



The Crusader

Bulletin of the Eucharistic Crusade for Children in Australia & New Zealand



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February 2023
Month of the
Presentation of Our Lord

For Seminarians All
Over the World

FROM THE CHAPLAIN

Dear Crusaders and Friends,

When you read these lines, the summer holidays will be over and you will already be beginning another year at School. I hope and pray that you have taken the opportunity of the holidays to grow in your friendship with Our Lord, as I encouraged you to do in the December-January edition of the *The Crusader*.

Now, however, is a special time to renew this desire to grow in sanctifying grace. The beginning of the year is an excellent opportunity for us to renew our resolutions and our spirit of fervour. It is also a perfect time to remind ourselves of our purpose on this earth – to save our souls by becoming the saints that Jesus wants us to be. When someone wants to build a house, the first thing he has to do is to decide on the design of his house. He has to have a plan, clearly laying out what sort of house he will build, how big it will be and so forth. Without this plan to guide the building of the house, it will be a disaster. In other words, the completed house is last in the things that are done, must it must be first in the mind of the builder.

It is the same with our lives. If we live our lives from day to day just doing what we feel like, without ever thinking of what we want to achieve at the end, it will be a disaster. We have to have a plan if we want to achieve anything. For example, we often feel like we do

not want to go to school. But if we do not go to school, we will not learn. If we do not learn, no-one will want to give us job when we are grown up. Without a job, we will not have money to eat or to live. So we have to have a plan of how we will support ourselves when we are grown up – and it is going to start by going to school.

But we have more to plan than just the material support we will need. We have an immortal soul – a soul that will never die, and that must go either to the everlasting happiness in heaven or the eternal misery of hell. There are no other options. So we have to have plan to make sure that we do save our souls. That plan has to begin, not in the moment of death, but *now*, today. Today we have to look to the future and decide how we will act to get to heaven.

So as we begin this new year, I want to encourage each and every one of you to look to the end: we want to go to heaven. Let us start working out our path there – a path that is marked out for us as the way of prayer, sacrifice and the faithful fulfilment of our duty.

Remember that during this month we will pray especially for *the seminarians all over the world*. Next month we will be praying for *the fathers of families*. Please be generous in filling out you Treasure Charts for these intentions.

Blessed Mother with your loving Son, bless us each and everyone!

Fr. Joseph Ockerse



Place
Stamp
Here

The Crusader
61 Koplick Road
Park Ridge, QLD 4125

Use tape to seal this edge

The Sisters' Corner

A Word of Encouragement from the SSPX Sisters in Sydney



Dear Crusaders,

The longer summer holidays have allowed you to build up your strength and now you should be full of courage for a new school year. It is customary to wish students a good start to the year; nevertheless, it is the whole year which should be good. Yes! That is why your parents will wish you a good day as you leave for school each morning, telling you: "Be good, work hard!"

How do you have a good day? Maybe you know someone at school who is always a good example? Imitate that student; that will help you. If you do not know anyone (because you are at a new school), do not forget, dear Crusaders, that you will always have two friends at your side to help you: JESUS and MARY. In their company, you will learn TO DO ALL THINGS OUT OF LOVE FOR GOD.

What are these things that you will do OUT OF LOVE FOR GOD? We are not going to answer that question. Why? Because you are the one who will tell Jesus and Mary, your friends, who will know how to keep your secret. How do you tell them? The means of communication with Jesus and Mary is prayer. If you do not know how to speak to them, here is an example of conversation which will please them a lot.

Let us say that there are several of you travelling to school together, and for some of you, the drive from home to the school is very long. If, on the way to school, you are all in silence, while your little brother or sister sleeps, the older ones can "speak" with Jesus and Mary. And this can be done every morning.

You will say something like: "Jesus and Mary, help my family and all the students at school to be obedient and hard-working. Help us to do everything out of love for you. Jesus and Mary, make our hearts like yours. If there is, today, a class that we do not like, we will tell you, and we promise that we will be more attentive during that class: that will please you.

