



# The Crusader

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



## *Read inside:*

- The Sisters' Corner p. 5
- A Little Heart to Heart Talk p. 6
- On Silence & Meditation p. 8
- Story Hour: *St. Frances of Rome* p. 10
- Crusader Games p. 16
- Colouring Page p. 17
- Aesop's Fables p. 18
- Saint Spotlight p. 19

**November 2023**

**Month of the  
Holy Souls**

*For the deceased  
of our families*

## FROM THE CHAPLAIN

Dear Crusaders and Friends,  
When we pray the Apostles' Creed, we profess our belief in the 'Communion of Saints'. Have you ever wondered what it means? Perhaps you have studied this article of the Creed in your catechism? If you have, then you would know that it *does not* mean that the saints in heaven receive Holy Communion! When we say 'saints' we actually mean 'holy ones' – those people who are in the state of grace. The communion of saints actually means the union between all the members of the Church who are in the state of grace with Christ as their head. These members are the saints in heaven, the faithful on earth and the poor souls in purgatory – who are all united in the love of God.

The union of love between the members of the Church in heaven, on earth and in purgatory enables them to share spiritual goods with each other. In particular the saints in heaven help those on earth and in purgatory by their prayers, and the faithful on earth help one another and those in purgatory by their acts of charity, prayer and penance. If you have ever asked someone to pray for you, then you have asked them to share spiritual goods with you by the communion of saints. You can see that the communion of saints is very important for us! For we all need much help to be able to love God as we ought.

The poor souls in purgatory, however, have the greatest need of all the members of the Church. They suffer terrible torments in expiation of the temporal punishment due to

their venial sins and forgiven mortal sins that they did not pay for in this life, but they can do nothing to help themselves (that is why we call them the 'poor souls'). They also suffer terribly because they love God very much and want to be with Him in heaven, but they cannot until they have paid their debt. However, by our prayers, but especially by our penances that we offer up for them, we can help them to expiate their punishment and go to heaven sooner. Above all, we can gain indulgences for them to obtain the remission of all or part of the debt of punishment that they still owe to God. And we can be sure that they will be very grateful for the charity that we show them – and they will not forget us in heaven. It is very beautiful to think that we can help deliver them from their sufferings so that they can enter eternal happiness and so make friends forever in heaven.

This month of November is the time that we especially remember the poor souls. We remember them on their special day, All Souls Day, but we should make a special effort every day of this month to make sacrifices and prayers for the poor souls – even to offer up your communions for them. Anything you do to help one soul from purgatory they will repay by constant prayers for you before God once they get to heaven. Remember that our special intention in November is *for the deceased of our families*; next month it will be *for all our benefactors*. Also, remember to be generous in completing and returning your treasure charts.

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*



Very dear Crusaders,

Do you know what is the most powerful means of helping the poor souls in Purgatory? Well, listen to this story...

At Cologne, in Germany, Bl. Henry Suzo, who had entered the Dominican Order, had a very good friend. The two made an agreement – when one of them heard of the death of the other, he would offer a certain number of Masses for his soul. When they had finished their studies, Fr. Suzo remained at Cologne while his friend was sent to another place, where he soon died. Fr. Suzo remembered his promise, but as he already had to offer Masses for many other intentions, he tried to make up for not offering Mass for his friend by saying many other prayers, fasting and making other sacrifices.

After a time, his friend appeared to him in a most pitiable state. Sobbing, he said to Fr. Suzo, “Is this how you keep your word, O faithless friend?”

Trembling, Fr. Suzo answered, “My dear friend, I had no choice. I was not able to offer Mass for you, but I said many other prayers for you, and I offered so many sacrifices for your intention!”

“That was not enough,” the poor soul replied. “Your prayers were not powerful enough to draw me from these torments. I need the Blood of Our Lord, the Blood that is offered at the Mass. If you had kept your promise, I would already have left this fiery prison. If I still burn here, it is your fault.”

Filled with sorrow, Fr. Suzo went straight to his prior and told him of the apparition and of what the poor soul had asked. The prior immediately ordered him to offer the required Masses, and he freed him from his other obligations. Fr. Suzo offered the promised Masses, and very soon his friend appeared once more, now glorious and joyful, announcing that he had been freed from Purgatory and promising he would help Fr. Suzo from heaven.

