



The Crusader

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



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June 2022

**Month of the
Most Sacred Heart of Jesus**

*For Many Priestly
and Religious
Vocations*

FROM THE CHAPLAIN

Dear Crusaders and Friends,

The month of June is the month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus – that Heart which, as Our Lord said to St Margaret Mary, ‘has so loved men and is despised by them.’ It is impossible for us to comprehend the great love that Our Lord has for each one of us, but we can gain some measure of appreciation for it when we think of the sacrifice He made of His life on Calvary to obtain the forgiveness of our sins and open the gates of heaven.

To show us the greatness of His love, not only did Jesus die, but, even while dead on the cross, He opened His Heart to us by the lance of the soldier. From His Heart, says St John, flowed blood and water – the symbol of the life-giving sacraments flowing from the Passion of Christ. The blood of Our Lord flowing from His side is especially a reminder of the greatest of His gifts to man: the gift of His own Body and Blood in the Holy Eucharist. It truly cost Jesus unspeakable suffering – indeed, His very life – to give us the Sacrament of the Altar, and yet, how few are those who return any love to Him! So many treat Our Jesus on our altars with forgetfulness, coldness, or disrespect. So few are found to visit Him in this Sacrament! Even, alas! the chosen soldiers of Christ, His very own Crusaders, so often let Him down. Yes, He perhaps can say of us in all truth: “Behold this heart that has so loved you, and is forgotten by you!”

Jesus sacrificed all for us; what does He look for from us in return? Simply the whole-hearted service of love. A

few minutes each day spent in a heart to heart conversation with that Loving Prisoner in the tabernacle. A fervent communion when we can. A little sacrifice made for love of Him. To preach the love of God to others by our good example. In short, to live our motto as Crusaders: *Prayer, Communion, Sacrifice, Apostolate*. Indeed, can we really say it is difficult to love our Blessed Lord when He asks so little of us?

My dear Crusaders, let it never be said of us that we abandoned our Lord and Saviour in the Holy Eucharist! Make the solemn resolution this month of Sacred Heart to return something of the love of Our Lord! Perhaps resolve to visit Him in the Blessed Sacrament everyday. At least promise Him ten minutes of mental prayer wherever you are if you cannot visit the Church. If you cannot receive Him everyday in Holy Communion, make frequent Spiritual Communions, asking Him to come and live always in your heart. Live such a life as always to be an example to your fellows and lead them also to love the Sacred Heart. So you will be a *real* Crusader and consolation to the Heart of Jesus, despised and wounded by men.

Remember that during this month we will pray and make sacrifices especially *for many priestly and religious vocations*. Next month we will be praying *for the members of the Society, living and dead*. Please be generous in filling out and returning your 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 harvest is great but the workers are few. Pray to the Lord of the harvest, that He send workers into His harvest.”

Think for a moment, dear Crusaders, of all the graces that God gives to us through the priest: it is truly admirable! Baptism which opens heaven to us and makes us children of God, all the Masses we go to, during which Jesus renews His Sacrifice of the Cross, all the absolutions, all the Communion received, the catechism lessons and sermons which bring God’s word into our heart.

But alas! How many souls today do not receive these graces, because there are not enough priests! This must inspire us to pray and sacrifice ourselves in order to have more priests. One more priest will bring so many more Masses – and the Mass is a treasure, the source of every grace; it is the Salvation of the world. One more priest, then, is a whole harvest of souls for heaven.

Other workers also have a part in this harvest: they are the Religious Brothers and Sisters who give their whole life to God in order to love Him and to make Him loved by others. Some of them spend the greater part of their life praying and meditating: we call these “contemplative Religious”. Their mission is to glorify God by sanctifying themselves and by praying for sinners. These souls obtain many graces of conversion. Others preach, teach, care for the sick, devote themselves to their neighbour, but the most important part of their mission is also prayer and sacrifice for the glory of God. We call them “Religious of the Active Life” because they give themselves to exterior works. How many graces these consecrated souls draw down upon the world! But, as Our Lord Himself said, there are not very many of them.

