



# The Crusader

*Bulletin of the Eucharistic Crusade for Children in Australia and New Zealand*



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**July 2023: Month of the Precious Blood**

*For the Members of the Society, Living & Dead*

**FROM THE CHAPLAIN****Dear Crusaders & Friends,**

Our Lord is God, infinitely powerful; He has no need of us or the works we do for Him. He could easily convert souls Himself or even create other persons who could do the work of the apostolate. However, there is one thing which Our Lord could not replace, and that is the love of our hearts. He could create other hearts to love Him, but He could not make *our* hearts love Him – for love that is forced is not love.

That is why the chief work of the Crusader is to love – to love Jesus everywhere, always and in every duty he performs. St Paul said that “to love is to fulfil the law” and this is what he meant: if we love God truly, we will seek to please Him in everything we do by the faithful accomplishment of His Will in His Commandments.

Yet, how little we have loved Our Dear Lord! It saddens me to think of how quick we are to look after our own interests, but we have so little care of the things of God. So often, at the end of each month, we have such a meagre record of our efforts to console the Heart of Jesus! Our treasure chart is blank, or nearly blank! “He who is not with Me,” said Jesus one day, “is against Me.” The Crusader who does not valiantly fight for Christ by the generous filling out of his treasure chart *everyday* cannot be said to be crusading at all. In fact, he is collaborating with the enemy. Far worse, then, the Crusader who

does not resolutely fight against sin – for he actively persecutes Christ Himself.

And to think that if Jesus wants our love, it is not because He gains anything by it! On the contrary, Our Lord suffered so much to gain the affection of our hearts so that we could be happy with Him in Heaven. He wants us to love Him because it is the secret to our own happiness. That is a thought worth remembering. When we are at Holy Mass and we gaze upon the Chalice at the elevation, think to yourself: This Precious Blood of Jesus in the Chalice is shed *for me, for my sins, for love of me!* Oh, if we thought often on this truth, what would we not do to make up for the coldness, the injuries we and others have committed against such a loving Saviour, Who shed His blood that we might live forever in Heaven!

Dear Crusaders, Jesus in the Tabernacle calls you to fight for Him. Answer His call! Take up your weapons, every ready at hand: Prayer, Sacrifice and Communion. So you will be a consolation to Him and you will obtain the everlasting victory in Heaven.

Remember this month of July, the month of the Precious Blood, we are praying *for the members of the Society, living and dead*; next month we will pray *in thanksgiving for all graces received*.

Blessed Mother with your Loving Son, bless us each and every one!

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*

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Dear Crusaders,

Each evening, you fill in your “Treasure Sheet”, but what is this treasure sheet? Is it just writing some numbers, which are more or less exact, into the boxes, and then handing it in at the end of the month? Is it just a matter of doing some maths? No, of course not! This treasure sheet is the visible result of your prayers, your sacrifices, all that you offer for the special intention of the month. Yes, dear Crusaders, the acts of offering that you write in, must be really lived. Say often: *“Jesus, my prayer is for You, so I am going to do it with all my heart. This little sacrifice is for You, I offer it to You cheerfully. My homework is for You, I want to do it well! My meal is for You, bless it! My game is for You, my sleep is for You, yes, everything in my life is for You!”*

Be generous in your desire to go to Mass, to receive Holy Communion, to make sacrifices, in order to save as many souls as possible!

The treasure sheet is a sacred thing, since it is something offered to the Heart of Jesus; it must be an act of love and of courage, not an act of carelessness, a lie to yourself and to God!

If your treasure sheet is a record of victories, marking your efforts, your acts of generosity, Jesus looks at it with joy. If your treasure sheet is only some numbers marked down randomly, to be able to say that you filled it in, Jesus does not look at it. It is not the numbers which make the Treasure, but the acts of love which these numbers represent: your energetic acts, your victories; now victory means effort.

The treasure sheet marked each evening will help you keep your good resolutions.

*“When I do not mark my treasure sheet, I get worse,”* said one Crusader. Well, yes, when we are negligent, we no longer live our motto. Mark your treasure sheet faithfully, loyally, and you will remain good Crusaders. When it is filled in regularly, it helps you to see in one glance if the past month has been worthy of a good Crusader. If there is a weak point, it is enough to take a firm resolution for the coming month, on that point, being careful to watch over it more especially.