Bless Dad and Mum, bless our teachers, bless the priests, bless those who are sick and all the children of the school. Help us to be good and obedient. Jesus and Mary, we will always keep close to you because You are our best friends."

And to end the day well, on the way home you could sing some Crusader songs, or the other songs you learned at school.

We wish you a good start, and many good days, dear Crusaders, in the company of Jesus and the Blessed Virgin Mary.

A Little Heart to Heart Talk

By Fr. Mark Stafki

**#7: Ash Wednesday—On Forgiveness
(2-3-2022)**

Dear Children,

A few weeks ago I told you about an old man who could no longer move around, because he was strapped in a wheel chair. I can see from the look on your faces that you remember him; in fact, you probably even remember his name. I said that he was a great man because he had a great heart. I know that he had a great heart because he told me something that showed it.

Here is what had happened to this good man. He went into the hospital to have an operation done on his wrist and hand. It was supposed to be pretty easy. They put him to sleep for the operation and when he woke up, he found that his hand was all cut up and mangled, much worse than when he had entered the hospital. What had happened? The surgeon had been drunk. When I asked Jerry what he did about the problem, about the bad doctor, he said: “I forgave him. If he was drunk that early in the morning, he probably has much greater problems than I have.”

He was willing to forgive others when they did wrong to him. That takes a great heart, especially when what was done to us really hurts. A little heart finds it hard to forgive and

holds a grudge. What about us? We have all been hurt by someone at some time. Do we have a big heart that forgives? Or a narrow, tiny heart that does not?

Today we begin Lent and we look at the cross. There we see One who is not strapped to a wheel chair, but nailed to the cross. There we see not only a great heart, but the greatest heart, the Sacred Heart. From the cross we hear Jesus say: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” These are His first words from the cross, when He was suffering so much pain. Imagine the pain of being nailed to a cross. Still He forgave those who hurt Him. He said: “Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.”

As Lent begins, we want to come close to Jesus on the cross. We want to come so close to the foot of the cross today that the very shadow of the cross falls on us, like the ashes that will be placed on our foreheads at the end of Mass. Very close. Faces towards Jesus. So that we can see Him, so that we can hear every word He says. We must try to remain close like that all throughout Lent. We must look at Jesus suffering, we must suffer with Him; we must listen to every word He says and be His echo. When He says “Father,” let us echo “Father, Father...” “Forgive them,” and we echo “forgive them, forgive them...”

We enter into a battle today, but the battle is not against others. It is against our own sins!

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.



ON SILENCE & MEDITATION

For Knights & Handmaids

*Taken & edited from "The Crusader" #62 & #73,
Jan/Feb 1995 & 1996*

First Meditation

The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple

Picture Mary and Joseph bringing the baby Jesus to the temple, forty days after his birth. See how poor they are; they cannot afford to offer to God a lamb, but instead, as the law allowed, they offer two turtle doves. But look what happens. The old, old priest Simeon was told by God that he would not die until he would see the Christ Child. He took the child into his arms. Immediately he knew that this was He. Listen to what he says to Mary and Joseph: "...this child is set for the rise and fall of many in Israel, a sign that shall be contradicted." A sign that shall be contradicted? Look upon the cross; what do you see? That sign itself. Jesus came to convince the world of sin. We would not hear of it, and so put Him upon the cross. Oh my Jesus, I will not fear to be a sign of contradiction like Jesus was.

Resolution: I will not fear to make the sign of the cross.

Second Meditation

The Purification of Mary

At the same time when Jesus was presented in the temple, Mary also, by law had to undergo the ceremony of purification. But oh, what more pure creature could there have been than Mary? God, nevertheless, wanted her to fulfil the law. When that old and holy priest, Simeon, had taken the child Jesus into his arms and had prophesied about him, he also turned to Mary and said: "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of the hearts of many, thoughts may be revealed." Indeed, Mary was to suffer greatly; think of her seven sorrows and you will see. St. Louis de Montfort says that we cannot love Jesus if we do not love Mary. When hearts reveal that they do not love nor care about Mary, they show forth at the same time that they do not care about Jesus. Is my heart as such? Do I love Mary? Oh Mary, help me to love thee, and then, teach me to love Jesus.

