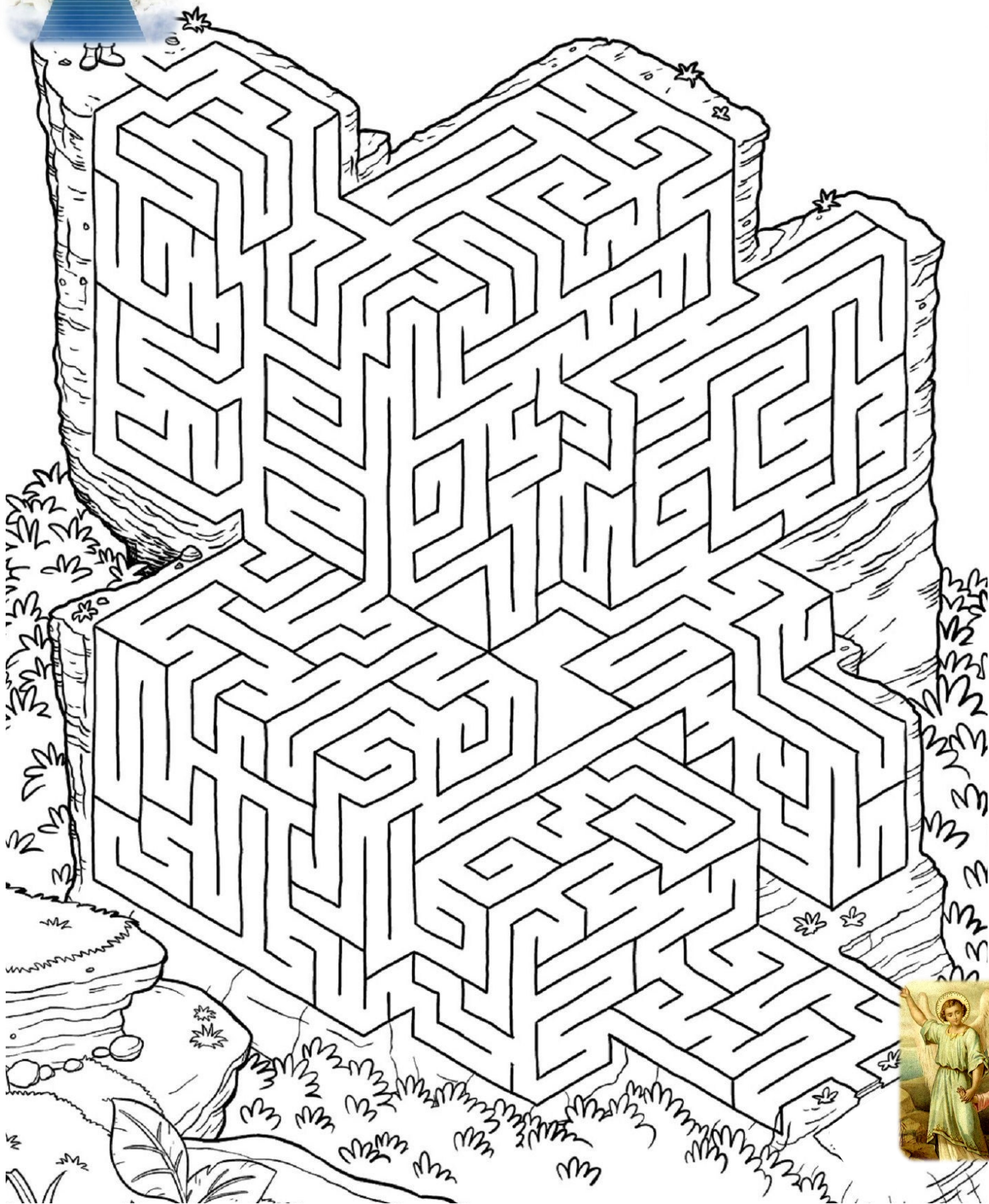
That vow he kept, leaving England and all his friends to devote himself to the study of the truth; and to him, as to all who earnestly and humbly commence such a search, God revealed Himself, and so took possession of his heart that — as we have already told — he too gave himself to the Divine service. In the holy Order of St. Francis he sought to fulfil his priestly duties, prayerfully and zealously, after the example of the brother whose suffering and death had been the means of bringing him to the knowledge of God and His revealed truth.

*Source: Stories of Martyr Priests, 1876*



Help the young man find the straight and narrow path to Heaven.

*Solution can be found at the end of the Gazette*



## ST. GREGORY THE GREAT DURING THE PLAGUE IN ROME

A.D. 604

**G**ur illustration represents this great Saint leading the procession of clergy around the city of Rome, in order to propitiate the anger of God, on account of the destructive plague which at that time devastated the country; and being come to the tomb of Adrian, he perceived an angel sheathing his sword in token of an answer of peace.

How much St. Gregory the Great, like other Saints, was penetrated with devotion, reverence, and love for the Holy Eucharist, his famous Missal, known as the Sacramentary will testify. In his sermons he speaks also of the Holy Eucharist, and illustrates, by quotations of wonderful facts, the inestimable worth and the power of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

In his thirty-seventh Homily he relates: 'Not long ago it happened that a man was taken prisoner and carried far away. Now after he had been a long time kept in prison without his wife knowing anything about it, she believed him to be dead, and caused every week, on certain days, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to be offered for him. After a long time had elapsed the man returned home, and related to his astonished wife that on certain

days of the week the chains which bound him became loose. In this way at length he succeeded in making his escape. Now when his wife inquired on which days of the week this wonder took place, she discovered that the days on which his chains became loose were those upon which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for him.'

In his dialogues, or conferences, upon the miraculous lives of the Saints in Italy he relates in the fourth book the following marvelous occurrence: 'Agatho, Bishop of Palermo, journeyed from Sicily to Rome. Upon the way he fell into the danger of being shipwrecked. A frightful storm arose, which well-nigh sank the vessel in which he voyaged. No hope remained but in the merciful pity of Almighty God. Then all began to pray and to offer up petitions to Him that their lives might be spared. Whilst they were thus praying a certain sailor was occupied in steering a boat which was fastened to the ship, but which, through the violence of the storm, broke away from her holdfast and sank with the unfortunate man beneath the waves, and Bishop Agatha reckoned him as dead. In the mean time the ship





in which the Bishop sailed arrived, after many dangers, at the island of Ostika. Here the Bishop offered the Sacrifice of the Mass for the unfortunate sailor; and, as soon as the ship was repaired, continued his voyage to Rome. When he landed he found the sailor, whom he believed to be dead, standing on the shore. Full of joy, he inquired how he had escaped the great dangers of so many days. The sailor then related how his little boat seemed continually on the point of capsizing, but always rose unharmed again to the top of the waves. Day and night he succeeded in struggling with the waves; but being weakened with hunger and thirst he must inevitably have gone to the bottom had not help been sent to him. "At length, suddenly," he narrated, "when I was quite prostrate, and as it were out of my mind, knowing not whether I was sleeping or waking, I saw a man standing before me, who offered me bread. Scarcely had I received it when my strength returned to me, and soon after I was picked up by a ship and brought hither." When the Bishop learned the day on which this event took place he discovered that it was the same on which he had offered Holy Mass for the unfortunate man on the island of Ostika.

