



The Crusader

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



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May 2024
Month of the
Blessed Virgin Mary

For the Conversion of
Sinners & Unbelievers
through the Blessed
Virgin Mary

FROM THE CHAPLAIN

Dear Crusaders and Friends,

We all have a mother in heaven who loves us more than we can possibly imagine. She is a mother so loving and so perfect, that God chose her to be the mother of His Only Begotten Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ. This mother, Our Lord's mother and ours, is the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Mary loved God so perfectly in every moment of her life that she always did the most perfect and pleasing thing for God – no matter how much it cost her. When the Archangel Gabriel appeared to her at the Annunciation to ask her to be the mother of Jesus, Mary knew that it would cost her much suffering. She knew that the Messiah was promised to the world to save it from sin – and sin could only be made up for by the cruel death of Jesus. Still, she said 'yes' to God in the most beautiful way: Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word. At that moment, she fully gave herself to God to accomplish what He willed, in every detail and with every cross it would entail. Mary never took back the offering she made to God. What is more, she never forgot it – no, not even for a moment. Just over thirty years later, she made that offering again at the side of the cross of her beloved Son. She offered His Death to the Eternal Father for our sins.

We could never understand how

much that offering made Our Lady suffer on Mt Calvary. She suffered so much that she even suffered the pain of death in her heart together with Jesus dying on the cross. That is why we call her the Queen of martyrs – she did not die a martyr for Jesus in her body, but she did in her soul.

Our Blessed Mother calls you, dear Crusaders, to join her this month of May at the cross of Our Lord. She calls you to spend that time with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, in your meditations each day, in your sacrifices made for love of Him. So many followed Jesus to Jerusalem in the glory of Palm Sunday, but so few follow Jesus all the way to Calvary and to the Cross. Our Lady was the first, but we are called to follow her to the cross of Jesus Christ.

Dear Crusaders, resolve to be followers of Mary our mother! Live your promises as a Crusader – a true soldier of Jesus Christ! A soldier does not complain but counts it his greatest happiness to suffer the same hardship as his general and to fight bravely for him. So let us be good soldiers of Christ.

Remember to be faithful to your Treasure Charts. This month we are praying especially for the conversion of sinners and unbelievers through the Blessed Virgin; next month we will pray to make reparation for sacrilegious communions.

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

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Dear Crusaders,

It is May, the beautiful month of Our Lady! In every country, in every Catholic home, the devoted children of Mary ought to be striving to outdo one another in honouring the best of mothers!

During May, Lucy of Fatima used to love organizing little processions in honour of Our Lady with her friends. The girls wove crowns of ivy and flowers for her and sang her hymns with all their hearts! When Our Lady appeared to the three children of Fatima on 19 August, 1917, she told Lucy how much these processions delighted her! When Lucy asked Our Lady what she ought to do with the money that people left at the Cova da Iria, the place where Our Lady appeared, the Blessed Virgin asked that two biers should be made to carry her statue in procession.

All the saints loved to please the Blessed Virgin. Not content with saying a few “Hail Marys”, they especially loved to honour her statues. For example, when the Curé of Ars was about your age, he always carried a little statue of Our Lady that his mother had given him. Before starting his work every day, he would first make a little altar for her at the foot of a tree. He adorned this altar with pieces of moss, small branches and some wild flowers, and then he would kneel down to offer her his work.



There is certainly a statue of Our Lady in your house. When you are out walking with your family, perhaps you could gather a bouquet of flowers for her! Ah yes, how pleased Our Lady will be with this filial devotion! May she be very proud of her little Crusaders!

*The Sisters*

# A Little Heart to Heart Talk

*By Fr. Mark Stafki*

#23: I Believe  
(17-2-2023)

Dear Children,

At the Gospel of each Mass we hear Jesus preaching. He is speaking to us. He is teaching each of us, revealing hidden and marvelous things, things so wonderful that we will never fully understand them. Our poor little heads are just too small to fully understand the mysteries of God. Do not worry; it is not just you children who cannot fully understand. Not even the sisters or the priests understand these mysteries all the way.