Forward, Crusaders!

*The Sisters*

# A Little Heart to Heart Talk

*By Fr. Mark Staffki*

#12: Mount Moriah  
(3-3-2023)

Dear Children,

Last week, we left the priest leaning forward, as if prepared for a race, filled with the desire to climb the steps of the altar. Today he climbs the mountain! “It doesn’t look like a mountain to me, just a few steps up to the altar.” Is that what you are thinking? Use your faith, and you will see that the priest climbs the greatest mountain in all the world. Several mountains were the backdrop of great moments in religion. God seems to like the mountains: Abraham on Mount Moriah, Moses on Mount Sinai, Jesus on Mount Tabor, and most importantly Jesus on Mount Calvary.

Have you ever climbed a mountain? It is hard work. Imagine how difficult it must have been for Abraham, after a two-day journey, to climb Mount Moriah. It was a difficult climb for two reasons. (1) He was more than 100 years old; his old limbs were heavy with age. (2) He carried within him an even heavier heart, for he had been commanded by God to sacrifice his beloved son, his only son, Isaac. How the eyes of old Abraham must have filled with tears as he looked upon his son, bearing on his own shoulders the wood upon which he would be sacrificed. Abraham believed in God. He faltered not. He climbed that mountain. He would be



obedient whatever the cost. And God rewarded him. At the last moment, He sent an angel to hold back the hand that held the sacrificing blade. In place of Isaac was offered a ram which was found to be caught in the nearby briars.

Isaac foreshadowed Jesus. Abraham foreshadowed Mary. This all happened on Mount Moriah, which is almost a stones-throw from Mount Calvary. There on Mount Calvary, about 2,000 years after Abraham and Isaac, Jesus would be sacrificed. There would be no

“last-minute angel” this time. There would be no substitute, no ram. Jesus climbed the mountain with the wood on his own back; He accepted to be the Sacrifice; He died for you on the mountain that our priest climbs daily. Are you growing tired, like old Abraham? Well, I suppose that is enough mountain-climbing for one day. Next time perhaps we will talk about Moses and Mount Sinai. For today, watch the priest climb. Send your heart with him. Watch him offer the Sacrifice. Offer with the priest “your Isaac.”

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" #56,  
July 1994*

### **First Meditation**

#### *The Most Precious Blood*

When he promulgated the Litany of the Precious Blood, the Pope urged all the faithful to "pay a tribute of adoration and loving gratitude" to the Blood that was shed for our redemption. This can best be done by frequent and devout reception of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament and by prayerful repentance for past misdeeds.

The same Blood that was shed at the crucifixion is held aloft daily at the elevation of the Mass. I should take greater care in preparing to receive Holy Communion by an attentive and devout assistance at Mass.

Jesus, save me from the powers of Hell today as you once redeemed me from the grasp of Satan on the hill of Calvary. May the Blood that I receive in Holy Communion flow through my veins; and may it change me from a weak and unprofitable servant to a loyal and staunch Catholic.

Resolution: I will prepare my Sunday Holy Communion.

### **Second Meditation**

#### *Failure*

Some have more success in this life than others, but everyone experiences failure. We may fail to make the first team, fail to be popular with a certain group of people, fail in overcoming a fault of character or a habit of sin. But failure is never an excuse for discouragement. We must look beyond the black clouds of our personal Good Fridays to see the festive glory of Easter Sunday.

Failure has visited me on a number of occasions. As I look back right now, I see that I didn't accept failure in the right spirit. I was depressed or angry. I felt like giving up any endeavour that wasn't blessed with immediate success. I must learn to look beyond the petty failures of this life that seems so important to me.

Jesus, give me the good sense to overcome feelings of discouragement when I am not successful. Help me to dread the only true failure: the loss of eternal happiness. Grant me the only true success: the salvation of my soul.

Resolution: I will try doubly hard the next time failure visits.