Resolution: I want to learn to love Mary.

Third Meditation

God Omnipresent

Grace to ask for: Humility. (1) I shall try to think of a place where God is not. Impossible. In the very depth of the sea, God is there. On the other side of the universe, God is there. But... in hell, is God there too? Yes, He must be, otherwise there would be something beyond God. That is impossible! But how is He present in hell? He is present by means of His power. He keeps it in existence. He is not present there by His radiating love. (2) God is present in an apple? Yes. But He is also present in the Holy Eucharist. What then is the difference? He is present in the apple by His creative power, He is present in the Holy Eucharist in His Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity. What a beautiful presence this is! (3) God is present in my soul. How? By His grace; by sanctifying grace. Oh my God, how great Thou art! Let me remember that I can never hide from Thee; I will always be in Thy presence.



Resolution: I will often remind myself that I am constantly in the presence of God. Let me then act always so as to please God.

Fourth Meditation

The Humility of Jesus

Image: I will see Our Lord walking among and teaching the poor. Grace to ask for: Humility. (1) I will consider who Jesus is. He is the Son of God. He lived with His Father, God, from all eternity. Together with His Father, He is all powerful, all-knowing, omni-present and everlasting. (2) Jesus, Who is God, deigns to come to earth and incarnate Himself. He takes human flesh something which He Himself created. Why? To redeem man. But does He need us then? Absolutely not! Why then does He come to us? Because of His infinite mercy. Oh my God, how I thank Thee for showing us Thy mercy. (3) He comes as a small baby. Did He have to? Certainly not! Then why? To teach us true humility. Whereas He is God, He becomes a baby, so that we may learn that, whereas we are but dust, we are not to try and make ourselves little gods. He allows Himself to be crucified. Could He not stop them? Yes, of course! But He did not, because He wanted to teach us the price of sin, and also His great love for us. Resolution: With the help of God, I will try to be more humble after the example of Jesus Christ.

Story Hour

The Old Artist and the Plain Girl

By Benjamin Tardiff

Taken & abridged from "Crusade" Vol. VII, #2, April/May 1989

"Father, I have to admit that I didn't like that painting when I first came here to visit the monastery. I thought the artist should have painted her prettier than that. But now that I'm leaving I must say that I'm going to miss it very much. She looks so shy and humble in that painting. There is a look in her eyes. She seems to be looking directly at me as though she's worried about me... the painting looks so old, Father, and there is no signature on it. Can you tell me who painted it?"

"I have to laugh, Andrew, because almost everyone who comes here feels the same way about that painting. The more time they spend in the chapel here, the more they seem to fall in love with it. It was painted hundreds of years ago by an old man. His name was Pierre. He lived in France during that period of time we call today the 'Age of Enlightenment', when it was fashionable not to believe in God. Old Pierre never signed any of his work. He was an artist with a quest. He wanted to paint 'the most beautiful thing in the world.'

"When he was a young man he went to Mass on Sundays. But when he grew older, he no longer cared about religion. Pierre practiced a trade. He made things out of leather. But on Sundays, instead of going to church, he painted pictures. Usually Pierre painted landscapes, because he thought this was the most beautiful thing.

"Early one Sunday morning, Pierre set up his easel on the side of a road overlooking the Seine River Valley. Here he waited for the sun to rise. Soon the sun began to peer up over the distant hills. It sent its shafts of purple, orange and pink light melting into the horizon. Old Pierre was delighted with the colourful scene before him. 'Now, I have found it,' he said to himself. 'I have found the most beautiful thing.'

"Pierre was not a photographic artist. He never painted anything just the way he saw it. On this day, he added to his drawing a waterfall that really wasn't there. If he didn't like a particular tree or shrub, he would simply leave it out of his painting.

"Long after sunrise, when the beautiful morning rays had faded into noonday, Pierre painted his colours by memory. It was about this time that a carriage pulled up. It was a beautiful noblewoman, a duchess who was out for an afternoon ride with her maids. When she saw the artist, she was curious and stopped to see what he was painting.