If you do not understand what the teacher is saying in class, what do you do? You ask her to explain it again, and again and again, if necessary. If it is really difficult, like learning to change improper fractions into a mixed number, you might start to panic. “Oh no! If I don’t figure out what the teacher means, I am going to get all these math problems wrong and fail the test.”

What about the mysteries of God, the ones that Jesus teaches us in the Gospel? Should we panic if we cannot understand them all the way? No. We should learn all that we can from the sisters and the priests. We should ask Jesus, the Teacher of all teachers, to explain them again and again in our heart; and He will teach us a lot. We should learn our catechism answers by heart. Of course, we need to be careful to learn our catechism and our prayers correctly, not like the little boy I knew in Seattle, who said the Apostle’s Creed like this:

“I believe in God the Father almighty, Creator of heaven and earth and in Jesus Christ His only son, our Lord, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under prison pirates.”

The boy's mother stopped him at this point: "Pontius Pilate! What's a prison pirate?"

"I do not know," answered Michael. "What's a ponchous pilot?"

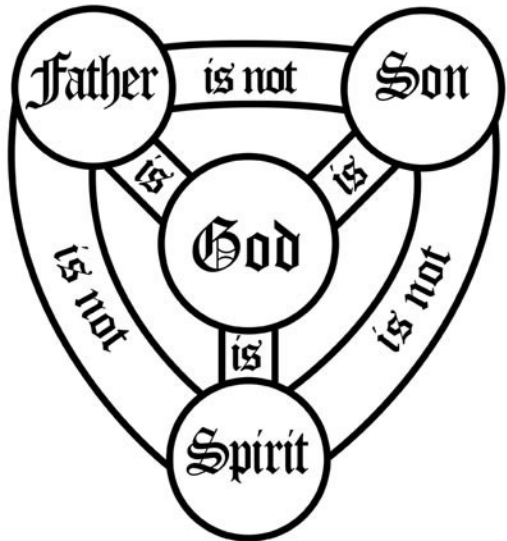
You see, we need to be sure to learn our catechism and our prayers correctly. Still, we will not fully understand. "But how then am I going to pass the catechism portion of the final test at the end of the world?" Oh, that is easy. We need to learn two key words for that. Are you ready? "I believe." Or if you want to learn it in Latin, it is only one word: "Credo." Can you remember that?

"I believe? I believe what?" No. I believe *who*? Yes. I believe not just in lists of facts that are too hard for me to understand (what we call dogmas). I believe in God. *One God. Three Persons in One God.* I believe all that these Three Divine Persons have to say! *All* that they have to say, even the parts that I do not fully understand. How good God is! Imagine if all we had to do to pass our math test was to learn as best we could and then write on the test: "Dear Miss Valentine, or Mrs. Tulissio, you are smarter than I am, and *I believe you...* Amen."

At every Mass we hear Jesus teach us in the Gospel. Our answer should always be, at least in our hearts: "Credo. I believe you, my dear God." On big feasts the whole Church sings those words:

Credo in unum Deum. Join the chorus with all your minds and hearts! During the Creed, Jesus wants us to give Him not only a genuflection of our knee, but a genuflection of our very soul: of our intellect and our heart. He wants us to bend our brain in worship before Him. Let us believe.

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" #78,  
July 1996*

*Father, what should I do if I find my mind wandering during meditation... not to just anything, but to some other good subject?*

Dear Crusader, this is a difficult question. If this happens once in a while, then I think you could allow it. It could very well come from God. If, however, this happens regularly, just about all the time, I think you must be careful. If after a little while you become sluggish, kneeling down and just letting your mind drift, then it seems to me clear that it does not come from God. You must then put a stop to it and return to your prepared meditations. If not, you will soon lose all discipline in meditation and start thinking of anything and everything.



### **Second Meditation**

*What does God want of me?*

Image: I stand before Jesus in judgement; He asks the heavenly court: "What did he do with his life: My Will, or his own?"