**Third Meditation***Maria Goretti*

Too often our notion of sanctity is taken from the plaster statues of Saints we see in church. We think that Saints are far removed from anything human; that they carry bouquets of flowers; that they walk the road of life with eyes upcast and lips expressing pious pleasantries. (What lies dumb statues tell!) St. Maria Goretti was not a plaster statue. Her death-defying loyalty to purity proved that. Nor is she merely a "girls" saint. Her rugged courage in the face of many temptations is something that any hero can envy. The motto of St. Maria Goretti was "Death rather than sin". She meant what she said. That's why she's a Saint.

If I was faced with the alternative of death or a serious sin against purity, what would my choice be? I must pray ardently that I can someday say "Death rather than sin" and mean it with all my heart.

Jesus, keep me pure of heart and mind. Let the example of Maria Goretti guide me through the pitfalls of my youth and light my way along the road of life. Restrain in me the pull of concupiscence and preserve me from temptations against purity.

Resolution: I will offer my three Hail Marys at night prayers with renewed devotion.

**Fourth Meditation***Confession*

Many teenagers let the months slip by without even thinking of the sacrament of Penance. Some are satisfied that they have no mortal sins and feel that confession isn't important. Other misguided souls are content to live in the state of grave sin for weeks and weeks. Everyone should receive the sacrament of penance at least once a month. Those who have special problems should go every week.

If I have been careless about going to confession, I have passed up opportunities for grace. I should learn to appreciate the value of confession not only as a means of forgiveness but also as a deterrent to sin.

Jesus, help me to overcome laziness, that I may receive the grace of the sacrament of Penance frequently. Give me a loving appreciation of Thy sacrament of

mercy, that lesser activities will not crowd confession out of my schedule.

Resolution: I will receive the holy sacrament of Penance frequently.

# Story Hour

## St. Germaine: Cinderella Among Saints

*By Mary E. Gentges, Illustrated by Becky Melichinsky  
Taken & abridged from "Crusade" Vol. XIII, #4, July/August 1994*

*"Once upon a time..." begins the storyteller and captures the imagination of young and old. Children especially are fascinated with romantic tales of dashing knights and beautiful princesses. In the lives of the saints we find true stories more strange and wonderful than any fiction—and best of all, they carry an eternal lesson.*

IF THERE EVER WAS a Cinderella story among the saints, it is the story of St. Germain Cousin, also known as Germaine of Pibrac, after the village in France where she lived and where her feast is celebrated each June 15. Germaine was a Cinderella in real life. She slept, not in the cinders, but under the stairs. Instead of cruel step-sisters, she had a harsh step-mother. In her story there are no mice and pumpkins, but there are lambs and summer flowers. And Germaine's Prince, for all eternity, is Christ Himself...

Once upon a time...

Germaine Cousin was born in 1579 at the little village of Pibrac near Toulouse in southern France. Most of Germaine's biographers say that she was the daughter of the farmer, Laurent Cousin, by his first wife. She lost her mother at a tender age; but this was not the only sorrow in the little girl's life. From birth her right arm and hand were deformed and crippled. In addition, she was afflicted all her life with scrofula, a tubercular condition affecting the lymph glands in the neck, causing them to break out in repulsive sores and abscesses. Due to these afflictions, St. Germaine certainly should be recognized as patroness of those born with birth defects.

Soon after the death of his first wife, Laurent Cousin remarried. His second wife is always called "the Stepmother." She seems to have detested the poor sickly child, and when her own children were born—under the pretense of protecting them from the contagion of scrofula—she ejected Germaine from the house. We wonder if Laurent Cousin was cowed into this arrangement by his strong-willed wife, or if he too, possibly revolted by Germaine's condition, had little affection for the child and thus allowed her to be treated so harshly.

The stepmother got Germaine out of sight every day by sending her to the fields to tend the sheep. Beginning at a tender age, Germaine was outdoors

with the flock from early morning till night, in fair weather or foul. She was given no education and was destined to spend her whole life as a shepherdess. (As a shepherdess, she is in good company—St. Vincent de Paul, St. Bernadette, the children of Fatima, and others—attended sheep!) She carried with her a distaff and, crippled though she was, she was expected to spin some wool each day. In the evening when she returned home with the sheep, Germaine was denied entrance into the warm kitchen to eat with the family, and to play with the stepmother's children whom she loved dearly. She was given scraps and stale bread from the family table, and was made to sleep in the stable or on a bed of leaves under the stairs.