*Source: Legends of the Blessed Sacrament, Lent 1877*

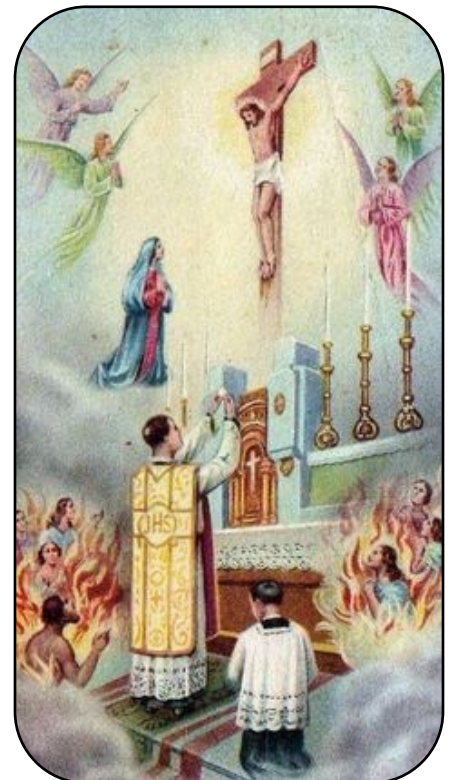


### QUIZ ON THE MASS

1. On what two days of the year are gold-coloured vestments most frequently worn at Mass?
2. What is the purpose of the three linen (or hemp) altar cloths?
3. How many Masses are celebrated in each church on Holy Thursday?
4. What is a field Mass?
5. Distinguish between the Ordinary and the Proper of the Mass?
6. What is the Mass of the Catechumens?
7. What is a votive Mass?
8. What is a Pontifical Mass?
9. What is a Dialogue Mass?
10. What vestment worn by the priest at Mass is called the "yoke of Christ"?

*Source: A Catholic Quiz Book, Imprimatur 1945*

*Answers can be found at the end of the Gazette*



Could you explain Catholic Practices:

### BAPTISM BY A LAY PERSON

**I**N my West Indies mission I visited my distant hill station every two weeks. A missionary grow anxious at times as to what may happen during his absence, especially when he is the only priest in a district of some 600 square miles or more. My hill station was fortunate in having a school with an intelligent, Government approved Negro teacher who also acted as catechist. As many newly-born babies in the West Indies die when the priest is far away from the rude huts of their parents, I had urged the teacher carefully to instruct his pupils how to baptize in case of necessity. He had done his task well.

I took occasion on a visit to his classroom to examine these children of the hill country. I was surprised at their intelligence.

“What would you do if an unbaptized baby were dying in your house or in some other house?” The answer came quickly from a little boy.

“Call the priest, or if the priest is away, call teacher.” “But supposing there is no time to find the priest or the teacher, what would you do?” Again the answer was prompt.

“If there is danger of the baby dying before a priest could come, then any man or woman, boy or girl, could and should baptize. I would baptize the baby.”

“Could you baptize a grown-up who is in danger of death and who wishes to enter the Church but cannot get a priest?”

“Yes, Father.”

“Good! But how would you baptize?”

“To baptize, you pour water freely on the bare forehead of the person to be baptized, and while actually pouring the water — not sprinkling it—say, at the same time, the words: ‘I baptize thee, in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.’”

“If you said the words first and then poured the water, or poured the water first and then said the words, would there be a valid, or real Baptism?”

“No Father. The words must be said at the same time the water is flowing on the forehead.” I put another question to a bright-looking pupil.

“If you poured the water and someone else said the words, would the person be baptized?” The answer came without hesitation.

“There would be no Baptism, for one and the same person must pour the water and, at the same time, say the words.”

The teacher, pleased to show me that the children had been well instructed, then asked them:

“Could you baptize with cologne water?”

Little hands were waving frantically, until he nodded to a small girl.

“No, the water must be natural water, such as you use in the house. It may be spring water, rain water, sea water, or even water that might be a little muddy. Cologne water is mainly alcohol.”

“Could it be water from melted ice or snow?” I inquired.

My little hill children of the tropics were stumped by this question. They had never seen ice or snow. I quickly explained how ice and snow come to colder lands and that either, when melted, could be used.

“Ask them about sponsors in Baptism,” the teacher whispered.

I did ask, and was pleasantly surprised to learn that these mission children knew that even in a private Baptism a sponsor should be had, if one can easily be obtained, and that the sponsor should touch the child during the actual Baptism; and that there could not be more than two, namely, a godfather and a godmother, and that a sponsor should be at least fourteen years old and a Catholic, since sponsors have the obligation of seeing that the child is brought up in the Catholic religion. They also knew that a child privately baptized should, on recovering, be brought to the church, in order to have the solemn ceremonies supplied which are not given in a private Baptism.

*Source: Could you explain Catholic Practices?, Imprimatur 1937*



#### MATCH THE SAINT TO THEIR SYMBOL

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. St. Anthony, Hermit 357   | A. NUN. Black and white habit, with red band across her forehead. Crosier. Pilgrim's staff. |
| 2. St. Bonaventure, 1274   | B. SEVEN youths surrounding her. Veil. Palm.  |
| 3. St. Louis, King of France, 1270   | C. INKHORN, pen and papers. White habit and Beehive.  |
| 4. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153. Founder of the Cistercian Order of reformed Benedictines. | D. HOG, bell and crutch.  |
| 5. St. Jude Thaddeus, Apostle, M   | E. FLUER DE LYS, embroidered on royal robes. Crown of Thorns.                               |
| 6. St. Bridget of Sweden, 1373. Foundress of the Order of Bridgettines.                      | F. POT of holy water, and asperges. Dragon at her feet. Ladle.                              |
| 7. St. Martha of Bethany, 84. Patron Saint of Cooks and housewives.                          | G. HAT, cardinal's at his feet. Franciscan habit.   |
| 8. St. Felicitas and her seven sons, M 173.  | H. STARS, five, over his head. Finger on his lips or padlock.                               |
| 9. St. James the Great, Apostle, M. Patron of Spain.   | I. LANCE.   |
| 10. St. John Nepomucene, 1393. Patron Saint of silence, bridges and running water.           | J. STAFF. Long, with wallet or bottle. Scallop shell.                                       |

*Answers can be found at the end of the Gazette*



Saint Joseph ~ Feast Day March 19th



## ST PETER DAMIAN

A.D. 1072



HERE once dwelt in Ravenna a family who, though well-born, were poor; and youngest of the many children was Peter, whose birth took place about the year 988. While still very young he had the misfortune to lose both parents, and was left in the hands of a married brother, in whose home he was treated scarcely better than a slave.

As he grew older, Peter was employed as a swine-herd, and thus earned a trifle. One day, instead of spending this little money on himself and his wants, he gave it to a priest, asking prayers for the soul of his father.