Grace to ask for: That I may always do the Holy Will of God.

(1) Jesus in His life upon earth, always did the will of His Father. From birth: to be born of Mary; in childhood: to be subject to Mary and Joseph; in his public life: seeking only the glory of His Father; in death: "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me, yet not as I will, but thy Holy Will be done." (2) What does God definitely not want me to do? To sin. Have I done so? (3) What does He definitely want of me? I must strive to love Him more and more. Did I love Jesus more yesterday than today? Let it not be so. I can do many acts to increase my love for God: acts of charity, patience, temperance, etc. (4) What does God especially want of me? If I truly love God, I will be ever attentive to His call. I need not fear, He will show me, but, in the mean time, I must strive to love Him very much.





### **Third Meditation**

#### *God Is Everywhere*

Image: As the rays of the sun penetrates everywhere, So God also is everywhere. Grace to ask for: That I may always remain in the presence of God. (1) If God is not everywhere, then He cannot be infinite. He is infinite, therefore, He must be everywhere. (2) Can I ever hide from Him? Even when I think that I am all alone, God is there. (3) The devil tries to let me forget this, then strives to have me alone before he begins to tempt me. God is present, He sees everything (4) Why then should I be afraid? All I have to do is call upon God, He is ever there ready to help me.

Resolution: I will seek to always walk in the presence of God.

### **Fourth Meditation**

#### *God Knows Everything*

Image: I will think on a very, very wise man, like Solomon.

Grace to ask for: Custody over my thoughts.

(1) God knows all things, even those things that we have never ever seen or even heard of. (2) Does God know what I think? Yes, there is not one thought that I can hide from God. He sees my good thoughts... and alas, he knows my bad thoughts too! I can offend God therefore by thought alone.

(3) I can share my innermost thoughts with God alone. Nobody will know what I say to God. Let me then tell Him everything; my problems, my yearnings, my fears. I will also tell Him how much I love Him.

Resolution: I will keep a close watch over the train of my thoughts, always keeping them good.

# Story Hour

## *Prisoner of Love*

*By Benjamin Tardiff, Illustrated by Mary Ann Tardiff  
Taken from "Crusade" Vol. VI, #2, April/May 1988*



"Julie, wake up, wake up," her mother said, shaking her gently. "It's time for school."

Julie sat up and rubbed her eyes. "Why am I getting all dressed up today, Mom? It's not Sunday." She had seen that her mom had put out her blue Sunday dress.

"I know, dear, it's only Wednesday, but I want you to look your best for your Sunday School teacher. Remember that school will be letting out early today and every Wednesday for the rest of the year so that you children can go to an hour of religion class at church. Now, hurry along and don't forget your prayers," added Julie's mom as she left to go fix breakfast.

Julie slipped out of bed and knelt for a few seconds with her face in her hands. "Lord, bless my soul each day I pray, and let no evil come my way. Bless Mom and Dad, Gram and Gramps. . . Sunday school on Wednesday! Lord, what do you think of that?"

Julie Peterson was six years old and in the first grade. She went to the public school four blocks from home, and the Episcopal church nearby, for the Petersons were not Catholic. That morning after breakfast, Mrs. Peterson sat down and wrote out a note for Julie to give to her Sunday School teacher. The note said, "I'm sending my little girl, Julie, to you to learn about God." And it was signed, "Mrs. Peterson."

"Now, Julie, school will let out at two o'clock today. You walk toward home just like you do every day, only come toward home just one block. Then, look up the street to your left and you'll see our church where we go on Sunday just two blocks down. Can you remember that?"

Julie nodded, "Yes, Mom, one block home and two blocks over."

"Here's the note, darling, don't lose it." Mrs. Peterson waved good-

bye from the front porch as Julie started off for school.

Two o'clock rolled around pretty quickly that day. It was rather fun to get out of regular school a little early. The children were all excited. Julie hurried out of class.

"Are you going to religion class, Mark?" Julie asked. "Yep," Mark said as he scurried off. Julie stopped to get her directions.