Deprived of human affection, sickly, lacking physical comforts and sufficient food, Germaine's lot would seem utterly unbearable to most of us. Throughout history there have been countless abused children, but the difference between them and Germaine is that her hard life, instead of making her bitter, was the means for her to become a saint. She accepted her lot as her due, in humility and patience, without complaint. She never lost her cheerfulness.

Germaine received no education save what she heard in sermons in the parish church. But although she was unlettered, she certainly wasn't ignorant of what was necessary to save her soul. It seems that her precious soul was formed and taught directly by God. Outcast from human affection and society, she turned to God, her only Friend. Her lonely life in the fields was a blessing, for she had no distractions. God spoke to her heart. She was never alone, for she lived in the Presence of God. The Rosary and a Cross made of twigs were her only books, but all nature spoke to her of its Creator—the earth, the sky, the flowers, the birds.

In the fields she meditated on the lessons she heard in church. Surely her own lambs reminded her of the Lamb of God and of the story of the Good Shepherd. At night she must have recalled that He too once lived in a stable, and that He often had no place to lay His head. To her poverty, infirmities, the rigor of the weather, the lack of human affection, it is said that she added voluntary mortifications! What a lesson to us who find six weeks of Lent hard! It is said she offered austerities in reparation for the sacrileges of heretics of the district. It is hard to imagine that anyone could be poorer than she, yet she shared her scanty food with the poor! Where there is love, charity finds a way.

Germaine loved to go to church, the only “home” where she was welcome. She had a great love for the Blessed Sacrament, assisted at Mass daily, and received the sacraments of Confession and Holy Communion frequently. Her devotion to the Angelus was so great that she would fall on her knees at the first sound of the bell, even if she was in the middle of crossing a stream!

One would think that some of the villagers might at least have defended her, but it seems that they, like her family, considered her of no account, and that they mildly made fun of her piety. The only villagers who loved her

were the little children. They would gather around her and listen as she told them simple religious stories and sought to instill in their minds a greater love for God and His Mother.

And so, the years of Germaine's childhood passed in obscurity. The holiness of the shepherd girl who would one day be recognized as a saint was then known only to God. But when strange stories began to circulate about Germaine, the villagers wondered what manner of girl they had in their midst. For one thing, they pointed out, the menacing wolves of the neighboring Bouconne Forest that ravaged all the other flocks never molested Germaine's sheep, even though the pasture she used bordered on the forest. When she left her sheep to go to daily Mass, she planted her shepherd's crook or her distaff in the ground, commended them to the care of her Guardian Angel, and went off to Mass. The sheep huddled around her staff, never straying, never harmed by the wolves. This tradition was passed down from one generation to the next after Germaine's death, and is related by all her biographers. It is also related that the village gossips soon had another tale. One night several of them were passing the stable where Germaine slept and they heard heavenly music. Peering in, they saw Germaine rapt in ecstasy as she knelt in prayer.

In order to attend Mass, Germaine had to ford a little stream, which ordinarily presented no difficulty. But in the spring when the snow was melting, or after heavy rains, the current of the swollen stream would become very strong. One morning when the current was especially strong, the villagers commented on it: "Listen to that water! Cousin's little shepherdess will not hear Mass today!"

"I wouldn't want to try fording it myself," added a burly villager, "there's no way that little scarecrow can cross today!"

"Look, here she comes," announced another as they saw Germaine's familiar thin figure coming across the meadow, her tattered cloak streaming out behind her. They waited in silence, expecting to see her confusion. But no! They testified afterwards that the rushing waters parted as the Red Sea for the Israelites of old. Germaine came across perfectly dry! Perhaps she nodded a good morning to the gaping villagers, as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened, and hurried on to the church with her eyes cast down, intent upon her Jesus in Whose Eucharistic Presence she would soon be. The villagers stared after her in amazement, and soon another story about Germaine spread through the village.

The most celebrated incident of her story, and one which is often depicted in pictures of St. Germaine, occurred one winter day toward the end of her life. The neighbors saw the step-mother, stick in hand, pursuing Germaine and loudly accusing her of stealing.