But by and by another brother, who was an arch-priest at Ravenna, and afterwards a monk, took pity on Peter, and sent him to school. Having good abilities, the boy made rapid progress, and was soon sufficiently instructed to help in teaching others.

During that part of his life he began to wear a hair-shirt under his ordinary clothing, and practiced fasting and other austerities; and when he felt himself strongly tempted by the Evil One he would plunge into the river, even if it were the middle of the night. His heart was most charitable disposed towards the poor, so that he gave away nearly all that he had, even the food which was prepared for his own meal. But at length Peter began to feel an irrepressible longing to leave the world for the seclusion of the cloister; and whilst his mind was busy with such thoughts, two Benedictine monks happened to pass through the town, and some conversation with them resulted in a determination to belong to their institute if it were possible.

It was a hermitage which had been founded by Blessed Ludolf, and was in high repute for the sanctity of those who dwelt there. The monks lived in separate cells, and kept a very rigorous rule, eating upon four days in the week only bread and water, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays pulse and herbs, which each prepared for himself. The severe life brought on St. Peter an attack of nervous wakefulness, which nearly exhausted his strength; but afterwards he learned to use more discretion in his practice of penance.

His superior began to command him to make frequent exhortations to the religious, and so great was his repute that Guy, Abbot of Pomposia, begged for him to come and instruct his monastery, in which there some two hundred monks. For two years St. Peter Damain remained there, and was then sent to perform the same duty at another large Abbey, until he was again recalled to the hermitage. Upon the death of his Abbot in 1041, Peter had the government of the desert depending on him; and he founded five new hermitages, in which his great aim was to cherish the spirit of humility, necessary to the disciples of Christ.



When Nicholas II reigned as Pope, he chose St. Peter Damian as his legate, when complaints came of simony in the church of Milan. Often the Saint had begged in vain for permission to retire to his solitude; and when Alexander II succeeded Nicholas, he with much reluctance granted this request, although he reserved to himself the power of employing St. Peter in any matters of ecclesiastical difficulty.

In his retirement the holy man occupied himself in writing upon the obligations of those who had embraced the religious state; and especially did he censure the custom of monks rambling from monastery to monastery.

If Peter Damian recommended austerity to others, he certainly practiced it in his own life, for he shut himself up in his cell, used frequent disciplines, wore iron girdles, and ate only the coarsest kind of food.

During hours devoted by his rule to manual labour, he was accustomed to make wooden spoons and other things likely to be useful among the brethren.

The last time he left his favourite solitude was when sent by Pope Alexander II upon the occasion of the excommunication of the Archbishop of Ravenna, to arrange the affairs of the church; on arriving at the city he found the unhappy prelate had just expired. The journey had greatly exhausted him, for he was now old but he would not suspend his accustomed habits of mortification. Returning towards Rome a fever attacked him while resting at the monastery of Our Lady, at Faenza, and his enfeebled frame could not rally from it. On the eighth day of his sickness, while the monks were reciting Matins by his bedside, he peacefully passed away, having reached the age of eighty-three years. St. Peter Damian is the special patron of Faenza and Font-Avellano, and in both places his festival is observed upon the 23rd of February.

A hymn written by this Saint has been thus translated:

“Christ, Thy soldier’s palm of honour,  
 To Thy city, bright and free,  
 Lead me, when my warfare’s girdle  
 I shall cast away from me;  
 A partaker in Thy Bounty,  
 With Thy blessed ones to be.”

“Grant me vigour, while I labour  
 In the ceaseless battle pressed,  
 That Thou may’st, the conflict over,  
 Give me everlasting rest;  
 And I may at length inherit  
 Then my portion every blest.”

## THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

March 25th

*“Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb.”*

~Offertory of the Mass for the Feast.



HIS is the first event in the life of the Queen about which we are clearly told in the Gospel itself. All the rest so far has come down to us by *tradition*. That is, we learn it from the writings of holy men who lived in the early ages of the Church, and these learned it from others who lived in ages earlier still, and who probably learned the stories in the very beginning from Our Lord's Apostles, or even from Our Lady herself.

In the first chapter of his gospel St. Luke tells us:

At that time the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph of the House of David and the Virgin's name was Mary. And the Angel being come in said unto her: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women.

When Gabriel said this, the Queen was troubled at hearing such high praise from a stranger and, “Thought within herself what manner of salutation this should be.” Bu the Angel told her not to be afraid, for she had found favor with God. He then told her that she would have a Son whose name was to be called Jesus.

He shall be great, and shall be the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His father, and He shall reign in the House of David forever. And of His Kingdom there shall be no end.”

Then the Queen said: “Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to thy word,” and in that moment, “The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us.”



The Blessed Mother had a cousin, Elizabeth, who was very much older than herself and lived a long way from Nazareth among the mountains in the “hill country of Judea.” Elizabeth's husband Zachary was a priest of the Temple in Jerusalem, and for many years he and his wife had wished for nothing on earth so much as to have a son, but they were still childless.

The archangel told the Queen that Almighty God had at last granted the prayers of His servants, and that in three months from that time, Elizabeth would be made happy by the birth of a son. At this news, the Gospel goes on to say that Mary rose up with haste, and went down from Nazareth to visit her cousin.

The feast of the Annunciation is a Double, and has a Mass of its own. It was formerly a Holy Day of Obligation, that is, the faithful were obliged to observe the day as if it were a Sunday, by hearing holy Mass and doing no unnecessary servile work. All true servants of the Queen, and loving Children of Mary, go to Mass on the Annunciation, although not actually commanded to do so under pain of sin. The Church has kept this day as a festival from the very earliest times. Indeed, it is believed by some writers to have been instituted by the Apostles.

As the 25th of March almost always falls in Passion or Holy Week—the most sorrowful times of the year it was decided long ago, at the beginning of the seventh century, that the Annunciation should not be kept on that day anymore, but on the 18th of December. However, it was soon restored to its own proper day, on condition that if it should fall on Easter Sunday or on any of the three last days of Holy Week, its celebration shall be transferred to some day after Easter.

The *Angelus* which we say three times every day is a devotion in honor of the mystery of the Annunciation, and one which Mary loves very dearly, so we must try to say it as devoutly as we can. Father Faber declares that but too many people say it as if they “were praying against a bell” to try who can finish first. Perhaps if we remember that the reverence with which we say the *Angelus* will help to make up to the Queen and her divine Son for all the bad and profane words with which they are often insulted, we shall be less likely to “gabble.”

A holy priest who was giving a retreat to a number of convent girls, and who has since gone to his reward, R.I.P., told them that he once had the happiness of seeing and conversing with Bernadette, the peasant girl who saw and spoke with the Blessed Mother at Lourdes. This priest asked Bernadette to tell him something in connection with her visions which she had not mentioned to anyone else, and after considering for a few moments she said: “Once while I was speaking to the Queen of Heaven, she looked away from me and seemed to pay no attention to what I said. I was grieved then, and feared that in some way I must have offended the Blessed Mother, and I said: ‘O holy Virgin, why do you turn your face from me? Have I been so unhappy as to offend you?’ But she said, ‘No, my child, you have not offended me; but at this moment the *Angelus* bells are ringing from the churches, and I am listening to the *Ave Marias* of my faithful people, for the can utter no words in my hearing I love so well.’”