So, Crusaders, let us not be egotists! This month, let us think about the many souls who will be lost because there was no priest or Religious to lead them to God, or obtain for them by prayer and sacrifice the grace to know, love and serve Our Lord.

So let us generously offer prayers, Communion, and sacrifices in order to ask God for many vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life. And what if, one day, Jesus calls you? What a grace and what an honour!

A Little Heart to Heart Talk

By Fr. Mark Staffki

#11: Through My Most Grievous Fault (22-2-2023)

Dear Children,

Today is Ash Wednesday, the start of another Lent. Why must we do penance? Why do we have to suffer and someday die? Because of sin. Original sin and our own actual sins answer these questions. When I think of the Prayers at the Foot of the Altar, I think of two gardens. The Garden of Paradise and the Garden of Olives. How different those two gardens were. Adam and Eve were cast out of the first garden because of their sin, but not before they had cast the blame on others. Adam said, "It was Eve's fault." Eve said, "It was the serpent's fault." When God cast them out of garden, He was telling them: "It was *your own* fault. Stop blaming others. Accept your punishment. Unto dust thou shalt return, but do not lose hope for I will send a Saviour." Once they stopped making excuses, how Adam and Eve must have wept for their sins, as they stood at the foot of the closed gates of the garden.

What about the second garden, the Garden of Olives? There we see a sinless One, Jesus Christ, willingly take the blame for others. He was bent down with all the sins of the world, like the priest at the *Confiteor*. He suffered for my sins and for your sins as if He had committed them Himself, which He had not. Oh! How He suffered! In that garden His garments and the ground around Him were soaked with His Blood, as red as the carpet at the foot of so many altars. Why? *Mea culpa*, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. It is time to stop blaming others. It is my own fault. It is our fault. Let us strike our breast with shame and sorrow. Let us sincerely ask forgiveness, and it will be granted. A sincere

Confiteor at the Mass has the power to forgive our venial sins. After the *Confiteors* are finished, the priest straightens up. Before long he bends slightly forward again. Now that he has been forgiven by God, look at the priest; you can sense his desire to climb the steps of the altar. He leans forward, as if prepared for a race. On your marks, get set... Thus prepared, he says: *Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam*. The server responds: *Et salutare tuum da nobis!* "Show us Thy mercy, O God." Jesus is God's mercy to us. "Send us Jesus our Saviour!" This is our request, and God will grant it soon. Jesus will come to us at this very Mass.

When the altar server says his *Confiteor* today, say it with him in your heart. Mean it. *Mea culpa*. Take the blame. Tell God you are sorry. Receive His forgiveness. After Mass you will receive the ashes on your forehead. Those ashes should remind you all throughout the day that the cross of Jesus is your fault. When you walk around with this cross on your forehead, everyone can see something of the sorrow that is in your heart. The death of Jesus on the Cross is my fault, my fault, my most grievous fault; and I am sorry and will do penance this Lent. Mary my Mother, pray to the Lord our God for me.

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" #66,
June 1995*

First Meditation

The Sacred Heart of Jesus

The heart is the symbol of love. By His Sacred Heart, Jesus wishes us to know and understand His great love for us. One day He said to St. Margaret Mary Alacoque: "Behold the Heart which has so loved men... In return, I receive from the greater part of men only ingratitude by their irreverences and sacrileges, and by the coldness and contempt they have for me in this Sacrament of love."

His heart is not only full of love, it is also Sacred. It is most precious because it is the heart of God. On the cross, Jesus showed us His Heart, open and wounded. Open, to remind us that He wishes us to enter therein, to hide ourselves with confidence in His Heart; wounded, to show us what sin does to the heart of God—it is so grievous that it rips it open and leaves it bleeding.

Resolution: Let me have great confidence in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, but also, let me learn to despise sin.

Second Meditation

Corpus Christi

This means "the Body of Christ", or the Holy Eucharist. Consider in this meditation:

(1) How unworthy we are. We have sinned and thus offended Jesus many times. Not only do we not deserve the graces He sends us, but above all, we do not deserve this great gift which is He Himself.—Reflect a little on your sins, and then reflect on the greatness of God.