“Pierre was a kindly old man who didn't mind an audience. ‘How in the world do you get so many colours out of so few?’ she asked him. ‘Well, I mix most of my colours to make them,’ Pierre answered her. ‘You see this green here? It's a mixture of yellow and blue. Now, if I add a dab of red to the yellow, I make the colour orange.’ Pierre mixed up some orange for her, then dipping his brush in black, he turned the mixture brown.

“The duchess had never seen an artist before and she was amazed at the variety of colours Pierre could make. As they talked, Pierre began to notice something he hadn't really noticed before. The duchess was young and beautiful. Soon Old Pierre lost interest in his painting. Now, he wanted only to paint her.

“The duchess was more than flattered when Old Pierre asked her for the honour of painting her portrait. The arrangements were soon drawn up. He would go to her palace the following Sunday and she would sit for him there.

“Pierre was excited when he went home that afternoon. He never finished his landscape. He kept saying over and over to himself, ‘Now I have found it. I have found the most beautiful thing!’

“The duchess dressed stylishly for her portrait that following Sunday. She wore a long red silk dress with uncovered shoulders, and a string of rich white pearls. She sat elegantly on a high stool with a somewhat monstrous feathery hat on her head. It was the latest Paris fashion. But her hat was a bit of a problem for Pierre. He was wondering how he could politely paint it out of his portrait. After fidgeting around a while, he thought of something to say. ‘Madame, your hat is very pretty, but it is a shame to hide all your beautiful hair under it.’ The duchess cocked her nose slightly and removed her hat obligingly. Pierre began his work.

“It took more than one Sunday afternoon for Old Pierre to finish his portrait of the duchess, but finally, it was done. It was the first portrait Pierre ever painted, and he was delighted with it. He mused silently to himself, ‘Truly, I have found it! I've found the most beautiful thing!’

“Now, when the duchess looked at the painting, her mouth hung open in awe; and it's no wonder, for Old Pierre had painted her strikingly more beautiful than she was in real life. Oh, it still looked like her all right, but he had softened her features and brightened her eyes. He took the wrinkle out of her nose and the mole off her cheek. She offered Pierre a thousand francs for it.

“‘Oh no!’ Pierre said in surprise, for he had painted her portrait for himself. But the duchess did not understand this; she thought Pierre was holding out for more money. She folded her arms. ‘Two thousand francs,’ she said with a smirk. But Old Pierre was staring at his painting, and he never heard this second offer. You see, he was beginning to notice that there was something wrong with his painting. ‘No, there is something wrong with it,’ he thought to himself as he shook his head. The duchess put her hands on her hips. ‘Five

thousand,' she said. But Pierre still didn't hear her. He just shook his head. 'I can't put my finger on it,' he thought, 'but there's something wrong with it.' 'Ten thousand francs,' she said in frustration. But Pierre still shook his head. 'No, it is not the most beautiful thing,' he thought. 'I will just have to try again to find the most beautiful thing.'

"Now the duchess started to plead with him. There were tears in her eyes. She just had to have that painting. She offered him twelve thousand francs. Pierre came to his senses. He sold her the painting for half that amount. She was absolutely delighted.

"Six thousand francs was a fistful of money in those days. Pierre became a wandering artist. He never returned to his shop. For a few years he travelled around France, painting the portraits of wealthy young women. He chose the rich not because they were wealthy, but because these girls looked pretty in their fine clothes, and Old Pierre still wanted to paint the most beautiful thing.

"We don't know how many paintings Old Pierre did during these few years, but I don't think it was a great many. Yet he was never without money. Although these young ladies did not always want to buy their portrait, they usually did, because Pierre always removed their flaws and painted them more beautiful than they really were. Sometimes Pierre would not sell a painting. He would keep it for weeks and weeks. But the longer he kept a painting, the less he liked it. Then finally he would have to admit that it was not the most beautiful thing. There was something wrong, but he did not know what it was.