By the way children, you very often see the letters “R.I.P.” Do you know what they mean when written after the name of some one who is dead?

They stand for the Latin words *Requiescat in pace*, “May he (or she) rest in peace.”

*Adapted from: The Queen’s Festivals, Imprimatur 1906*

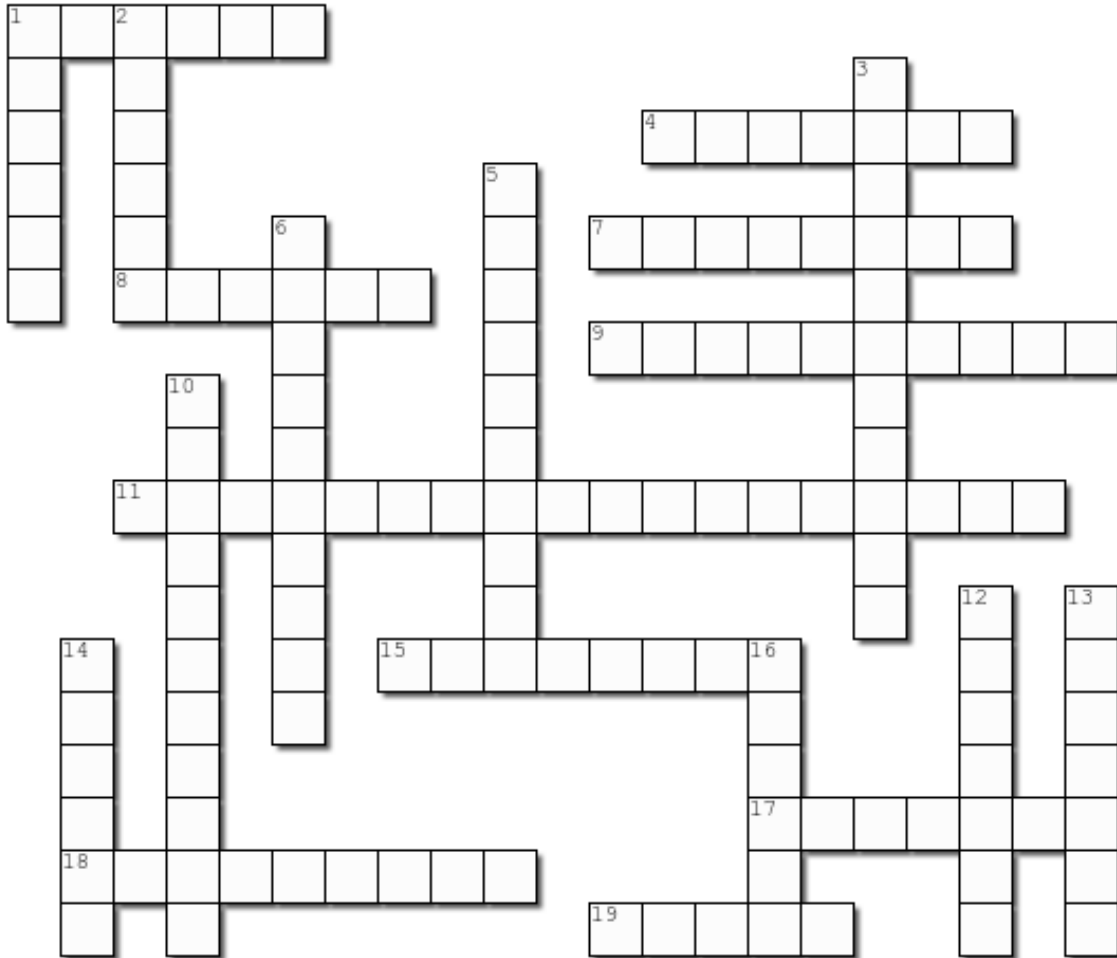


St. Theresa about St. Joseph:

*I have chosen as advocate and intercessor the glorious Saint Joseph, and recommend myself constantly to his protection ..... I never remember having asked from him any favour that he has not granted.*



## PATRON SAINTS AND OCCUPATIONS CROSSWORD PUZZLE



**Across**

- 1. I am the patron saint of the Mentally Ill.
- 4. St. Isadore is the patron saint of \_\_\_\_\_
- 7. Photographers have me as their patron.
- 8. Saint Genisius is the patron saint of \_\_\_\_\_
- 9. Pastry Cooks have as their patron, St. \_\_\_\_\_
- 11. Pius X is the patron of \_\_\_\_\_ (two words)
- 15. St. Ambrose is the patron of \_\_\_\_\_
- 17. I am the patron saint of Nurses.
- 18. Cancer patients have me as their patron.
- 19. St. \_\_\_\_\_ is the patron saint of young girls.

**Down**

- 1. Undertakers look to me as their patron
- 2. Cooks have as their patron St. \_\_\_\_\_
- 3. St. Charles Borromeo is the patron of \_\_\_\_\_
- 5. Dentists have me as their patron
- 6. Saint Alphonsus Ligouri is the patron saint of \_\_\_\_\_
- 10. St. Stephen is the patron saint of \_\_\_\_\_
- 12. Prisoners have me as their patron. I am St. \_\_\_\_\_
- 13. I am the patron saint of Musicians
- 14. The dying have as their patron St. \_\_\_\_\_
- 16. I am the patron saint of Boy Scouts

*Solution can be found at the back of the Gazette*

## PENANCE AND SELF-DENIAL – WHY?

“Lent is a relic from the Dark Ages. It is a shadow projected from the ages of gloom that falls athwart the sunshine of our modern life and happiness. As the Matterhorn that lifts its snow-crowned summit high into the skies of Switzerland, intercepts the slanting rays of the setting sun and brings premature darkness to the little village nestling in the valley behind it, so Lent robs us of much of the brightness of social life and worldly amusement, casting prematurely across the noonday of our life the shadow of death and the here-after. Its doctrine of mortification runs counter to the very grain of our human nature. It is a killjoy, an anachronism in our enlightened twentieth century. We want a religion of joy and gladness, not of gloom.”

Such is the cry that we hear about us on every side— the cry of the epicurean, the cry of the cynic, the cry of the sophisticated, seeking through a thousand devious routes to find the Blue Bird of happiness. Is Lent really a barrier to our happiness? Is it the mere blind handing down of a custom from the hoary past, that has lost its purpose and its utility for our modern day? Let us face these questions frankly and fairly. For unless a person understands how the observance of Lent promotes his welfare and happiness he is not likely to enter into its spirit whole-heartedly.