"Now let's see," she thought. "I've got my note..." she said to herself as she slipped it out from the top of her sock. She had put it there because her dress had no pockets.

"Now, two blocks down and one block over." Julie thought about this a moment. "No," she said to herself slowly. "Two blocks down and two blocks over."

She went out to the sidewalk in front of the school and looked up and down the street. She was not even sure which way to go. Worried and confused, she sat down on a bench and started to cry.

"How could I have forgotten?" she whispered to herself. "What will my mother say?" Julie knew that the Wednesday Sunday School was going to start almost right away.

"What's the matter, Julie?" It was Tony, a boy in her class.

"I forgot how to get to the religion class," Julie said.

"We're going there right now," said Tony.

"Yeah, we know the way," Mary joined in. "Just follow us."

Julie was quite relieved. She followed her friends three blocks over to a large limestone church with two bell towers and a cross over each one. Julie had never seen a church so big. It was different from the church she remembered going to on Sundays. When she saw the teacher, Julie thought she looked different too. She was wearing dark blue from the top of her head to the tip of her toes and she wore a white cord around her waist with a string of black beads looped around it. She wore a large smile too and carried a clipboard.

"I'm Sister Mary Anthony," she said. "I'll be your teacher every Wednesday till the end of the school year."

Julie had never seen a sister before. She didn't know that Sister Mary Anthony was a 'Blue' Franciscan. She was stationed at a large parish elsewhere in the city where the sisters had a Catholic school.

She gathered the children around her and started calling off their names from her list. When she was finished, she asked, "Is there anyone whose name I didn't call?"

Julie raised her hand. "I have a note for you from my Mom."

Julie handed Sister her note. Sister read the note and added Julie's name to the bottom of her list. "Welcome to our class, Julie."

Julie had a little trouble finding her way home after religion class was over that first Wednesday afternoon. She just walked the three blocks back to school and then home from there.

"How was religion class, Julie?" her mom asked as she walked in the kitchen door.

"Fine."

"What did you learn today, darling?"

"Teacher read us the story of Adam and Eve from a big book. The teacher was sure dressed funny, Mom. She wore all blue, even on top of her head."

"We shouldn't make fun of the way people dress, dear," her mother answered.

"Oh, she did look nice though, Mom. She smiled at me a lot too."

Next Wednesday after calling roll, Sister gathered the children around her. "We're having class in the church today, children."

The children filed into church quietly. Julie watched as each child dipped her hand in a little basin of water by the door. They seemed to be washing their faces with it.

"Boy, wait till tell my Mom about this," Julie thought.

The children quietly moved into the pews, but Julie had trouble finding her way into a pew. She was too astounded at what she saw.

"This is so different from the other church I go to on Sunday," she thought.

She stumbled into a pew and sat looking at the beautiful pictures painted on all the church walls. Colourful statues were everywhere. Marble columns rose to the ceiling and the light from the stained glass windows poured over the freshly-waxed floor. Beautiful chandeliers hung from the high arched ceiling. Julie was not paying attention while Sister was teaching the children the right way to make the Sign of the Cross. She had turned completely around in her pew. She was looking up at the choir loft.

"Julie. . .Julie. . .Julie Peterson."

Julie whirled around with a startled look on her face.

"Julie, you must pay attention. You're not going to learn anything if you don't pay attention," Sister scolded gently.

Julie put her hands in her lap and looked shyly at the teacher. She was paying attention when Sister asked the children this question: "Who can tell me Who is living inside the golden tabernacle up there on the altar?"

Nearly all the children raised their hands. Sister called on a little boy named Mark.

"Jesus in in there," he answered.

"That's right," Sister said, "Jesus is in there, living in the little golden box of the tabernacle behind that curtain."

Julie looked intently at the little gold tabernacle way up there on the altar.

"He is trapped inside by love for us," Sister said. Julie thought about this. She could see that the little golden door behind the thin lace curtain was closed tight. Sister had more to say about Our Lord hidden inside the tabernacle of His love, but Julie was no longer listening. She just stared at the tabernacle and thought to herself, "Jesus is trapped inside."