(2) He who is God Almighty comes to us, miserable though we be, not only to live with us, but even to be eaten by us. He who made the great and small animals, the world, and the whole universe, humbles Himself now in the host.

(3) His love for us is so great that He does not only want to be remembered as "once upon a time" among us, but wishes to remain with us night and day.

Resolution: Let me receive Jesus very, very devoutly in Holy Communion.



Third Meditation

Pentecost

This is the day when the Holy Ghost came upon the Apostles in the form of a ball of fire and rested upon each of their heads.

This is the day that the Holy Church was born.

This is the day when more than five thousand Jews were baptized and thus became Catholics.

St. Peter, and the other Apostles also, stood up and began to preach Jesus to these many, many people. Although many of these people had come from all over the world and could not therefore understand each other's language, yet they all perfectly understood the Apostles' preaching.

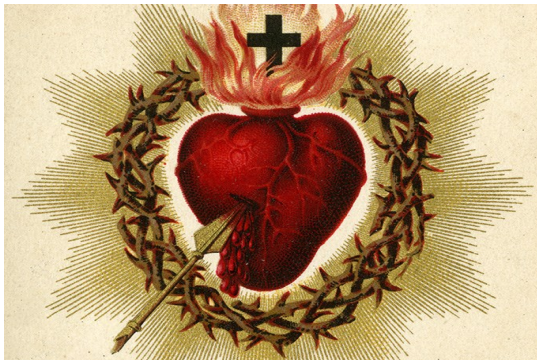
Resolution: Let me thank the Holy Ghost for deigning to come and guide and teach us about holy faith in Jesus.

Fourth Meditation

Our Lady of Perpetual Succour

“Succour” means help. Mary is perpetually (always) helping us. And how does she do so? She is in heaven with her Son Jesus, constantly asking Him to help us through this life. We say Mary intercedes for us. She is another great gift that God has given us. Oh how precious it is to have a mother in heaven; how very precious it is to have a mother who is *our* Mother in heaven! Already on earth she began to intercede for men. Remember how she went to her Son at the wedding feast of Cana: “Son, they have no wine!” Remember how she stood at the foot of the Cross in such great sorrow. Then it was that Jesus said to her: “Woman, behold thy son.” St. John, who represented us, received her as our mother.

Resolution: O Mary, help me to love thee and have a very great devotion to thee.



Story Hour

St. Anthony, the Police and the Carnival Donuts

A FATHER PAUL STORY.

*(Based on a True Story by Maria Winowska,
translated and adapted from the French)*

Illustrated by Gary Melechinsky

Taken from "Crusade" Vol. III, #3, June/July 1985

The Scene: In Poland, behind the Iron Curtain.

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"Agnes! My slippers!"

On a very wet day, Fr. Paul was returning from his rounds visiting the sick, and he was drenched to the skin and muddy to his ears. As he stepped in the front hall of his little rectory the glossy wax of the parquet floor reminded him that his sister, who had recently arrived to keep house for him, had introduced into the house certain strict rules of discipline. Standing on his tiptoes and all dripping, he repeated with a resounding voice, "My slippers, or you'll have a deluge on your floor!"

The door of the kitchen opened slightly, and there emerged a head with hair drawn tightly into a bun. A finger followed, and pointing at him, glued him to the spot. "Shhh!" said his sister. Then, her cheeks red like fire and her eyes all round with apprehension, she murmured, "He is here."

Now this was a shock to Fr. Paul. It took something serious to make Agnes forget about the parquet floor. Only the representatives of the secret police had the gift of upsetting her to that extent. He asked, "A policeman?"

"Yes."

"He has come to look for me?"

"Yes."

"And you left him alone in the kitchen?"

Agnes straightened up with her usual resolute attitude, "I told him to watch over the donuts!"

Father Paul sniffed the vanilla-scented air. Oh yes, it was carnival time, and no one in the world could make the famous "pontchki"—a deep-fried pastry something like a donut—as well as his sister. "Couldn't this sacrilegious person choose to come on another day? Oh, St. Jude Thaddeus, Patron of Desperate Causes, help us," he muttered as he raised his muddy boots.