Now you can better understand the power of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass! True, you cannot offer it yourself, but you can participate in it. By wholeheartedly uniting yourself to Jesus on the Cross and the priest at the altar, you will be able to comfort and even to deliver very many souls from Purgatory. There are so many waiting for your help! Do not forget to pray for them! On their side, they will not forget to repay you.

*The Sisters*

## A Little Heart to Heart Talk

*By Fr. Mark Stafki*

### #16: The Introit (5-5-2023)

My dear Children,

We have ‘confessed’ our sins at the foot of the altar, we have climbed the mountain, we have kissed the altar, stealing a quick peek through the keyhole at the martyrs and Mary their Queen. Now that all that preparation is complete, we are ready to truly start the Mass.

The priest walks to the side of the altar and stands before the missal with his hands folded. Watch and listen. Watch and listen closely during the Mass; and you will find that what the priest *does* tells us of what Jesus Christ *did*, and what the priest *says* reminds us of what Jesus Christ *was thinking about* at different moments in His earthly life. The actions of the priest remind us of the actions of Jesus; the words of the priest remind of what went on inside of Jesus’ mind and heart.

The priest leaves the centre of the altar to walk to the missal; at that moment, he looks to me almost like the Angel Gabriel coming down from heaven to greet the Blessed Virgin Mary.<sup>3</sup> He arrives in Nazareth and humbly delivers his message. Mary answers “fiat,” and the Word was made flesh. The Annunciation is the first joyful mystery of the Rosary, because it is when the work of redemption really gets started. In a similar way, the Introit is when the Mass proper (and Propers) really gets started; it is meant to remind us of those few moments in Nazareth, when God became man.

You notice that the priest makes a sign of the cross as he begins the Introit. Why? Well, why did God become man? To die *on the cross*, to forgive our sins and the sins of the world. The cross was in the mind and heart of Jesus from the first moment He was in

Mary's womb. Before you to start to sing *O Sanctissima* at benediction, what do you do? You all grow especially quiet, and you listen for Sister to hum your notes. That tells you where to start the song. If you get the starting note right, there is a fairly good chance that the hymn today will be beautiful. If even one of you gets the starting point wrong, we are probably in for a bit of a distracting mess, a resounding train wreck. It is rather like that at the Mass too. The Introit is like the Church giving us our note, sounding the pitch for the rest of the Mass. We know from the Introit whether the Mass is going to be a particularly joyful *Gaudete/Laetare* or a rather serious *Requiem aeternam*. The words of the Introit change every day, but they are always interesting. These few words give us the main thread of the Christ's thought through the Propers of today's entire Mass.

Look at today's Introit, for example: "*Si diligis...If you love me, Simon Peter, feed My lambs, feed My sheep.*" Simon Peter? Today is not his feast day. Today is the 5<sup>th</sup> of May, the feast of St Pius V. Ah! But was not St Pius V a pope, like Simon Peter? Yes, he was. And what makes for a good pope? Feeding Christ's flock, his lambs and his sheep.<sup>4</sup> What does he feed the flock? Not doughnuts and ice cream. What does a good pope feed the flock? The rest of the Propers answer that question: true doctrine. He feeds our minds, our souls with the teachings of the true Faith.

So you see, the Introit gives you the starting note for the whole Mass. One last thought about the Introit: it is like a knock on the door of your soul, or like a knock on your head. Wake up! Find your place in the missal, or you will fall behind. God has become man! Jesus has started His life's journey. Do not make Him walk alone. Let us join Him!

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

<sup>3</sup> Instead, one might see in the priest, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity coming to earth and becoming man in Mary's womb.

<sup>4</sup> Little "lambs"? That's you, in the pews. Full-grown "sheep"? That's the bishops and priests.

# **ON SILENCE & MEDITATION**

## *For Knights & Handmaids*

*Taken & edited from "The Crusader" #60,  
November 1994*

### First Meditation:

#### The Holy Ghost

We are inclined to pity the Holy Ghost because we so seldom think of Him. Would it not be more realistic to pity ourselves? As long as we possess sanctifying grace, the Holy Ghost is present within us, whether we advert to His presence or not. He is present as a Friend; we are foolish if we neglect to profit from His friendly presence. When we are blue He will cheer us; when we are lonely He will comfort us; when we are perplexed He will instruct us; when we are fearful He will encourage us. But before He can do all of these things, we must turn to Him in prayer.