"Pierre would often go to a town square on market day, because he could usually find a few wealthy young women there shopping. On one such day, he picked out a finely dressed young lady and asked her if he could do her portrait. She was flattered to sit for him. She wore a green velvet waistcoat trimmed in satin. She removed this for her portrait only to reveal a stunning low-cut matching green velvet dress. She perched elegantly with her nose in the air as Pierre began to paint.

"A little while later, Old Pierre looked up from his work for a moment only to notice a very plain girl watching him from a few yards off. She appeared to be about nineteen years old, and wore a very modest pale blue peasant dress with a white shawl. There was a large basket of eggs under her arm. Pierre's first thought on seeing her was, 'Ugh! She's so plain! I could never paint her.' Obviously, she had never seen an artist before. She was looking shyly over Pierre's shoulder.

"Pierre called her over. 'Don't be shy. I don't mind an audience. You can take a closer look.' The plain girl smiled gently and slowly came closer. She seemed a little embarrassed that Pierre had noticed her. She watched him paint for just a minute or so before she decided to leave. I think she felt a little uneasy standing there, looking over the old man's shoulder, but she didn't know how to leave without being impolite. She was just looking for



something to say, so she asked shyly, 'How do you make so many colours out of so few?'

" 'It's easy!' Pierre looked up. 'See this green here? I can shade it a hundred different ways. A little yellow will lighten it. A little brown will darken it.'

"The plain girl watched politely as Pierre showed her

how he mixed his colours. 'Thank you for letting me watch. I have to sell my eggs,' she said with a gracious smile as she started to leave.

" 'How many do you have?' Pierre asked her. She stopped and looked at her basket. 'Well, I don't know,' she said quietly. Her basket was full.

" 'You must have a lot of chickens,' Pierre said.

" 'I have nine,' she replied, smiling politely.

"Pierre started to like this plain girl. There was something different about her. She wasn't very pretty, but she was so refreshing, so simple, and so sweet. Slowly he began to lose interest in his painting. He put his brushes down. Pierre asked her about her family, the number of brothers and sisters she had, and whether she came often to sell her eggs. The more he spoke to her, the more he liked her. She answered all his questions simply, like an obedient child waiting for permission to leave.

"The rich girl in the green velvet dress was getting irritated. Finally, Pierre asked the plain girl if he could have the honour of painting her portrait. Hearing this, the rich girl stood up, put on her waistcoat, picked up her purse and stalked off in a huff.

"But the plain girl did not want to sit for Pierre. 'I can't sit for you,' she said with a worried frown. 'I have to sell these eggs!' She turned to leave. She was startled by Pierre's request, and the thought of sitting for an artist didn't seem quite proper to her.

" 'Wait!' Pierre called to her. 'I'll buy your eggs. Here...' He grabbed her basket and handed her twenty francs. It was much more than her eggs were worth.

" 'But this is too much,' she said.

" 'Don't worry about that, child. Just sit down.' He took her by the arm and sat her in the rich girl's place. 'Now you have time to sit for me,' Pierre said

happily.

“‘Yes,’ she said, managing a weak smile. ‘I suppose I have time now,’ and she sighed as she looked down at the money in her hand. She was too polite not to sit for Pierre, but she felt uneasy. She wondered how she had managed to get herself involved in all this. She didn't even know if he was a good man. She decided to find out.

“‘Do you go to church?’ she tentatively asked.

“Pierre was busy getting out a fresh canvas. After minute or so he answered matter-of-factly, ‘No, I haven't been in a long time.’

“She stood up slowly and looked at Pierre worriedly.

“‘Where are you going?’ Pierre asked in frustration.

“‘I can't sit for man who doesn't go to church,’ she said quietly.

“Pierre pleaded with her. ‘Please, please sit down, child. I promise I will go to Mass this Sunday. Just sit for me one hour.’

“She sat down again and looked at Old Pierre sadly. ‘Why did you stop going to Mass?’ she asked hesitantly.

“Pierre didn't know quite what to say.

“‘You will wound Jesus' Heart and lose your own soul. He gives you everything.’

“‘Yes, yes,’ Pierre answered her. ‘You are right. I suppose I am ungrateful.’