Policeman or no policeman, Agnes remembered her shiny floor and her rule about wet feet, and fetched Fr. Paul his slippers. And Fr. Paul, still shaken from her news of the policeman in the house, pulled himself together, and

walked with firm steps to the kitchen. Opening the door, Fr. Paul perceived a smooth-faced young man holding a slotted spoon and in the process of turning and browning the donuts! Without turning around, the stranger remarked, "They are just beginning to brown." Getting no response, he turned his head and saw, not Agnes, but the priest, in the doorway.

"Oh, it is you, Father; we've been waiting for you. These are perfect, just perfect. Now, madame, I leave this apron work for you; but pay attention, they are just about done." Then, he took the arm of the priest, "And now, just us two."

As Fr. Paul closed the kitchen door, he glanced back at his sister who held the frying pan in one hand, and with the other made him a signal that all was well. She had informed St. Anthony of the problem, and there was nothing more to do but have confidence in him.

Out of the corner of his eye, Fr. Paul observed his unwanted guest. For an agent of the secret police he didn't seem very aggressive. Standing with his hands in his pockets, he was surveying with a glance the far corners of the badly-lit parlor.

"Are we alone? Anyone else here besides her?"

"No," answered Fr. Paul, "there is no one else."

"Let's go, then. I'm taking you away."

"St. Hyacinth, help me!" ejaculated Fr. Paul, "but why?"

"You'll know soon enough. Bring your kit with you, and all your priestly paraphernalia."

Fr. Paul felt his legs turning to jelly. He was grasping at a last thread of hope as he asked, "Must I also bring my suitcase?"

"You'll not have any need of it," sneered the agent, "and hurry it up!"

Legs trembling, Fr. Paul slumped into his arm chair. This was it. The secret police were planning to execute someone tonight, a secret execution, and the condemned man had requested a priest! They were going to take the priest to hear the confession of the condemned man and afterwards they would wipe out the priest to eliminate any witness of their massacre. That had to be it; if they were going to imprison him, they would have let the priest bring his suitcase.

All the sinister stories he had ever heard of former incidents like this surged up in Fr. Paul's memory, and his heart pounded as if to burst. Just to have something to say, and to try to calm himself, Fr. Paul asked, "Exactly what do you want me to bring?"

The agent shrugged his shoulders, "How should I know about your silly religious rituals? Just bring all your equipment, and you'll see what you need when we get there."

Fr. Paul was certain now. He was leaving for his last trip.

His arms and legs shook as he re-opened the door to the kitchen. "Agnes," he said, trying unsuccessfully to sound calm, "Agnes, I'm going away with the gentleman."

She emerged, red as a poppy. “And my donuts?” she cried with indignation.

With an annoyed look, the agent said dryly, “I regret that my intrusion has interfered with your donut-frying, but the business which claims the good offices of the Father is more important than your donuts!”

With sudden understanding, Agnes gave a little cry, “St. Anthony of Padua, have mercy on us.”

“Let it go, little sister,” said Fr. Paul, trying unconvincingly to sound calm. “Your donuts will wait. Quickly prepare my alb and stole, while I get my kit.”

Slightly reassured, Agnes did his bidding, and Fr. Paul reached for his ritual book, while trying to mobilize all his faculties to make an act of contrition. At such a moment the film of his life was slipping past his memory with a dizzying speed, going all the way back to tender infancy. If only he had time to make his own confession! Then he asked, “Am I not allowed to advise my bishop?”

“Advise your bishop!” exclaimed the agent. “Now I’ve heard it all! This is rebellion! Now understand me well—and this means you too, madame! If ever anyone is notified of my visit here this evening, you’ll get it! As quick as you inform somebody, I’ll send you by return mail to be with your St. Anthony forever! Are you ready yet, Father?”

His throat too tight to speak, Fr. Paul nodded. Agnes gave him a little embrace and whispered in his ear, “Above all, wake me up when you come back.”

With a certain bitterness, Fr. Paul thought, “She still doesn’t seem to fully comprehend that I’m not coming back!” Without looking back again, he followed the agent who was already sinking himself into the car that was parked at the foot of the front steps.