After class, Sister led the children in the usual prayers and dismissed them. Some of the children lingered awhile, kneeling at the communion rail or before the little altar of Mary Immaculate. Julie waited till everyone had gone. She looked around the empty church and sighed, "Jesus is trapped inside." She walked up the centre aisle and stopped in front of the thick red velvet rope that joined the two parts of the communion rail. Never thinking to lift the rope from its hook, Julie crawled under it. Unaware that she was not supposed to have entered the sanctuary, she brushed herself off and returned her worried look toward the tabernacle. She walked up the three small steps and across the carpet till she stood right in front of the altar. She stood on her tiptoes, but the tabernacle was out of reach. She looked around, "Just a minute, Jesus," she said.

She dragged one of the altar boy's chairs over from the other side of the sanctuary, put it in front of the altar, and climbed right up. Unaware that it was not permitted for her to touch the snowy white altar cloth or the tabernacle door, she tried to open the little golden door. She put her fingers around its edges and pulled. But the little door would not open. She rattled the little door, but she just couldn't get a good grip on it. It was locked up tight. Finally, a little tired from the effort, she gave up.



"I'm sorry, God," she sighed, "but I can't get You out."

"Do not be worried, Julie," she heard a voice, "I am a Prisoner of Love. This is where I wish to be. Here, I long for all to come and visit me."

"Do you ever come out?" whispered Julie.

"Yes, every day at Mass the little door of My home is opened. I come out and go into the hearts of those I love."

"Will You come into my heart?" asked Julie.

"Yes, Julie, I wish you to open your heart to Me."

"How can I do it?" Julie asked.

"The priest will come and place Me gently on your tongue. I will rest briefly there, and then I will go into your heart in Holy Communion. You must be very good, Julie, and be sure to keep Me company there. Sister will tell you how to do all these things."

"When will I learn these things?" Julie asked. Jesus did not answer.

"Will I learn this very soon?"

But still there was no answer. Julie slowly got down from the chair and pushed it back to its place. She walked back to the tabernacle and stood in front of the little door that was now out of reach. "Goodbye, God," she said with a shy wave of her hand.

Jesus did not answer, but Julie felt a real happiness as though He were smiling at her from inside His tabernacle home. She turned and went out of the church.

Julie ran much of the way home that afternoon. She arrived all out of breath. "Mom," she exclaimed excitedly, "Mom, God talked to me today from inside His tabernacle house!"

"Julie, what on earth are you talking about?" Mrs. Peterson tried to calm her daughter.

"Sister had class inside the church today, Mom. It's beautiful in

there. It's not like the church we go to on Sunday."

"Sister?" Mrs. Peterson raised her eyebrows. "Julie, calm down. You're all out of breath. Go change into your play clothes and then come and tell me all about it. I'll fix you an after-school snack." Julie did as she was told, then blurted out her story without touching her cookies. It all made sense to Mrs. Peterson now.

"Julie, you've been going to the wrong religion class. Those people are Catholics," Mrs. Peterson sighed. Julie looked puzzled.

That evening after dinner Julie repeated the story for her Dad, but a little less excitedly.

"I don't know how she ended up at the wrong church," said Julie's mom with a worried look on her face.

"Maybe it's not the wrong one," Mr. Peterson mused.

Late that night the Petersons were still discussing the situation. They both agreed that their little Julie could not invent such a story. She had always been honest with them, and was not inclined toward making up fanciful stories. The next day they called the rectory of the Catholic church and spoke with the priest. He called in Sister Mary Anthony.

"She's not Catholic! You must be joking, Father!" Sister Mary Anthony exclaimed and started to chuckle. "She made the Sign of the Cross as sloppily as the rest of the kids. She must be a Catholic!"