“The plain girl was very shy, but she was worried about Pierre, so she talked to him very simply about God. Pierre didn't say any more to her. He just listened as he painted.

“After a while she stood up slowly and counted out eighteen francs which she left on her chair. Her eggs were only worth two francs. She smiled graciously at Pierre and left.

“Pierre did not try to stop her. She had sat for him that whole hour. Now, he would just have to finish his painting by memory. It took more than a few days for Old Pierre to finish his portrait of the plain girl, but finally it was done. He held this very plain portrait of a very plain girl out at arm's length. ‘I've done it!’ he said to himself. ‘I've painted the most beautiful thing!’

“And do you know, Andrew? It was the first time Pierre ever painted anything just the way he saw it. His painting was like a photograph. She had a slight under-bite. Oh, it was hardly noticeable, but Pierre did not remove this flaw. If you look closely, Andy, you can see it in the painting.”

“Yes, Father, I see it now. I hadn't noticed it before.”

“Her hair was a little thin, Andrew, her face a little drawn. Oh, she wasn't so unattractive, just very plain. But Pierre was careful to preserve every flaw. You see, Pierre loved her, Andy, because she was refreshingly modest, humble, and good. A little bit of the beauty of her soul seemed to come out from her to make her attractive. It was this that was missing in the glamorous girls. The beauty of their souls was hidden by their vanity, fashion, and style. Pierre didn't quite understand it yet, but no matter how beautiful he had tried

to paint the other girls there was something wrong. It was the lack of virtue, the immodesty and vanity that made his other paintings a little repulsive to look at. You see, Andrew, no matter how pretty the other paintings were Pierre could not love them because love is founded on respect, and immodesty and vanity can never foster respect.

“Pierre kept his promise to the plain girl. He went to Mass that Sunday. Because he loved her, he wanted to be like her. She was virtuous and good. She loved God. He wanted to be virtuous, too. He wanted to love God. He wanted to make up for the indifference of his past life. We don't know how much time passed before he came here to the monastery, Andy. It may have been a year. It may have been two. But one day, he showed up here at the monastery door. The Brother Porter fetched the Prior and the old man was received graciously. It wasn't so uncommon in those days for an older man to want to give the rest of his life to God in our monastery here in the Alps. The Prior told Pierre kindly that he could receive the habit in just two days. At that time he would be asked to turn all his possessions over to the monastery.

“Poor Pierre! He hadn't thought about that. They could have his money and his paints. They could have the clothes off his back, and his beard, too, but he desperately wanted to keep his painting of the plain girl. For two nights he tossed and turned in his cell. By the morning of the third day, he had made up his mind. He had thought about leaving, but no. He had done nothing for God his whole life. He decided to give up his painting.

“Pierre was called into the kindly Prior's office. There he handed over everything. But when the Prior saw the painting, he said, ‘Pierre, you haven't finished your painting! The virgin needs a halo! It is the Virgin Mary, isn't it?’

“Pierre raised his eyebrows. ‘The Virgin Mary!’ Pierre thought to himself. ‘Yes, yes!’ he said out loud as he thought within himself, ‘This child is a pure reflection of Mary Immaculate: simple, sincere, pure, humble, modest, quiet, reserved, temperate, devout, and good.’

“‘Well then, we'll put her in the chapel,’ the Prior said as he handed Pierre back his paints. ‘And what title shall we give her?’

“‘But she is just a virtuous girl I painted in the square on market day,’ Pierre said worriedly. He didn't mean to say it was the Virgin Mary.

“‘Yes, I like it!’ the Prior said excitedly. ‘We'll call her the Virgin of the Square.’