When was the last time I addressed a prayer to the Holy Ghost? I have failed to benefit from His presence in my soul in times of distress. I have failed to call upon Him as a friend.

Jesus, before Thou ascended into heaven, Thou promised to send the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, to dwell with Thy church and in the hearts of those who love Thee. Fix my attention to His presence within me and profit from His friendship.

Resolution: I will find prayers to the Holy Ghost in my missal and make use of the prayers often.

### Second Meditation:

#### The Poor Souls

Once they lived and laughed as we do today. They had many opportunities to prevent their present circumstances, but like us, they had other things to do. Now they are separated from the bliss of heaven for a time until they have satisfied the demands of God's justice. They are no longer able to help themselves, so they depend on us. Let us not turn deaf ears to the piteous sounds of Purgatory. A time may come when we will join in the chorus of lamentation and want someone to remember us.

The memory of those who are absent is always fleeting. I realize that I have been neglectful of the souls in Purgatory. I have perhaps even forgotten to pray for members of my own family or for my friends and acquaintances whose souls may be in Purgatory now.

Jesus, release the souls suffering in Purgatory. Let them ascend to the happiness of heaven on the ladder of my prayers and good works. If I am languishing in Purgatory grant that I will be remembered by my friends on earth and in heaven.

Resolution: I will offer all my good works today for the souls in Purgatory.



## Third Meditation:

## Particular Judgment

It is impossible for us to look back over the past and count the number of times we have sinned or have let opportunities for grace slip by. But it is not impossible for Christ to take note. When we come before Him immediately after our death, He will reveal all of our sins to us and will demand an account for them. It is true that Christ will be a just judge, but it is equally true that He will be a Friend if we die in the state of grace. A solid friendship with Christ that is cultivated in this life will banish any fear we may have of appearing before Him at our particular judgment.

If I realize that the Christ who will judge me is the same Christ that I take into my heart at Communion time, I will not be perturbed about facing Him at judgment. If I frequently and devoutly welcome Our Lord in Communion, He will welcome me with open arms into His kingdom when I die.

Jesus, Thou art the judge of every man that lives in this world. But to me Thou art more than a judge, Thou art a Friend. Let this thought console me when I would be tempted to fear Thy justice. Grant that I may never have cause to fear Thee because of grave sin.

Resolution: I will make a better examination of conscience tonight.

## Fourth Meditation:

## The Dying

Beyond the sounds of the world and the laughter of the sinners a fragile sigh of sadness is escaping this very moment from the lips of someone who is in his last agony. Perhaps this person is now resignedly awaiting the angel of death. Then again, perhaps this soul is not ready and is shaking with the shiver of death down to blackest roots of a soul black with sin. Should we not take time out to breathe a 'Hail Mary' for the dying? Someday the noises of the world will cease for us, and our sighs will join the now forgotten sighs of those who have gone before us in the sleep of the night.

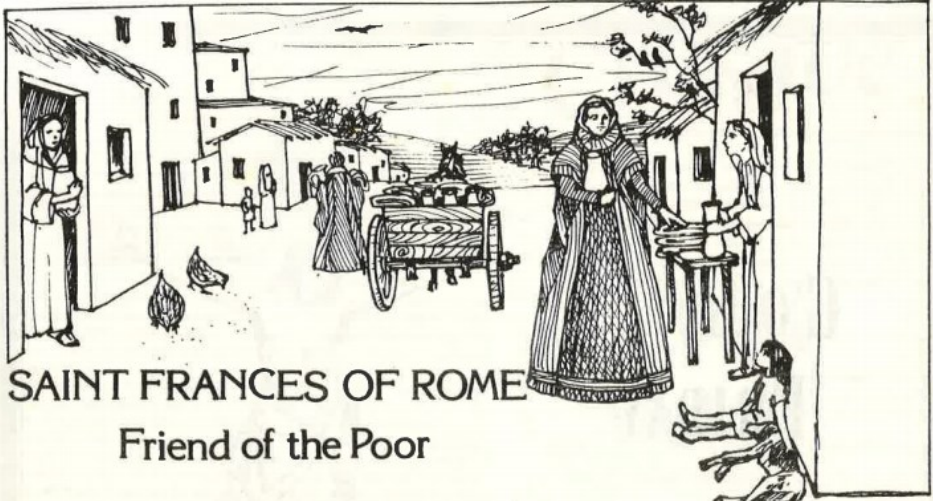
Perhaps by reason of my prayers and the merciful providence of God, a priest will 'accidentally' find his way to the bedside of a dying person who is in the state of mortal sin. There is nothing more serious or more noble than the charity I express when I pray for the dying.