"Come back here, you thief! Taking my fresh bread for those beggars of yours! Open your apron so everyone can see the bread you steal!" By now she had caught up with Germaine and was towering over the frail girl, threatening to beat her with the stick. Hand upraised, she froze in

astonishment as Germaine opened her apron. It was not bread, but exquisite fragrant summer flowers that cascaded to the frozen ground! History has preserved the names of two eyewitnesses to this miracle, Pierre Pailles and Jeanne Salaries, who, years later, testified under oath to the truth of this story.

As the villagers realized they had a saint in their midst, contempt gave way to veneration. Her father

tardily awoke to a sense of his duty, and he and the stepmother invited Germaine to take her place in the family home. But the humble girl begged to be allowed to continue to live as she always had. It was not for long, for God was not going to have his humble little flower spoiled by the adulation of men. In the spring of 1601 He plucked the unspoiled flower for Himself, and took her from the earth to give her a reward exceeding any comforts of this world. She was only 22 years old.

On the night of her death, two monks travelling from Toulouse lost their way. They took shelter in the ruins of an ancient castle near Pibrac. During the night they were awakened by heavenly music, and they saw a great beam of light extending from sky to earth, where it seemed to settle over a barn in the distance. As they watched in fascination, they saw brilliant white figures descending on this luminous pathway, and later ascending with another figure.

On reaching Pibrac the following morning, the monks inquired if anyone had died during the night. They were told that a poor shepherdess had failed to take her sheep out at the accustomed hour that morning. Her father had gone to the stable to call her, and had found her dead on her bed of leaves under the stairs. She who had spent most of her life alone had died alone—but her God had been with her. She who had been unwanted on earth was very much wanted in heaven.

Germaine was given a new dress, probably the first in her life, for her funeral. In death the sickly girl had become beautiful, and all commented on her appearance. The villagers made a wreath of flowers for her



head. Germaine was buried, fittingly enough, in the only home she had ever known: the village church. She was interred in a grave under the flagstone floor opposite the pulpit. Her body would remain near her Eucharistic Jesus present in the tabernacle. This would seem to be the end of her story, but it is not, it is only the beginning...

Years passed, and she might have been forgotten, but in 1644 a distant relative of Germaine named Edualde died. She had requested that she be buried in the parish church. Villager Nicholas Case and the bell-ringer Gaillard Barous set about removing the flagstones to prepare the grave. On lifting a stone, they were amazed to find just under the floor, where it had risen miraculously from its original deeper resting place, the body of a beautiful young girl. She seemed as though only asleep, and the dress and wreath of flowers on her head were both fresh and fragrant. A tool the men had used in removing the stone had slipped and struck her nose, which was bleeding as a fresh wound!

When the stupefied gravediggers recovered their voices, they hollered to other villagers to come and see what they had found. Older residents in the crowd that gathered had no trouble identifying Germaine by her withered arm and the scrofula scars on her neck. She had died forty-three years before! To the body of the humble and unloved shepherdess God had given the miracle of incorruption. What a lesson to the proud world!

The body was placed on display where it was revered by the people, and the miracles of intercession for which Germaine is famous began. A certain wealthy woman had a malignant tumor which caused her to be unable to nurse her child. As the child refused any other form of nourishment, its condition, like its mother's, had sunk to an alarming state. She sought the intercession of Germaine and was cured! Both she and the child recovered rapidly, and in thanksgiving she donated a lead casket in which Germaine's body was reverently enclosed and placed in the sacristy of the church.

The little girl who had been almost forgotten became known throughout all of France. The miracles and favors obtained through her intercession were astounding and uncountable. In 1661 and 1700 her body was viewed and found by experts to be still miraculously incorrupt, fresh and flexible. Written evidence was given that nothing had been done to the body to preserve it, nor had there been anything inherent in the soil of her grave to cause it. It was beyond the realm of science.

In 1661 the Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Toulouse began gathering accounts of Germaine's life and the miracles since her death. Two persons in their 80's came forward, and testified under oath that they had been present when the flowers miraculously fell from Germaine's apron. Officially and thoroughly Germaine's cause for canonization was begun. But the child who had endured such adversity in life was going to be marked by many problems in her canonization—which would take two centuries to achieve!

At last a voluminous file of documents on Germaine was ready, and was



entrusted to a Capuchin monk to be taken to Rome. He no more than arrived but what he was given an assignment in the missions of Mesopotamia. He left the precious papers with instructions regarding them at the Capuchin monastery in Rome. Decades passed with no word reaching France about Germaine's cause; the precious papers had been mislaid and forgotten and could not be found.