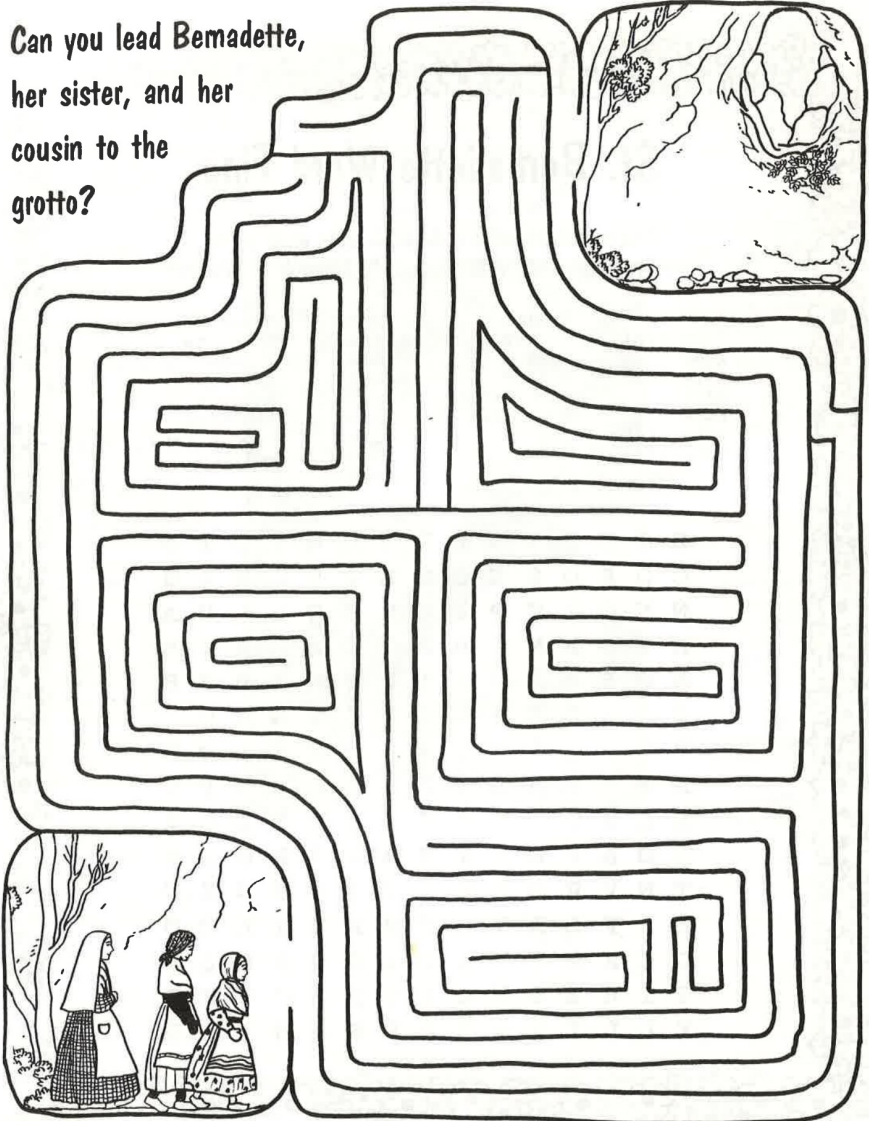
“Pierre spent eight happy years here at the monastery, Andy, before he died. In his plain girl he had found a little bit of God's own artistry. Often he would say, ‘Mary is the masterpiece of God's own artistry. To admire her and love her is to give great honour, glory, and praise to the Divine Artist who made her.’”

The End.

Crusader Games

February 11th is the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes...so here is a Lourdes-themed game for you! Enjoy!

Can you lead Bernadette,
her sister, and her
cousin to the
grotto?



Colouring Page

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY
PRESENTING JESUS
IN THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM

Simeon



Aesop's Fables

~ ~ ~

The Trumpeter Taken Prisoner

A Trumpeter during a battle ventured too near the enemy and was captured by them. They were about to proceed to put him to death when he begged them to hear his plea for mercy. "I do not fight," said he, "and indeed carry no weapon; I only blow this trumpet, and surely that cannot harm you; then why should you kill me?"

"You may not fight yourself," said the others, "but you encourage and guide your men to the fight."

Words may be deeds.