As he opened the door; Fr. Paul realized that in his confusion he had forgotten to put on his boots again. “I am in my bedroom slippers,” he exclaimed, hoping for a short reprieve.

“That is of no importance,” snarled the agent, “hurry up and get in!” Before Fr. Paul could even shut the door, the car started up with a velvet-like purr and immediately gained great speed.

It was the first time the priest had ever ridden in such a luxurious sedan-and the last. He sighed, “Lord Jesus, have pity on me.”

“What did you say?” inquired the agent while still accelerating.

“I’m recommending my soul to God,” replied the priest in a mournful voice.

The agent burst out laughing and made such a swerve that the car almost left the road. “You have a rude need of it,” said he; “you want me to aid you in your examination of conscience?”

The priest felt a wave of indignation rising in himself. “No, thank you,” he said dryly, “your moral code differs from mine.”

“Well, well, well,” mocked the agent, “does one authorize you to call your neighbor a slippery snake, a spineless monster? All that is known in high

places. I have no sympathy for you priests.”

The car was rocketing along now at 80 m.p.h., and the driver did not bother to slow down for potholes or muddy shoulders. Sprays of water from the puddles shot up like fountains on either side of the careening car. By the time they



had been travelling for half an hour through the dark night, Fr. Paul had lost all sense of direction. It no longer mattered to him what direction they were going, since at the end of the road death was waiting.

Since he had gotten a sense of certainty about all this, the priest had become more calm. Taking out his rosary, he prayed fervently, “now and at the hour of our death...”

In this whirlwind fashion they had traversed the center of Warsaw and now were deep in the suburbs. Disoriented, the priest wondered, “As we going to some secret headquarters of the police?” He felt the cold go down his back. They were going to liquidate him without inquiry or questioning. In his mind rose the ghastly picture of an execution squad at the edge of a wood, with behind him an open pit.

Just as it seemed the terrifying and dreamlike ride would never end, the car slammed to a stop in front of a house. The fashionable dwelling was lit up like day with the light filtering through the venetian blinds, while the sound of an accordion playing a lively polka reached Fr. Paul's ears. He thought, “And to think that these devils have a good time while executing honest people...”

Without a word, his companion opened the car door and closely escorted Fr. Paul to the front door of the house. There, he drew a key from his pocket, and unlocked the front door.

“Enter,” he commanded, drawing aside with a kind of grudging courtesy and a gesture toward the now-open door. A quick inquisitive glance round the entry hall and Fr. Paul felt himself out of his element. The vestibule hardly resembled the waiting room of a police headquarters, nor the hall of the poor homes he was accustomed to visit. The coat rack was loaded with costly furs, and beneath it were carefully lined up petite rainboots of women and children! And in the neighboring room the music seemed in open competition with the cry of a new-born baby!

Suddenly an inner door was thrown open and a very young and pretty woman threw herself on the neck of the agent. "Oh, my darling Anthony, how sweet you are! You have done it for me!"

And then with a gracious smile to the priest, she extended her hand to him: "Everything is ready. Enter, dear Father."

As she stepped back, Fr. Paul beheld a tender scene. Women and children dressed in their Sunday best were grouped around a cradle in the middle of the room. And dominating the assembly were two adolescents playing the accordions while sitting on the edge of a table! After all his black fears, this picture was so unexpected that Fr. Paul felt dizzy and dazed. In an instant he realized for what he had been kidnapped in so cavalier a fashion. Now he finally understood why he had been told to bring "all his equipment."

With a smile, he turned to his driver, who was still standing behind him in the doorway. The agent fixed him with an icy look. "I do this for my wife; she wants this ritual, not I. If my superiors ever find out, we could all be killed." He pointed his finger at the priest. "Remember, Father, if you ever breathe to anyone—and that includes that housekeeper of yours—if you breathe to anyone a word of this delicate mission you've been on, in a turn of the hand you will find yourself transferred to the bosom of Abraham!" He nodded with an ominous scowl toward the little assembly of relatives and friends: "Remember, that goes for all of you!"