In 1793, the French Revolution laid its bloody hand on Germaine. The Revolutionists declared that the people must be "enlightened." That meant that the relics at Pibrac had to be destroyed to help stamp out what the Revolutionists called "superstition." A tinsmith named Toulza enlisted the services of four villagers to help him desecrate Germaine's casket. On learning the nature of their mission, one fled away in terror; but Touiza and his three remaining accomplices dug a hole under the sacristy floor and dumped the virginal body of Germaine in it.. Then they threw quick-lime and water over it to insure destruction, and closed up the hole. The lead casket of the gentle Germaine was confiscated to be melted down and made into bullets. (What remains of her relics are now kept in a figure representing her and clothed in exquisite fabrics.)

According to some traditions, retribution was swift. Each of the three Pibrac men who had participated in the ghoulish act were struck down with hideous deforming diseases. Two of them, some twenty years later, implored Germaine's forgiveness, and were cured. But the third walked bent over for the rest of his life.

Germaine's story was passed down from generation to generation, and finally in 1843, her cause was officially reopened. In 1845, a Father Estrade presented the official documents, painstakingly re-gathered, to Pope Gregory XVI. The Pope had some wrong ideas about the case of Germaine, and was not much interested. The papers lay on his desk a month-and-a-half before he reluctantly read them. Then he was so captivated by her story that he became Germaine's most ardent champion. He bestowed on her the title "Venerable," and his last official signature before death was to approve the preliminary decrees of her beatification. She was beatified by his successor Pope Pius IX in 1854, and was canonized by him on June 29, 1867.

It was not because of the miracle of incorruption that Germaine was declared a saint. That was only a bonus. She was canonized because she practiced the virtues to an heroic degree. There also must be miracles of intercession. In Germaine's case there was a vast multitude of these, cures of every kind, cures of blindness—both from birth and other causes, cures of diseases of the spine, and so on. But the four chosen have special significance. Two were restorations to health of children with medically incurable ailments—this through the intercession of the little girl pitifully ill throughout her entire life. Two were multiplications of bread and flour obtained for the distressed community of Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Bourges—provided by the little girl who, during her lifetime, never had

enough to eat.

Thus, nearly three centuries after a tiny unwanted waif sat in the village church of Pibrac listening to the stories of God and His saints, the Church officially recognized her as one of them. Thousands have loved her who was unloved. Mothers have begged her blessing on their children; childless couples have implored that she intercede for them to have a child; the poor and needy have asked bread of her who shared her crusts with others who were hungry. St. Germaine, the Cinderella in real life, is with Christ, her Prince, for all eternity.

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### **AFTERWORD**

*WHAT DOES THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS SAY to our modern world? Germaine's humble acceptance, without complaint, of all life sent her says much to us who complain about little things. But there is more. It seems that she is a saint especially appropriate to our times. As mentioned at the beginning of the story, she ought to be patroness of children born with birth defects—not only physical defects, but mental deficiencies too. She ought to be patroness of the unwanted children whose lives are in danger even before they are born.*

*Recognizing that there are many generous people in this world who willingly care for people with mental or physical disabilities, it must also be recognized that there is also a selfish modern spirit that does not want to bother with defective persons who are less than perfect. On the pretext of "mercy" they would play God and prevent the lives of these persons. They do not want the Germaines any more than Germaine's parents wanted her.*

*The world has lost sight of man's reason for earthly existence: as a proving ground for eternity. The world has forgotten that the reason we are born into this world is in order to enjoy eternal happiness, and that that happiness is often reached by patient bearing of suffering in this world.*

*The world has forgotten that the body, however imperfect, is the temple of an immortal soul. The world no longer knows that those who reach their eternal reward will have a glorified body freed of all its imperfections. Those who were disabled on this earth will be released from the shackles of a faulty body, brain, or nervous system, and their enlightened intellect will enjoy the Beatific Vision of God for all eternity. Those who were mentally deficient will also be judged less harshly by God than the rest of us, only according to their understanding. The world has forgotten that caring for a sick, crippled, or intellectually disabled person can be the means of sanctification for those who render this service. Our Lord said that in serving these, we serve Him and see Him in them, "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for Me" (Matt. 25:40). This is St. Germaine's greatest lesson for the modern world. Let us pray to her that the world will return to this charity of Christ, as we recall that Germaine the afflicted and unloved child was most beloved of God.*



# Crusader Games

Taken from "Crusade" June/July 1987, Vol. V #3

Find the 7 Gifts and 12 Fruits of the Holy Ghost below...they may be forwards, backwards, up, down, or diagonal! Enjoy!