"No, Sister, she's not. She's an Episcopalian. Apparently their church has a Wednesday afternoon religion class too. Somehow Julie got confused and wound up in your class. I just wanted you to know that she's not a Catholic so that you can give her extra help and attention if she needs it. She is quite anxious to make her First Communion and we need to see that she is ready next year with the rest of the children."

Sister looked puzzled and a little shocked, "But Father, if she's not a Catholic, how can she make her First Communion...?"

Father smiled, "Don't worry, Sister, she will be a Catholic by that time. You see, Julie's dad has been wondering if he should look into the idea that the Catholic Church is the true Church. This morning Julie's parents asked to take instructions so that they can become Catholics too."



*Author's note: This story is based on a true story that happened over fifty years ago.*

# Crusader Games

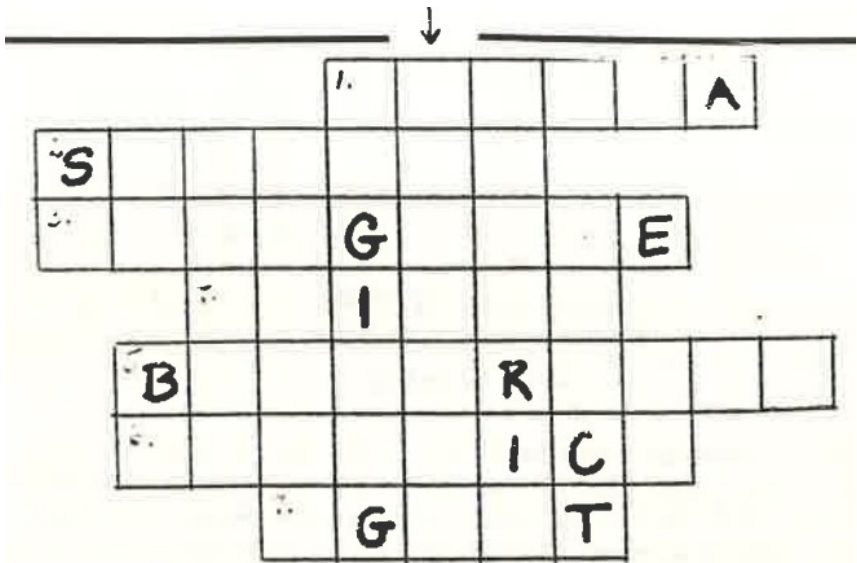
Taken from "Crusade" April/May 1986, Vol. IV #2



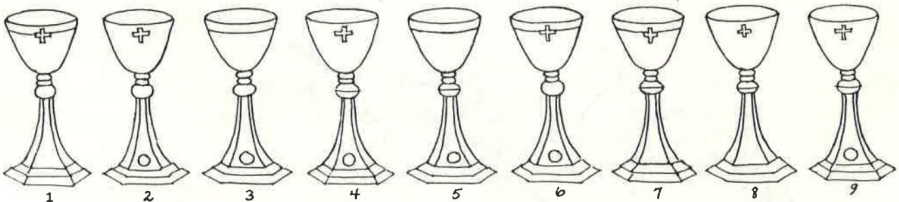
## SAINTS FOR APRIL AND MAY—LITTLE PUZZLE

Fill in the missing names of the saints for April and May; when you are finished, the vertical row of letters under the arrow will spell the name of someone we honour very much.

1. St. \_\_\_\_\_, mother of St. Augustine and model of perseverance.
2. Jesus is our Blessed \_\_\_\_\_ (British spelling).
3. St. \_\_\_\_\_, Patron of the cancer-stricken.
4. St. \_\_\_\_\_ Neri, saint of the joyous heart.
5. St. \_\_\_\_\_ of Siena, messenger of peace and of the Holy Name.
6. St. \_\_\_\_\_ the Black, the Holy Moor.
7. St. Mary of \_\_\_\_\_, repentant sinner.