The young woman laid her hand on the agent's arm, "Do not worry so, my dear. None of the guests will say a word to a soul. If anyone asks, we were just having a celebration in honor of your recent promotion in the Party."

Having begun to recover from the shocks of the evening, Fr. Paul smiled to her, "Madam, I assure you that is the exact impression any passer-by would have tonight."

Nervously, the agent made an impatient gesture. "Let's get on with it—baptize my child!"

Despite the many shocks and surprises of the evening, Fr. Paul did not fail to notice a familiar aroma as he proceeded to the center of the room. Like an expert he inhaled the aromatic smell of the pile of donuts that were in the center of the table, and subconsciously pronounced to himself, "Those smell almost as good as at our house!" His stomach contracted and he remembered that he hadn't had anything to eat since noon. "I hope they won't have the impudence to send me home unfed," he thought as he put on his alb.

He noticed the lady of the house making a devout sign of the cross and shooting a look at her husband. "Anthony," she whispered, "this is the time when you must set an example." Awkwardly the officer made the Sign of the Cross and then all the guests did the same.

The matronly godmother, with great formality, lifted the little baby from its cradle. And one of the teen-aged musicians jumped down from the table and stationed himself at her side. In an emotion filled voice, the young wife announced to Fr. Paul, "The godfather and the godmother."

“And the name of the child?” asked the priest, who still had the feeling he was dreaming. “Anthony, like his father,” said the mother as she handed over the salt cellar. “Have you perhaps forgotten to bring the salt?”

In contrast to the noise of a few moments before, there came a great silence. Even the baby, the center of attention cradled gently in his godmother's arms, had become quiet, and fixed on the lamp his eyes bright with tears.

Fr. Paul began, “Anthony, what do you ask?”

Gravely, several voices answered, “Faith.”

As Fr. Paul continued with the ritual of the baptism, he could not help but notice that among the voices answering the responses he could discern the sonorous tone of the agent's voice. His face had softened as he contemplated his baby son and made the responses like the altar boy he must once have been.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and Agnes was still awake when she heard the car stop in front of the door. She was expecting it, having confided her brother to the care of St. Anthony. She thought of the donuts which still filled the house with their delicious aroma. Fr. Paul would no doubt be ravenously hungry and would do honors to her masterpiece of culinary art—which, despite her emotions, she had succeeded in producing.

Fr. Paul was very slow about coming in the door, and so she peeked out the window. What she saw defied all imagination. Fr. Paul and the agent were bidding each other goodbye with a most cordial embrace! Agnes had just time enough to lower the curtain when her brother entered humming a polka tune. He had the appearance of being neither worn out nor famished. Agnes was astonished.

“Father,” she said in an understanding tone, “with the new regulations on the Eucharistic fast, you have the right to eat something even though it is past midnight and the donuts turned out just right, tender, to your liking. Come, sit down at the table in the kitchen.”

Fr. Paul was just ready to say something, and then remembered the agent's strict injunction of secrecy. He caught his tongue, “No, thank you, I'm not hungry.”

“Oh, St. Anthony, is he all right? Father, have you caught a cold?”

“No, no, Agnes. It is the fault of your St. Anthony.”

Agnes looked at him with amazement. “You mean to say that St. Anthony is keeping you from eating my donuts? Tell me what you mean, Father,” she implored, for she couldn't stand to be on the outside of a worthy secret.

“I mean, my dear little one,” said Fr. Paul kindly, but firmly, “that you are forgetting that I have professional secrets. I can have my secrets too with your St. Anthony, and you mustn't ask questions. As far as the donuts, I will eat them tomorrow—or rather, later today. Good night,” he said, and turned out the light.

THE END.

Aesop's Fables

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The Ass Carrying the Image

A sacred Image was being carried to the temple. It was mounted on an Ass adorned with garlands and gorgeous trappings, and a grand procession of priests and pages followed it through the streets. As the Ass walked along, the people bowed their heads reverently or fell on their knees, and the Ass thought the honor was being paid to himself.

With his head full of this foolish idea, he became so puffed up with pride and vanity that he halted and started to bray loudly. But in the midst of his song, his driver guessed what the Ass had got into his head, and began to beat him unmercifully with a stick.