### EXAMPLE OF CHRIST

In the first place Lent is but the following of the example of Our Divine Saviour Himself. For, the Gospel tells us that immediately after His baptism in the Jordan and before beginning His public ministry, Christ went out into the desert and fasted forty days and forty nights. Through the lips of His precursor, St. John the Baptist, He said to the people: “Unless you do penance you shall likewise perish.” Unlike our modern generals who send their soldiers out into the front line trenches while they remain securely behind, Our Divine Master asks us to follow only where He Himself has led. For many centuries the Christian world followed the example of Our Saviour with a rigorousness which we today do not even remotely approximate. A few years ago I stood at the foot of Mt. Quarantana within sight of the Jordan, where the Saviour spent forty days of fast. I saw the sides of the Mountain studded with holes where anchorites had come to dwell and to follow literally the rigorous fast of the Saviour.

Until the ninth century but one meal a day was taken, and that at evening. During the Middle Ages not only the theaters but even the law courts were closed. War was forbidden under penalty of excommunication. Every activity that might distract the minds of the Christians from the consideration of the condition of their souls and the attainment of their eternal salvation was prohibited. It has only been in recent times that the severity of the Lenten fast has been so greatly mitigated that now we experience but little hardship in its observance.

### ANALYSIS OF ST. PAUL

Catholics do not observe Lent, however, merely because Our Saviour fasted, but because of the reasons which lie behind His command — to do penance as the necessary condition for salvation. We do penance for a twofold purpose. First, to atone for our past sins and to satisfy the temporal punishment due for them. Secondly, to strengthen our wills so as to prevent our falling in the future.

When psychology will have written its final chapter on human nature, it will be found that it has given us no more penetrating revelation of its conflicting duality than that which St. Paul disclosed to the Romans when he said: "I see another law in my members fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin that is in my members." And to the Galatians he said:

"For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary one to another so that you do not the things that you would." Because of this conflicting duality that lay at the very heart of his nature, he found himself yielding to the thralldom of the senses and to the imperious tyranny of flesh against the voice of reason and conscience so that he was compelled to explain: "The good which I will, I do not; but the evil which I will not, that I do."

How aptly do these words of St. Paul reflect the experience of all mankind. Because of this duality in our nature we are a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde, a saint and a demon struggling for the mastery in each of us. In the last analysis it will be found that the whole purpose of all the exercises of the spiritual life is to emancipate the will from the tyranny of the flesh, to make it the ready servant of the reason and the conscience of man.

In order to secure such mastery, self-denial and self-discipline are necessary. The appetite which is always hampered, petted and indulged, becomes imperious and domineering. By denying oneself at times pleasures that are lawful we strengthen the muscles of the will, so that it will be more capable of resisting pleasures which are unlawful. That is why in Lent we are asked to give up some pleasures and amusements which are lawful in themselves. We thereby fortify the enthronement of our conscience and our intellect over our appetites and cravings. Then when the temptation comes we shall be able to stand unshaken.

#### PROMOTES HAPPINESS

Strength of will which comes through self-denial and discipline is necessary to success in every line of endeavor — in literature, in science, in art, in commerce, in athletics. Look at the athletes who are training day after day on the circular track. See those muscles of theirs, at first soft and flabby, change under the dint of daily discipline until they become as sinews of iron. So it is with the Christian, whose will at first soft and flabby gradually becomes like iron under the lash of daily discipline during Lent. This strength of will developed by spiritual exercises carries over into every department of life — making for success in scholarship, in athletics, in business, in life.

Not only does it make for success, but it makes for that subjective correlate of success — happiness and peace of mind. True happiness is found not in the enslavement of the will to the passions, but in the enthronement of the conscience and the will over the appetites and the instincts of man. There is found that deeper and truer happiness which is not dependent upon external circumstances, but is found within — in the kingdom of the mind. Your entering generously into the spirit of Lent will have a far reaching influence not only upon the success of all your manifold activities, but also upon your happiness and peace of mind.

Sometime ago the students at the University of Illinois honored at a public mass meeting the young man who carried the colors of Illinois to victory at the Olympic games at Amsterdam by winning the

welter- weight wrestling championship of the world. After congratulating him upon his great achievement, I asked him how long he had trained for the contest. "Father," he said, "scarcely a day has passed in the last seven years that I haven't gone through some special exercise designed to prepare me for that encounter." No wonder that he was as hard as iron and steel and able to withstand the assaults of the best wrestlers among all the nations of the world. If men toil and discipline themselves through rigorous self-denial to win a race for an earthly prize, how much greater should be our zeal and earnestness in seeking to win the race of life that leads to a crown of imperishable glory !

### CHRIST'S SELF CONTROL

If one will study with care the character of Our Divine Saviour as portrayed in the Gospel stories, he will find it adorned in an eminent degree with all the qualities which have distinguished the illustrious heroes of the world. Wisdom, power, mercy and love shine forth luminously from His sublime personality. But as one studies that complex character at greater length and secures a more penetrating insight into it, he gradually becomes conscious that there is some subtle quality there, blending all these into a harmonious whole, which is lacking in the character of the great heroes of the world. There is no jar, no jolt, none of the strange inconsistencies that glare out at us from the lives of the secular heroes.

That quality is the Saviour's perfect self-mastery, self-control. Never for an instant in all the scenes of the Master's earthly life is there an incident wherein a rash, hasty, headstrong action mars the even tenor and the surpassing beauty of the Saviour's unfailing equanimity and perfect self-control. Washington's greatness bears ever the tarnish of his profanity and ill temper. Napoleon's glory is dimmed by his uncontrolled concupiscence. But when on trial for His life before the court of Caiphas, when buffeted and spat upon by His executioners, even when stripped of His garments and nailed to the Cross, the Master shows no sign of anger or vindictiveness. Never for a moment does He lose that marvelous mastery of Himself.

That is one of the reasons why the name of Jesus stands out among all the names in human history — the solitary example of perfect self-control. As Richter has said: "The purest among the strong, and the strongest among the pure, Jesus lifted with His wounded hands empires from their hinges and changed the stream of centuries." He taught man the greatest of all arts — the art of self-control. "Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control In these alone lie sovereign power Who conquers self, rules others Aye, is lord and ruler of the universe"

### ESSENTIAL FOR SUCCESS

The person who would master the rudiments of the spiritual life must learn the lesson of self-discipline. It is one of the most essential elements for success in the earthly and spiritual warfare which we wage. The paths of life are strewn with the wrecks of men and women conquering others, mastering the arts, unlocking the secrets that lay hidden for countless centuries in the unfathomed bosom of the earth, only to fall victims to their own lusts, perishing in their own unconquered wilderness.

To me there is something tragically moving in the spectacle of Alexander the Great, subjugating Greece, conquering imperial Rome, extending his little kingdom of Macedonia over the known world, until he found himself in distant Ecbatana in Media, Asia, sitting astride his steed and weeping because there were no more worlds to conquer. Within a week Alexander the Great, conqueror of the world, making the earth tremble as his mighty battalion swept across Europe and Asia, lay dead in his tent, a victim to his own concupiscence — his unbridled passion for drink. Instead of sighing for new worlds to conquer, if he had but eyes to see, he would have perceived within himself a kingdom which stretched out as a

huge jungle, untamed and unexplored. Alexander the Great will remain for all times as the classic example of the man who was able to conquer all the world, except himself — literally murdered at the very zenith of his greatness by his own untamed passions.