**MATCH THE CHALICES!** Can you find the two chalices that are exactly alike?

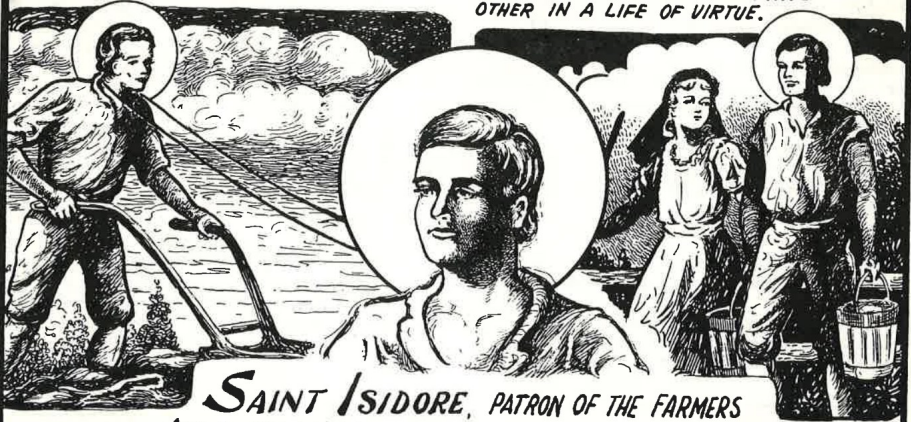




# SAINT SPOTLIGHT: ST. ISIDORE

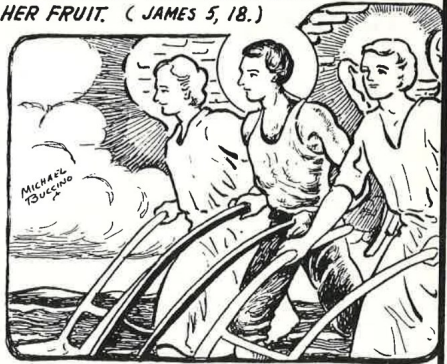
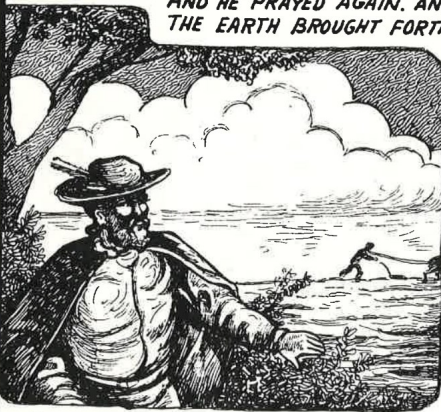
SAINT ISIDORE WAS BORN ABOUT THE YEAR 1110, NEAR MADRID, SPAIN, OF POOR PARENTS, SINCE THEY WERE OF THE LABORING CLASS IT SEEMS THAT THEY LEFT HIM NOTHING AS A MATERIAL HERITAGE BUT THEIR PLOW. ABOVE ALL THEY INSPIRED HIM WITH A GREAT DEVOTION TOWARD THE HOLY EUCHARIST. THEY LIKEWISE TAUGHT HIM THE PROPER METHODS OF CULTIVATING THE FIELDS.

ST. ISIDORE PASSED HIS YOUTHFUL YEARS IN THE PERFORMANCE OF WORKS OF CHARITY AND OF PIETY AND PERMITTED NOTHING TO TARNISH HIS INNOCENCE. HE ENTERED UPON MARRIED LIFE WITH THE MOST PERFECT SENTIMENTS OF SUBMISSION TO THE GOOD PLEASURE OF GOD. MARY, HIS WIFE, PROVED HERSELF TO BE WORTHY OF HIS FAITHFUL COMPANIONSHIP AND EACH strove TO IMITATE THE OTHER IN A LIFE OF VIRTUE.



## SAINT ISIDORE, PATRON OF THE FARMERS

AND HE PRAYED AGAIN. AND THE HEAVENS GAVE RAIN: AND THE EARTH BROUGHT FORTH HER FRUIT. ( JAMES 5, 18.)