**SEVEN GIFTS: Wisdom, Understanding, Knowledge, Fortitude, Counsel, Piety, Fear of the Lord**

**TWELVE FRUITS: Charity, Joy, Peace, Patience, Benignity, Goodness, Long-suffering, Mildness, Faith, Modesty, Contineny, Chastity**

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

# Colouring Page

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SAINT VINCENT  
DE PAUL



**SAINT SPOTLIGHT: ST. ANNE**

ST. ANNE WAS THE WIFE OF ST. JOACHIM, AND WAS CHOSEN BY GOD TO BE THE MOTHER OF OUR BLESSED LADY. THEY WERE BOTH OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF DAVID, AND THEIR LIVES WERE COMPLETELY OCCUPIED IN PRAYER AND GOOD WORKS. ONE THING ONLY WAS WANTING TO THEIR UNION, THEY HAD NO CHILDREN, AND THIS WAS HELD AS A BITTER MISFORTUNE AMONG THE JEWS.

AT LENGTH, WHEN ANNE WAS AN AGED WOMAN MARY WAS BORN, THE FRUIT RATHER OF GRACE THAN OF NATURE, AND THE CHILD MORE OF GOD THAN OF MAN. WITH THE BIRTH OF MARY THE AGED ANNE BEGAN A NEW LIFE: SHE WATCHED HER EVERY MOVEMENT WITH MOTHERLY TENDERNESS, AND FELT HERSELF HOURLY SANCTIFIED BY THE PRESENCE OF HER IMMACULATE CHILD.



**SAINTE ANNE MOTHER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN**

BUT LET ALL THEM BE GLAD THAT HOPE IN THEE: THEY SHALL REJOICE FOREVER, AND THOU SHALT DWELL IN THEM. (PSALM 5, 12.)



BUT SHE HAD VOWED HER DAUGHTER TO GOD, TO GOD MARY HAD CONSECRATED HERSELF AGAIN, AND TO HIM ANNE GAVE HER BACK, MARY WAS THREE YEARS OLD WHEN ANNE AND JOACHIM LED HER UP THE TEMPLE STEPS, SAW HER PASS BY HERSELF INTO THE INNER SANCTUARY, AND THEN SAW HER NO MORE.

THUS WAS ANNE LEFT CHILDLESS IN HER LONELY OLD AGE AND DEPRIVED OF HER PUREST EARTHLY JOY JUST WHEN SHE NEEDED IT MOST. SHE HUMBLY ADORED THE DIVINE WILL, AND BEGAN AGAIN TO WATCH AND PRAY, TILL GOD CALLED HER TO UNENDING REST WITH THE FATHER AND THE SPOUSE OF MARY IN THE HOME OF MARY'S CHILD.



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



**July 2023 Intention:**  
For the members of the Society, living and dead

**Daily offering**

*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

For the members of the Society, living and dead



COMMUNION



SACRIFICE



APOSTOLATE

**MARCH 2023 RESULTS**

The Intention was for fathers of families

	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	9	277	135	128	232	495	1626	179	63	382	14%
Jolimont	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0%
Seminary	4	124	16	16	78	148	622	7	30	70	36%
Rockdale	20	458	140	117	134	446	1642	337	70	193	54%
Tynong	26	681	223	157	209	405	3182	123	75	244	37%
Whanganui	21	939	347	293	333	1476	2513	533	307	1145	36%
Albury	5	143	40	29	126	271	780	35	57	236	36%
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>85</b>	<b>2622</b>	<b>901</b>	<b>740</b>	<b>1112</b>	<b>3241</b>	<b>10,365</b>	<b>1214</b>	<b>602</b>	<b>2270</b>	<b>32%</b>

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