We need not go back to ancient Greece or Rome or Ecbatana, however, to witness the tragic wrecks of uncontrolled passions. Our insane asylums, our homes for wayward boys and girls, scream out at us their message of the frightful retribution meted out to those who allow their lust to subjugate their reason and their conscience. In the very bosom of our society are countless men and women in the untamed wilderness of whose hearts there surge unchecked, wild, primaeval passions, pulling them down slowly but surely to the level of beasts, and murdering everything in their nature that is God-like and divine. The ceaseless gnawings of remorse, the sapping of their manhood and virility by terrible diseases — these are the forebodings of the far greater punishments that await with inexorable justice the transgressors of the Divine law in eternity.

### A DYING WRECK

One evening some time ago I was called to the bedside of a stranger, dying in one of the rooming houses for transients in the city. He had gone through all the stages of delirium tremens, and was a complete wreck. The doctor said that he had gone on one spree too many. For this one had caused complications, a ruptured blood-vessel, and his end was a matter of hours. Though only in middle age his hair was streaked with gray, and his face was heavily lined. Worry and dissipation were stamped unmistakably upon the scarred countenance. Heartbroken, he told me his story. Possessing a good education, he had risen to a high position with a railroad, when he contracted the habit of drunkenness. Losing his job after a prolonged fit of intoxication, he was ashamed to face his wife and children. He went from bad to worse, finally becoming an outcast among the barrel houses in a large city.

After I heard his confession, he broke into tears, and his whole frame shook with sobbing, as he cried. "Father, I would have given anything in the world to have freed myself from this terrible vice of drink. It has brought shame upon my family whom I love more than anything in life. It has pulled me down into a living hell." I shall never forget to my dying day the look of desolating anguish akin to despair in his wistful eyes, as he lay there sobbing as though his heart would break.

As I left that bare drab room, with its dying victim, and came down the creaking stairs of the dingy rooming house, the scene haunted my mind. While hurrying home through the darkness of that winter night, illumined only by the distant stars shining as God's silent sentinels in the sky, I prayed that God might protect my students, my people, myself from a tragedy such as I had left behind. For that is the fate which awaits the boy or girl, the man or woman who allows any passion to grow unchecked, until it transforms him from a saint into a demon incarnate — the terrible tragedy of the man who is murdered, not by the hand of the assassin, but by his own brutal passions, slowly strangled to death by his own self.

The whole world watched breathlessly a few years ago the frantic struggle of men to free a victim from the jaws of Sand Cave in the Kentucky hillsides. But they resisted all the assaults of men and machinery, and clung to their victim until life was extinct. So, any passion — intoxication, lust, anger, jealousy — that is allowed to go unchecked, develops into a monster that clings to its victim until it strangles him to a physical and spiritual death. Worse than the fall of a meteor from the sky is the fall of a young man or a woman from the beauty and sunshine of God's grace into the foul swamp of uncontrolled vice. It is the most tragic note and the saddest that can be sounded in the whole gamut of human life.

## THE REMEDY

What now is the remedy? Knowledge merely? “Quarry the granite rock,” says Cardinal Newman, “with razors or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then you may hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passions and the pride of men.” Not knowledge alone, but will power is needed. Self control means strength of will applied to one’s own conduct. How can will power be developed? Our Divine Master has given us the answer when He said: “He that will be my disciple, let him deny Himself, take up his cross daily, and follow Me.” By daily discipline, daily self denial, such as Lent brings to us. In no other way under the heavens can there be developed will power and self-control.

The same conclusion was reached by an altogether different method of approach by one of the greatest of all psychologists, William James, when he said: “Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day.” Do something each day that is hard and more than is required in order that your faculty of effort, your will, may not become weak and atrophied through disuse. Thus strikingly does science reiterate and reinforce this age old teaching of the Church.

Before the eyes of a world, sick unto death with luxury and self indulgence, the Church places during Lent the age old picture drawn by the Master Artist, Christ, of will power developed through self discipline, of self-control achieved through acts of self-denial. Greater than Napoleon Bonaparte, than Julius Caesar, than Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the world, is the man who has learned through the instrument of a vigorous will to conquer himself. For self-control is the open sesame to success in this life and to eternal happiness in the next. All the after ages have but confirmed the wisdom of those words of an obscure Flemish monk, Thomas a Kempis, written in his monastic cell at Zwolle centuries ago : “He who best knows how to endure. . . is conqueror of himself and lord of the world, the friend of Christ and an heir of heaven.”

## “AND UNTO DUST”

In addition to the great lesson of self-mastery. Lent brings home to mankind the fickleness of the world’s applause and its insufficiency to satisfy the hunger in the soul of man. On Ash Wednesday the Church seeks by a colorful and impressive ceremony to drive home to her children the transiency of this earthly life and the wisdom of seeking to attain the life eternal. The palms which were blessed on the previous Palm Sunday to remind us of the Saviour’s triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the multitudes waved them aloft shouting, “Hosanna to the Son of David”, and strewed them in profusion on the road over which he rode — these palms the Church burns to ashes. Then summoning her children to the altar railing she places these ashes on the brow of each in the form of a cross, while she whispers in the ear of each the words of warning: “Remember man thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return.”

Why speak to youth in whose eager eyes there burn the fires of life, and on whose cheeks there rests the bloom of youthful vigor — why speak to them of dust and ashes, of death and the hereafter? Why lessen their zest for life and its pleasures? The Church thus speaks to them, not to lessen their zest for life, but to give them a sense of values. She shoves back the narrow horizon of youth, removes the veil from the senses, reveals the transient character of earthly things and points out the folly of seeking enduring happiness in that which is so ephemeral. The thought of death and the hereafter is salutary at times for old and young, for it prompts one to answer aright that supreme question which the Master addresses to each of us: “What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?”

The wholesome effect of a profound realization of the transiency of human life and human beauty is

illustrated by an incident in the life of St. Francis Borgia. Francis was Duke of Gandia and Captain-General of Catalonia, and one of the most honored chevaliers at the Court of Spain. Isabella was known throughout Europe for her charm, her Spanish vivacity and for the striking beauty of her countenance. Often had Francis braved death while carrying the banner of Aragon and Castile into the thick of the battle, knowing that he would be rewarded with a word of praise from his beloved Queen. He found his greatest happiness in basking in the sunshine of her smile and drinking in with greedy eyes her charming loveliness.

### A LAST LOOK

In 1539 there fell to his lot the sad duty of escorting the remains of his beloved Queen to the royal burial grounds at Granada. In order to verify the body as that of Isabella, the coffin was uncovered. Eagerly Francis stepped forward to take one last lingering look at the beautiful countenance of his beloved Queen. He had no sooner done so than his face grew livid, his eyes wild with terror, as he shrank back. "No! No! Good God!" he cried, "it can't be! It can't be! Those eyes, that face, that smile! They can't have perished so utterly." What was the sight that greeted his eyes? A face of wondrous beauty? No. A face hideous and ugly in its putrefaction, the loathsome prey of worms and maggots pulling it back to dush and ashes. "God grant," cried Francis, "that I seek not to find my happiness henceforth in that flesh which perisheth so quickly, but only in that eternal Beauty which never knows decay." Francis devoted his services thereafter to a heavenly King, seeking as a humble missionary to win souls for Christ.