Jesus, today thousands of people will die while the rest of the world goes unconcernedly on its merry way. Spare those who are in the state of mortal sin and who must shortly stand before the throne of Thy justice. Grant a peaceful and happy death to those who have served Thee well during their lives.

Resolution: I will offer a decade of the Rosary for the dying.



# Story Hour



SAINT FRANCES OF ROME

Friend of the Poor

*By the Daughters of St. Paul*

*Illustrated by Becky Melechinsky*

*As it first appeared in "Crusade" Vol. IV, #1, Feb/Mar 1986*

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"IT'S A DISGRACE!" the aunt spluttered wildly. "A disgrace and a scandal! I've never seen the like. What must people be saying about us—you taking little Frances into those horrid alleys and hovels, exposing the child to filth and disease and—and—goodness knows what!"

Frances and her mother listened silently. The little girl felt like quoting the Gospel, "As long as you did it to the least of My brethren you did it to Me," but instead she bit her tongue and withdrew into a corner.

Her mother was calmer, for she was used to such talk. Never did she let it keep her from paying daily visits to the riverside hovels of the poor, with little Frances pattering along beside her. In those days, no orders of sisters had been founded to care for unfortunate people, so they depended entirely upon kind, wealthy families like that of Frances.

Frances was an impetuous child, with a stubborn streak, but she had a great love for God. Even when singing and skipping happily, she betrayed the deep silence in her soul by the earnestness of her glance. Frances was a child united with God. She liked to read about the saints, especially about hermits in the Egyptian desert. She wanted to imitate their strict penances, and, when her mother said she was going too far, she objected, "Mother, you said we should do penance!"

"Yes, dear, that is true, but not the severe penances of a desert hermit. The past is gone, and we must imitate Our Crucified Lord in the fourteenth century and not in the third."

"Offer everything you do, no matter how small, to God," Frances' confessor told her. "Renew the offering often. Then some day you will have a great sacrifice to make to God. You will sacrifice your own will." Frances pondered the words often without understanding their meaning.

By the time she was eleven, she had developed a strong desire to consecrate herself to God. At Christmastime of that year, before the Midnight Mass, Frances offered herself to Him as a victim to destroy the evils which troubled the Church at that time. After returning home, she spent the whole night in prayer. Had God accepted her offering? Yes—she would become a victim sooner than she expected!

On a sunny day the following spring, Frances approached her parents as they were resting in their garden and asked, "Mother and Dad, may I have your permission to enter the religious life?"

Her parents looked neither surprised nor happy. A few uneasy seconds crept by, and then her father cleared his throat and said, "No, Frances, we cannot permit you to do so. In fact, I have promised you in marriage to Lawrence, the second son of Andrew Ponziani!"

Frances felt as if her heart had leaped into her throat and was about to choke her. She had been so sure they would say Yes. And instead, they were determined to say No. For a moment the girl could say nothing, then she murmured some excuse—she hardly knew what—and fled...fled to find her confessor.

While on the way, she began to think, "Is this the sacrifice God wants—the great sacrifice of my will? But not this! This will tear me away from Him! Not this!"

And yet . . . if this were His will, must not she obey? Deeply worried, she told the holy priest everything. He listened gravely, then replied, as she had feared, "If your father is determined, then God wants you to marry. You will still be able to serve Him. Your role in life will be to suffer and to obey." \* And so Frances accepted it. She prayed to Mary for strength, and began the long walk home.