"Go along with you, you stupid Ass," he cried. "The honor is not meant for you but for the image you are carrying."

Do not try to take the credit to yourself that is due to others.

The Two Goats

Two Goats, frisking gayly on the rocky steps of a mountain valley, chanced to meet, one on each side of a deep chasm through which poured a mighty mountain torrent. The trunk of a fallen tree formed the only means of crossing the chasm, and on this not even two squirrels could have passed each other in safety. The narrow path would have made the bravest tremble.

Not so our Goats. Their pride would not permit either to stand aside for the other.

One set her foot on the log. The other did likewise. In the middle they met horn to horn. Neither would give way, and so they both fell, to be swept away by the roaring torrent below.

It is better to yield than to come to misfortune through stubbornness.



LITURGY THIS MONTH

*The month of June is dedicated to
the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus*



*Here are some virtues needed to successfully
practise this devotion:*

- *A true love of Jesus Christ and of His Sacred Heart;*
- *Special respect for, and veneration of, the Blessed Sacrament;*
- *A desire to make reparation for the neglect and ingratitude of mankind.*

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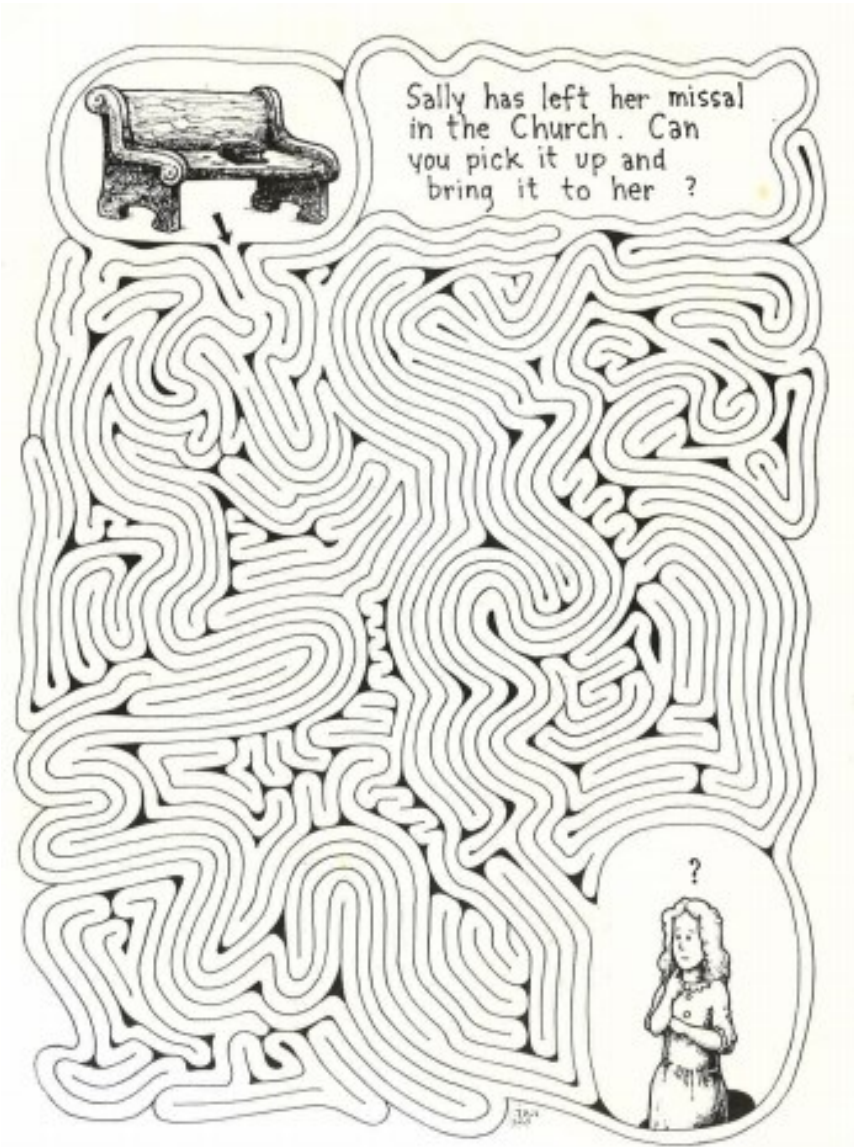
*Do you know your upcoming Feasts? See if you can answer  
these quizzing questions!*