From the most beautiful face in all Spain, for whose look of approval soldiers faced death with a smile, to a sight so foul and loathsome as to fill the spectator with revulsion — what a change! Gaze at the most beautiful face you have ever seen, with eyes that speak like a rapturous symphony, with a smile that warms and endears, and in a few short years will you be able to overcome your loathing to gaze upon it when death has touched it with its finger of decay? "Remember man that thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

We need not go back, however, to the sixteenth century for striking instances of the transiency of earthly fame and the fickleness of human applause. On March 4, 1917, I stood in a crowd of 90,000 people before the Capitol in Washington, to watch the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson into the Presidency for his second term. His name was cheered on every side. A gigantic parade marched proudly before him in review. At the triumphant close of the World War when he sailed for France to dictate the terms of the Versailles Treaty of Peace, he had reached the eminence of world fame. His words about freedom and democracy and the autonomy of small nations had rekindled the hopes of all the oppressed nations of the earth. Unprecedented crowds greeted him at Paris with tumultuous cheering. The eyes of all the world were turned to him, as he stood on the pinnacle of human eminence as a new Moses, heaven-sent to lead the groping feet of the nations into the Promised Land of perpetual peace.

### AN AGE OLD CRY

A few years later I passed by a little home on H Street where lived a broken old man, unable to take more than a few steps with the aid of his cane. Broken in body, broken in mind, broken in heart, his League of Nations plan contemptuously rejected by the Senate, his opponent swept into office by the greatest landslide in history, the nations of Europe shaking their fists at him for deluding them with false hopes. What a pitiable spectacle! As he gazed out of his window at night toward the Capitol ablaze with light, the scene of his brilliant feats, what memories must have stirred within him!

One night, it is narrated, Mrs. Wilson happened to step into the parlor. The room was dark. Seated in a chair near the front window with his face resting in his hands she perceived her husband. There was the sound of a few broken sobs. Placing her hand tenderly upon the bowed head, she asked softly: "Are you ill, dear?" The former president raised his head and looked for a brief moment through tear-dimmed eyes toward the great shining Capitol that had resounded so often with his name. "No, not ill," he said, "but I realize now as never before the fickleness of the plaudits of the multitude and the emptiness of the glory of this world." As he sat there, broken in heart and alone, he tasted of that world weariness, that pang of the heart which caused Solomon in his old age to cry out: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity save in loving God and serving Him alone."

It was echoed again by St. Augustine, when after running through the whole gamut of sensual indulgence in pagan Rome, he cried out: "Our hearts have been made for Thee, O God, and they shall never rest until they rest in Thee." Such are the great eternal truths which Lent with its gospel of penance and self-denial, drives home to a world that is forever tempted to find its happiness over the more beguiling but mistaken paths of ease and self-indulgence.

*Source: Our Sunday Visitor #22 Penance and Self-Denial, 1928*



#### Prayer to be Said Every Morning During Lent:

O Lord Jesus, I offer up to thee my fasting and self-denial, to be united to Thy fasting and sufferings, for Thy glory, in gratitude for so many benefits received from Thee, in satisfaction for my sins and those of others, and to obtain Thy holy grace that I may overcome my sins and acquire the virtues which I need. Look upon me, O Jesus, in mercy. Amen.

Each sigh, each look, each act of mine  
 Shall be an act of Love Divine,  
 And everything that I shall do  
 Shall be, dear Lord, for love of You  
 Here is my heart. Oh! let it be  
 A fountain sealed to all but Thee.  
 What is there that I would not do,  
 My God, my All, for love of You !