\*St. Frances' life seems to contradict what the Church has always taught: that parents must not stand in the way of their child's vocation to the religious life and force the child to marry rather than to follow his or her own calling to serve God in the religious state. But in Frances' case, the fact that her confessor advised her to obey her parents shows that she must not have really had a vocation to the religious life, and God willed her to marry. However, ordinarily, when a child truly does have a religious vocation, it is a terrible wrong for the parents to stand in the way of that vocation. Each of us must pray that we learn what God's Will is for us in all things.

After all, she reflected, it is a great and noble thing to be a wife and a mother. One serves God in one's partner and one's children. One serves Him by responding generously to the demands of each moment. One finds God while doing household tasks.

"I am sorry if I have caused you pain," she told her parents that evening. "The suddenness of this news startled me. I am sure your decision has been wise." She said it gently, and her happy parents had no inkling of the ache in her heart. The sacrifice had begun.

Lawrence belonged to a very wealthy family. He was a few years older than Frances, a rugged young man, slightly shy and very kind. Their wedding was a splendid affair and at its conclusion Frances felt the grace of the Sacrament flowing through her—the grace on which all married couples depend to perform all their new duties well and faithfully, forever.

The family circle she entered was a pleasant one. There were two other couples and many servants, all living in one magnificent house. Lawrence's parents were very kind to Frances, and so was his brother, Paul. Paul's wife, Vanessa, was a holy and pious girl whom Frances liked immediately. It was Vanessa who showed Frances how she could continue her fasts, mortifications, and prayers without letting the curious eyes of friends know what was going on. At social activities Vanessa and Frances dressed beautifully and flitted about as good hostesses; no one knew that they wore coarse, rasping hairshirts underneath their fine gowns!

Frances continued her kindnesses to the poor, and soon everyone in the neighbourhood knew of her generosity. Each day she visited the Hospital of the Holy Ghost to tend the patients who were dangerously ill. Often she and Vanessa asked city officials to free debtors from prison. Such good example led other wealthy Roman women to do similar works of charity instead of spending twenty-four hours a day enjoying themselves.

Whenever Frances committed the slightest fault, she became aware of the presence of her Guardian Angel. Sometimes she knew that he was standing nearby, disapproving. At other times she felt him slap her cheek! From this she learned that God does not want those whom He loves to commit even the slightest fault!

Frances and Lawrence prayed to have children, but their first three babies died right after birth, to the great sorrow of the young couple. Then their fourth child was born. It was a little boy, whom they named Baptista for St. John the Baptist. As he grew up he became very much like his father. The next boy was named Evangelista, after St. John the Evangelist. He was quiet, like Frances, and always thinking of God. Agnes came later, and resembled Evangelista.

Frances was careful not to spoil any of her children. She taught them the evil of sin and scolded them whenever they committed a fault. Yet when they were truly sorry for having offended God, she was gentle and forgiving—as God Himself would have been.

Once a great flood swept through Rome, ruining homes and leaving hundreds of people without shelter. Right after that came an epidemic and then a famine. The city was full of sick and dying.

"We must do everything we can to help them," Frances told the servants. "We have an abundance. Give food and clothing to all who ask it." She herself went to help those who were too ill to come begging at her door. She and Vanessa passed from filthy hut to filthy hut, giving grain and oil to the sufferers.

"We shall have nothing left for ourselves and the servants!" exclaimed Lawrence's father. "Vanessa and Frances, give me back the storeroom key. From now on, no more food to those beggars!"

Yet the poor were clamouring at the gate. They lay dying in their hovels! Frances could not bear to see such misery. She went to an empty grain bin and began to pray fervently. In a matter of seconds it was full again, and Frances began to distribute the grain. This happened several times!

How selfish I have been, thought Lawrence's father, his eyes bright with tears. "My child," he told Frances, "you have discovered the secret of true happiness which is generosity and a love that grows the more it is shared. Please pray that I will learn to be unselfish like you." He returned the storeroom keys to his grateful daughter-in-law.



Crosses are always found in the lives of those whom God loves the best—because they know how to use the crosses best. They offer their sufferings to Our Lord for the conversion of many sinners so that a great multitude of souls will spend eternity rejoicing and praising God in heaven.