HIS FELLOW WORKERS ONCE ACCUSED HIM OF EXCESSIVE DEVOTIONS, RUNNING FROM CHURCH TO CHURCH, WHILE THEY THEMSELVES WERE ALWAYS SEEN AT DAWN FOLLOWING THE PLOW. TO DETERMINE THE TRUTH OF THESE CHARGES HIS MASTER HID HIMSELF A SHORT DISTANCE FROM WHERE ST. ISIDORE WOULD BEGIN HIS WORK.

HE WAS ABOUT TO RISE A HUNDRED TIMES AND GO FORTH TO HEAR REPROACHES UPON THE POOR LABORER, WHEN SUDDENLY HE NOTICED THAT THE FIELD WAS ALMOST PLOWED. HE LOOKED WITH FIXED ATTENTION IN THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE LABORER PLOWED AND NOTICED THAT TWO BRILLIANT ANGELS WERE WORKING AT THE SIDE OF THE SAINT. ST. ISIDORE PASSED TO THE GLORY OF HEAVEN ON MAY 15, 1170.

## Aesop's Fables

~ ~ ~

### The Travelers and the Purse

Two men were traveling in company along the road when one of them picked up a well-filled purse.

"How lucky I am!" he said. "I have found a purse. Judging by its weight it must be full of gold."

"Do not say 'I have found a purse,'" said his companion. "Say rather 'we have found a purse' and 'how lucky we are.' Travelers ought to share alike the fortunes or misfortunes of the road."

"No, no," replied the other angrily. "I found it and I am going to keep it."

Just then they heard a shout of "Stop, thief!" and looking around, saw a mob of people armed with clubs coming down the road.

The man who had found the purse fell into a panic.

"We are lost if they find the purse on us," he cried.

"No, no," replied the other, "You would not say 'we' before, so now stick to your 'I'. Say 'I am lost.'"

*We cannot expect anyone to share our misfortunes unless we are willing to share our good fortune also.*

### The Wolf and His Shadow

A Wolf left his lair one evening in fine spirits and an excellent appetite. As he ran, the setting sun cast his shadow far out on the ground, and it looked as if the wolf were a hundred times bigger than he really was.

"Why," exclaimed the Wolf proudly, "see how big I am! Fancy me running away from a puny Lion! I'll show him who is fit to be king, he or I."

Just then an immense shadow blotted him out entirely, and the next instant a Lion struck him down with a single blow.

*Do not let your fancy make you forget realities.*



# Colouring Page

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT





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



PRAYER

## May 2024 Intention: For the conversion of sinners & unbelievers through the Blessed Virgin Mary

### 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 the conversion of sinners & unbelievers through  
the Blessed Virgin Mary**



COMMUNION



SACRIFICE



APOSTOLATE

## JANUARY 2024 RESULTS

The Intention was for the future of the Society St. Pius X

|              | 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     | 1                        | 31               | 13         | 12          | 32         | 130         | 155                   | 10                          | 31                    | 11           | 1%         |
| Jolimont     | 1                        | 31               | 3          | 3           | 8          | 4           | 50                    | 3                           | 0                     | 9            | 7%         |
| Seminary     | 0                        | 0                | 0          | 0           | 0          | 0           | 0                     | 0                           | 0                     | 0            | 0%         |
| Rockdale     | 7                        | 213              | 19         | 19          | 15         | 223         | 353                   | 21                          | 14                    | 57           | 18%        |
| Tynong       | 12                       | 270              | 78         | 69          | 1          | 245         | 1576                  | 13                          | 1                     | 130          | 20%        |
| Whanganui    | 28                       | 814              | 328        | 327         | 154        | 1058        | 3924                  | 365                         | 685                   | 1118         | 44%        |
| Albury       | 4                        | 95               | 21         | 21          | 94         | 163         | 635                   | 18                          | 18                    | 94           | 21%        |
| <b>TOTAL</b> | <b>53</b>                | <b>1454</b>      | <b>462</b> | <b>451</b>  | <b>304</b> | <b>1823</b> | <b>6693</b>           | <b>430</b>                  | <b>749</b>            | <b>1521</b>  | <b>19%</b> |

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