*~ Messenger of the Sacred Heart, 1891*

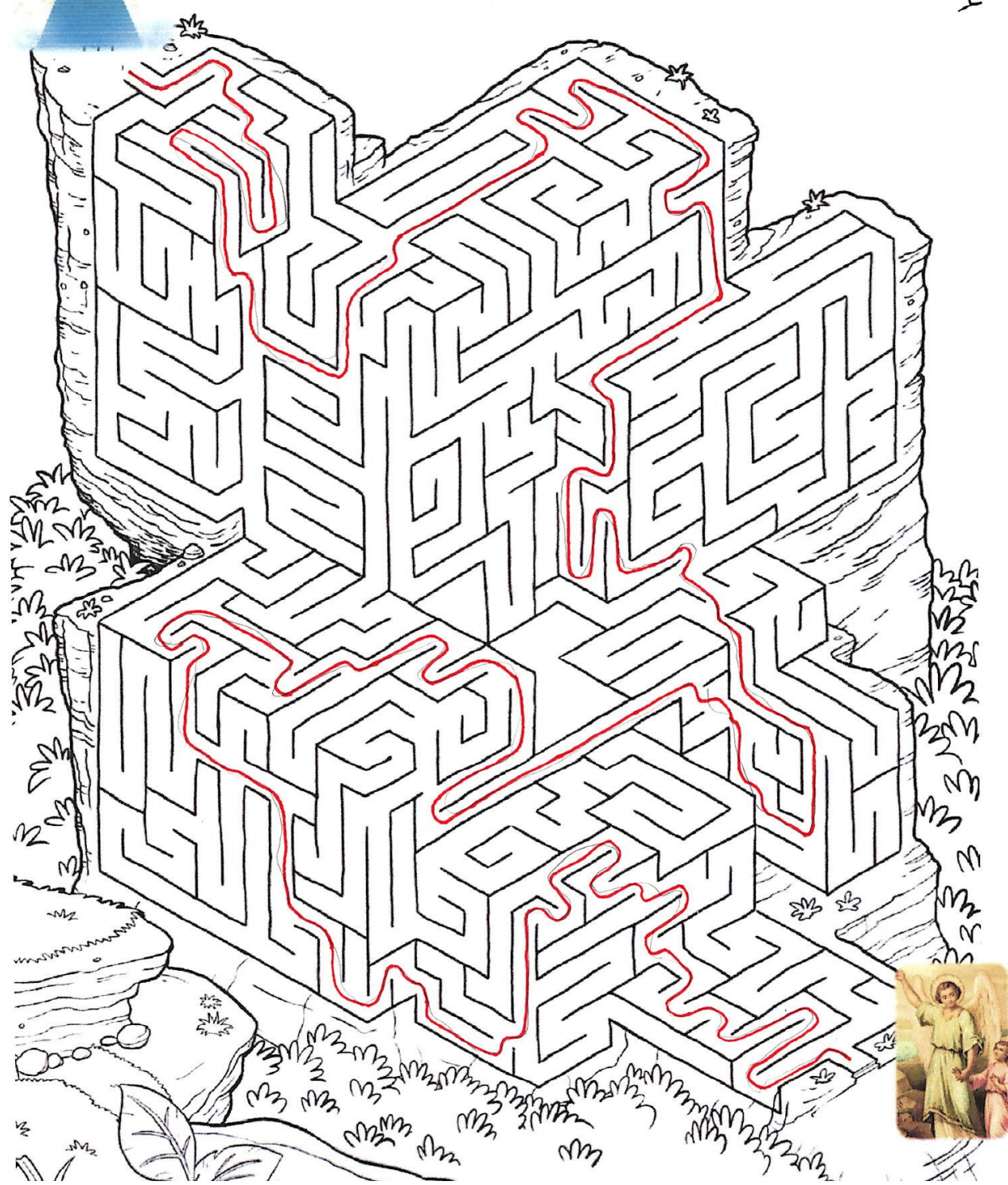




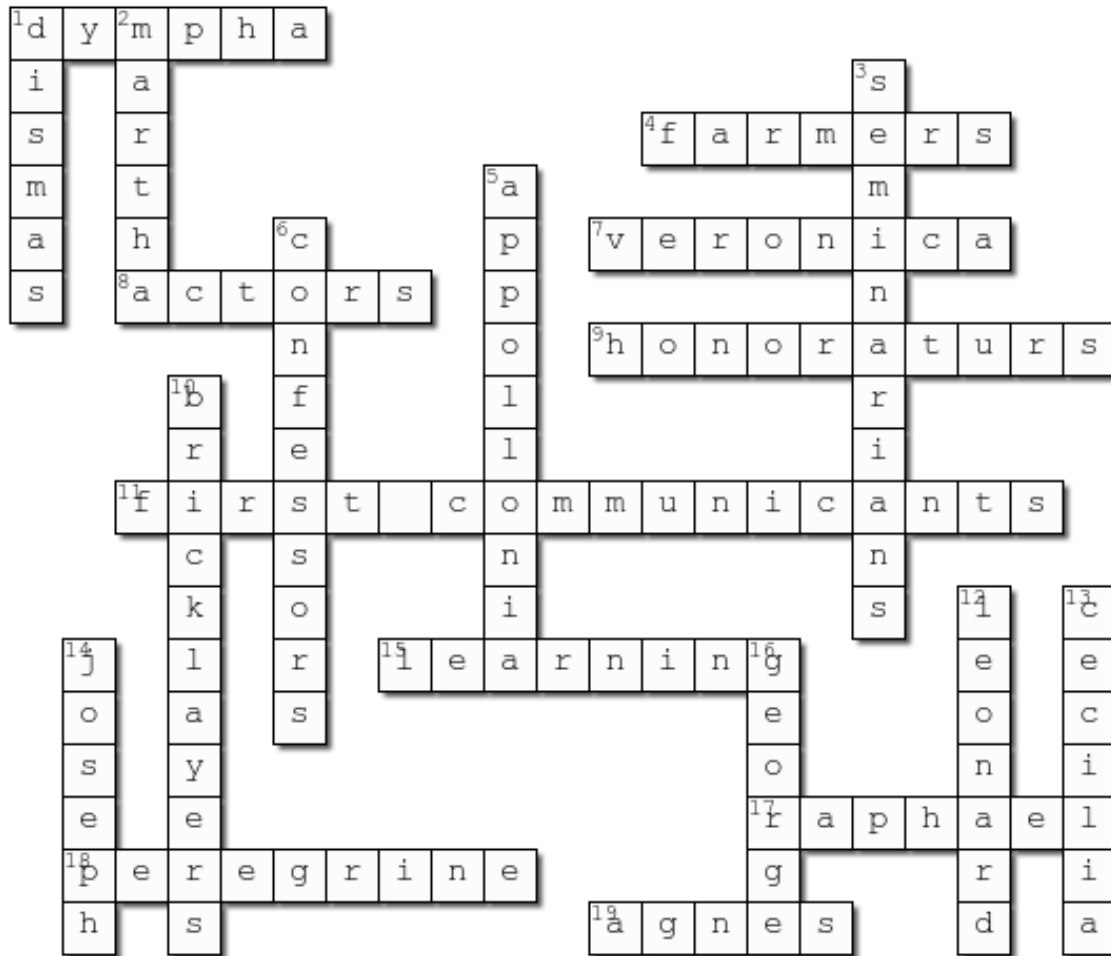
Help the young man find the straight and narrow path to Heaven.

*Solution can be found at the end of the Gazette*

L



PATRON SAINTS AND OCCUPATIONS SOLUTION



**Across**

- 1. I am the patron saint of the Mentally Ill. (**dympha**)
- 4. St. Isadore is the patron saint of \_\_\_\_\_  
(**farmers**)
- 7. Photographers have me as their patron. (**veronica**)
- 8. Saint Genisius is the patron saint of \_\_\_\_\_  
(**actors**)
- 9. Pastry Cooks have as their patron, St. \_\_\_\_\_  
(**honoraturs**)
- 11. Pius X is the patron of \_\_\_\_\_ (two words)  
(**first communicants**)
- 15. St. Ambrose is the patron of \_\_\_\_\_  
(**learning**)
- 17. I am the patron saint of Nurses. (**raphael**)
- 18. Cancer patients have me as their patron. (**peregrine**)
- 19. St. \_\_\_\_\_ is the patron saint of young girls.  
(**agnes**)

**Down**

- 1. Undertakers look to me as their patron (**dismas**)
- 2. Cooks have as their patron St. \_\_\_\_\_  
(**martha**)
- 3. St. Charles Borromeo is the patron of \_\_\_\_\_  
(**seminarians**)
- 5. Dentists have me as their patron (**appollonia**)
- 6. Saint Alphonsus Ligouri is the patron saint of \_\_\_\_\_  
(**confessors**)
- 10. St. Stephen is the patron saint of \_\_\_\_\_  
(**bricklayers**)
- 12. Prisoners have me as their patron. I am St. \_\_\_\_\_  
(**leonard**)
- 13. I am the patron saint of Musicians (**cecilia**)
- 14. The dying have as their patron St. \_\_\_\_\_  
(**joseph**)
- 16. I am the patron saint of Boy Scouts (**george**)

## ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON THE MASS

1. On Easter Sunday and Christmas.
2. They are used out of reverence to the Precious Blood, which would be absorbed by the cloths, if it were accidentally spilled. They also have a symbolic significance.
3. One, during which two Hosts are consecrated—one for use on Good Friday in the Mass of the Presanctified.
4. A Mass that is celebrated in the open in time of war, or on special occasions with the bishop's permission.
5. In the Ordinary are contained the prayers said at most Masses. While in the Proper are contained those prayers suitable for the particular day or occasion.
6. It is that part of the Mass up to and including the Credo. In early times, those who were taking instruction in the faith (the catechumens) were permitted to assist at Mass only to this point.
7. It is Mass offered for a special intention not corresponding to the office of the day on which it is celebrated.
8. A high Mass celebrated by a bishop.
9. A low Mass at which the responses ordinarily spoken by the server are given aloud by the congregation.
10. The chasuble.

## SAINTS MATCH UP

1. D; 2. G; 3. E; 4. C; 5. I; 6. A; 7. F; 8. B; 9. J; 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 : [momoftigersfans@gmail.com](mailto:momoftigersfans@gmail.com)

God Bless all of you!

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

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