Frances had many crosses. One of the first came shortly after the outbreak of a war between rival nobles. Lawrence had become an officer in one of the armies and had ridden off to fight. As all wives do, Frances worried and prayed, especially when she got word that a battle was raging. And then a messenger came running up the street and rang the bell at the big front door. As he blurted out his tale, the young woman froze in anguish, for the message was: "Lawrence Ponziani was stabbed on the battlefield, and may be mortally wounded. They are bringing him here, now."

Stunned though she was, Frances quickly sent messengers to call the nearest priest and doctor. Then, holding her breath as it seemed, she awaited the arrival of the stretcher-bearers.

They carried Lawrence in, eased him down, and stood about anxiously while Frances unstrapped the heavy armour. She felt for a pulse beat. Yes—it was there, although the hand was icy! Lawrence's eyes were closed, but Frances whispered the Act of Contrition in his ear.

The wound beneath his heart was deep, and blood continued to ooze from it. Frances applied cloth after cloth, prayer after prayer.

The hours merged into days and the days into weeks as Frances nursed her feverish husband back to health. At last he was well enough to say, "The poor need you, Frances. If you go out to help them, I shall be careful not to strain myself."

Frances agreed. Her sister-in-law Vanessa had continued her errands of mercy during the past few months, begging food and clothing for the poor, treating the plague-stricken, burying the dead. During this time Vanessa had lived in a dirty shack, its floor made of clay and bones, sleeping on a mound of straw infested by vermin. Such was the heroism of Frances' beloved companion.

Frances and Vanessa set up a food centre where the poor could come daily to obtain something to eat and drink. They cared for the sick and the imprisoned, and taught catechism to children, for there was no other place they could learn catechism in that time of war and plague.

And then, Lawrence's brother, Paul, Vanessa's husband, was kidnapped by the enemy! Frances received a message, "I want Lawrence Ponziani's son as hostage or else I will kill my prisoner!"

They had Paul, and now they wanted little Baptista! Frances cringed at the thought of that innocent child in the hands of such unscrupulous men. She could not hand him over to them—and yet she could not let them kill Paul. Frances hastened to the chapel where she spent the whole night weeping and praying. The next day, she took Baptista to the enemy.

"Place the boy on your horse and take him with you," the cruel noble ordered one of his officers. The soldier helped Baptista to mount, but once he had done so, the horse would not budge.

"Here, mount him on mine," offered another soldier. Again, this horse would not move. They tried again and again, but with no success! Trembling with something which seemed more fear than rage, the leader ordered, "Enough! Release the boy!" And they brought Baptista to his mother.

Lawrence's life, too, was in danger, so friends helped him to escape from Rome and go into hiding. They were wise in doing so, for one day a band of horsemen thundered up before the house.

"Quick!" exclaimed Frances as she heard the men shouting and milling about outside, "Take the children, Vanessa, and hide!"

"Not I, Mother," said Baptista. "I'll stay with you!"

Hastily Frances closed Vanessa and the two little ones in a secret hiding place. Then she and Baptista stood clinging to one another while the angry soldiers stormed about searching for Lawrence. Full of rage at not finding him, they began to destroy the beautiful furnishings, slamming and shattering and burning. Then they snatched Baptista from his mother and thundered off down the street.

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Consoling news—that family friends had helped Baptista escape to join Lawrence in his hiding place—was followed at once by more sorrow.

Evangelista fell sick with the plague and died. His last words were, "I see the Angels coming to take me to heaven." His death was followed by that of Agnes a few months later.

There was no time for sorrow. Daily Frances and Vanessa drove a wagon through the city streets, gathering the bodies of the plague victims and taking them away to be buried. They comforted the dying and encouraged them to repent of their sins. They tended the sick. They went from door to door, begging bread for the poor. By now they themselves were so poor that in summertime they went into the country, and learned how to swing a scythe to harvest grain.

When peace was made at last, Lawrence returned from his exile. He was thin and worn. With him was his brother Paul; he, once so sensitive, was now a shell of a man with vacant, staring eyes. Baptista returned, too, no longer a plucky ten-year old, but a strong young man of seventeen.

Like the tireless spiders who build and rebuild, the family and its servants put hands to the task and began to repair what had been destroyed. In a little over a year, they had a new home—plain and simple compared with the first one, but having at least a roof to keep out the cold.



Needless to say, Frances continued her works of charity. Times were better now but there were always the poor, always the sick. Later she founded a religious community—the Benedictine Oblates—composed of young women and widows.