The Ass's Brains

The Lion and the Fox went hunting together. The Lion, on the advice of the Fox, sent a message to the Ass, proposing to make an alliance between their two families. The Ass came to the place of meeting, overjoyed at the prospect of a royal alliance. But when he came there the Lion simply pounced on the Ass, and said to the Fox: "Here is our dinner for today. Watch you here while I go and have a nap. Woe betide you if you touch my prey."

The Lion went away and the Fox waited; but finding that his master did not return, ventured to take out the brains of the Ass and ate them up. When the Lion came back he soon noticed the absence of the brains, and asked the Fox in a terrible voice: "What have you done with the brains?"

"Brains, your Majesty! it had none, or it would never have fallen into your trap."

Wit has always an answer ready.



LITURGY THIS MONTH



The month of February is dedicated to the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple

Do you know your upcoming Feasts? See if you can answer these quizzing questions!

- A) February 1st:** This disciple of St. John the Apostle was the bishop of Antioch and was martyred in 110.
- B) February 2nd:** Our Lady comes to offer the Son of God in the Temple as prescribed in the Jewish Law, and receives the prophecy of the old man Simeon: a sword will pierce Her Heart! What is the common name of this Feast?
- C) February 5th:** This Sunday and the next two are the prelude to Lent, and the penitential violet vestments and liturgy mark a striking change from the joy of Christmas. The name means “seventy” in Latin, marking about 70 days until Easter.
- D) February 10th:** What was the name of the sister of St. Benedict?
- E) February 11th:** In this apparition Our Lady declared, “I am the Immaculate Conception!”
- F) February 12th:** The name of this Sunday means “sixty”...Lent is getting closer!
- G) February 18th:** This martyr shares a name with the old man in the Temple, but he was the successor of St. James as bishop of Jerusalem.
- H) February 19th:** This is the last Sunday before Lent begins...do you have your resolutions ready?
- I) February 22nd:** This day takes its name from the ashes placed on our foreheads as a sign of penance. Make a good and Holy Lent!
- J) February 24th:** This Apostle was chosen to replace Judas just before Pentecost.
- K) February 26th:** This Sunday uses the entirety of Psalm 90 for the Tract of the Mass. May we have these sentiments of trust in God throughout this penitential season.
- L) February 27th:** This saint is a model to all young people in his devotion to Our Lady’s Sorrows.

- A) St. Ignatius, bishop & martyr B) Candlemas (because of the blessing and procession with candles) C) Septuagesima D) St. Scholastica E) Our Lady of Lourdes
 F) Sexagesima G) St. Simeon, bishop & martyr H) Quinquagesima I) Ash Wednesday
 J) St. Mathias K) First Sunday of Lent (Quadragesima) L) St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows



The Crusader prays, receives Communion, makes sacrifices and shows good example for the intention that is given him each month by Reverend Father Davide Pagliarani, successor of Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre as Superior General of the Society of Saint Pius X



PRAVER

**February 2023 Intention:
For seminarians all over the world**



COMMUNION

Daily offering

O

To be recited every morning when you wake up
 Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all my prayers, works, joys and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, and in reparation for my sins. I offer them particularly



SACRIFICE

For seminarians all over the world



APOSTOLATE

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2022 RESULTS

The Intention was for all the schools of Tradition & to repair sacrileges

	Treasure Sheets returned	Morning Offering	Masses	Communions		Sacrifices	Decades of the Rosary	Visits to Blessed Sacrament	15 mins of meditation	Good Example	% returned
				Sacramental	Spiritual						
Brisbane	37	1140	404	385	682	1706	4890	630	180	1324	29%
Jolimont	7	213	30	24	40	35	418	8	0	31	23%
Seminary	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0%
Rockdale	36	860	205	177	318	1284	2491	546	242	848	53%
Tynong	59	1580	455	450	418	1587	7964	324	331	1272	32%
Whanganui	74	2055	1079	903	493	1605	10,271	1386	707	2024	57%
Albury	13	509	73	61	474	659	1533	95	42	576	31%
TOTAL	226	6357	2246	2000	2425	6876	27,567	2989	1502	6075	37%

***Eucharistic Crusade in Australia,
St. Philomena School, 61 Koplick Road, Park Ridge, 4125, Queensland***