- A) June 4<sup>th</sup>:** What feast day commemorates the greatest mystery of Our Faith?
- B) June 5<sup>th</sup>:** This saint was a Benedictine monk from England who was known as the Apostle to Germany, and is most famous for being the originator of the Christmas Tree!
- C) June 8<sup>th</sup>:** This is the greatest feast day of the Eucharistic Crusade; its Mass was written by St. Thomas Aquinas.
- D) June 11<sup>th</sup>:** This companion of St. Paul merited the status of “Apostle” for his great missionary works, even though he was not one of the Twelve. What is his name?
- E) June 13<sup>th</sup>:** This saint is invoked to help find lost items. He longed to preach to the Saracens and be martyred, but instead preached in Italy and became a miracle worker.
- F) June 16<sup>th</sup>:** Our Lord appeared to St. Margaret Mary during the Octave of Corpus Christi to give her the mission to make known devotion to Him under this aspect...what is it?
- G) June 19<sup>th</sup>:** This saint was the niece of one of the Seven Founders of the Servite Order, and she is said to have miraculously received Viaticum before her death.
- H) June 21<sup>st</sup>:** This young Jesuit is a patron of Catholic youth, having died of the plague at age 23 after a life full of virtue. His spiritual director was St. Robert Bellarmine.
- I) June 24<sup>th</sup>:** Today we celebrate the only birthday of a saint other than Our Lord or Our Lady, for he had been cleansed of original sin in his mother’s womb. Who was this great prophet?
- J) June 29<sup>th</sup>:** These two great Apostles and martyrs died, one head downwards on a cross, and the other by the sword. Their feast is traditionally one of the greatest feasts in the Church.

A) Trinity Sunday B) St. Boniface C) The Feast of Corpus Christi D) St. Barnabas  
E) St. Anthony of Padua F) The Most Sacred Heart of Jesus G) St. Juliana Falconieri  
H) St. Aloysius Gonzaga I) St. John the Baptist J) Sts. Peter & Paul

# Crusader Games

Taken from "Crusade" June/July 1984



# Colouring Page





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

## June 2023 Intention: For many priestly and religious vocations

### Daily offering

*To be recited every morning when you wake up*

**O** 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 many priestly and religious vocations**



COMMUNION



SACRIFICE



APOSTOLATE

### FEBRUARY 2023 RESULTS

The Intention was for seminarians all over the world

|              | 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     | 15                       | 366              | 222         | 178         | 260         | 606         | 2152                  | 183                         | 52                    | 447          | 24%        |
| Jolimont     | 0                        | 0                | 0           | 0           | 0           | 0           | 0                     | 0                           | 0                     | 0            | 0%         |
| Seminary     | 4                        | 110              | 12          | 14          | 66          | 121         | 555                   | 8                           | 8                     | 53           | 36%        |
| Rockdale     | 21                       | 461              | 136         | 125         | 121         | 637         | 1354                  | 227                         | 60                    | 224          | 57%        |
| Tynong       | 29                       | 755              | 306         | 196         | 162         | 1196        | 3603                  | 179                         | 172                   | 617          | 41%        |
| Whanganui    | 45                       | 1254             | 626         | 599         | 444         | 2550        | 5913                  | 703                         | 650                   | 1685         | 78%        |
| Albury       | 8                        | 168              | 53          | 41          | 84          | 318         | 869                   | 47                          | 37                    | 282          | 57%        |
| <b>TOTAL</b> | <b>122</b>               | <b>3114</b>      | <b>1355</b> | <b>1153</b> | <b>1137</b> | <b>5428</b> | <b>14,446</b>         | <b>1347</b>                 | <b>979</b>            | <b>3308</b>  | <b>45%</b> |

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