One by one, Paul, Vanessa, and Lawrence went to God, and Frances was left alone. She mourned but little, for her dear ones were enjoying eternal happiness. She too had not much longer to live. She entered the little community she had founded, determined to pass her last years there. Frances had led a life of continuous self-denial. Not only had she denied herself food and rest and comfort and finery but she had quenched impulsiveness and obstinacy, pride and resentment over injustice. She had truly conquered herself.

When Frances died, at the age of fifty-six, her last words were those of her son, Evangelista: "The Heavens are opening and the Angels are coming to meet me."

Just as St. Frances was kind to people who had nothing to eat, so can we be extra kind to the boys and girls who do not seem to have many friends and good times.

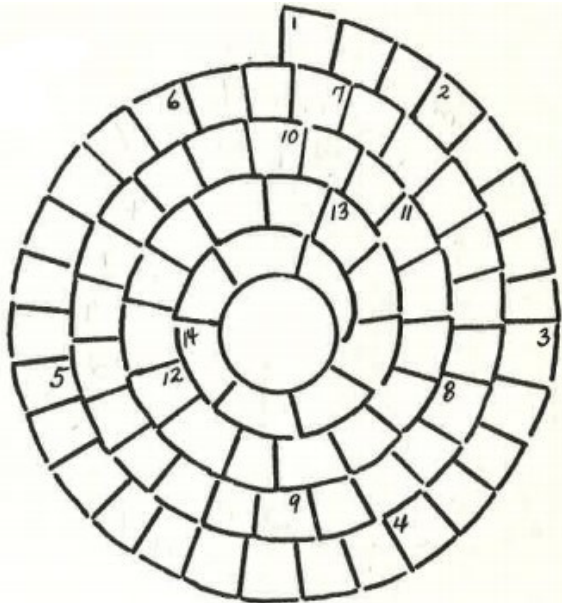
*THE END.*

*This story of St. Frances of Rome has been taken, with permission, from the book, "57 Saints for Boys and Girls", written and published by the Daughters of St. Paul.*

## Crusader Games

*In this puzzle of overlapping words, you begin at the outside edge and try to fill in all the words, ending at the centre of the spiral. Note that the words overlap, that is, the last letter of each word is the first letter of the next!*

1. The first man
2. Follow the Mass in your \_\_\_\_\_.
3. The burning sanctuary \_\_\_\_\_ shows that the Blessed Sacrament is present.
4. Consecrated Hosts are kept in the \_\_\_\_\_.
5. Each Sunday the Gospel and \_\_\_\_\_ are read aloud to the people.
6. Our first parents lived in the Garden of \_\_\_\_\_.
7. The Second Great Commandment is "Love thy \_\_\_\_\_ as thyself."
8. A bit of bone of a saint is a first-class \_\_\_\_\_.
9. The most solemn moment of the Mass is the \_\_\_\_\_.
10. The \_\_\_\_\_ is the central part of a church running lengthwise.
11. We receive Jesus in the Sacrament of Holy \_\_\_\_\_.
12. The Ten Commandments were given to Moses on \_\_\_\_\_ of stone.
13. A boy who is privileged to assist the priest at Holy Mass
14. St. Peter's name means "\_\_\_\_\_".



*As it appeared in "Crusade" Vol. V, #5, Oct/Nov 1987*



# Colouring Page



# Aesop's Fables

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## The Owl and the Grasshopper



Now there was a certain old Owl who had become very cross and hard to please as she grew older, especially if anything disturbed her daily slumbers. One warm summer afternoon as she dozed away in her den in the old oak tree, a Grasshopper nearby began a joyous but very raspy song. Out popped the old Owl's head from the opening in the tree.

"Get away from here, sir," she said to the Grasshopper. "Have you no manners? You should at least respect my age and leave me to sleep in quiet!"

But the Grasshopper answered saucily that he had as much right to his place in the sun as the Owl had to her place in the old oak. Then he struck up a louder and still more rasping tune.

The wise old Owl knew quite well that it would do no good to argue with the Grasshopper. Besides, her eyes were not sharp enough by day to permit her to punish the Grasshopper as he deserved.

So she laid aside all hard words and spoke very kindly to him.

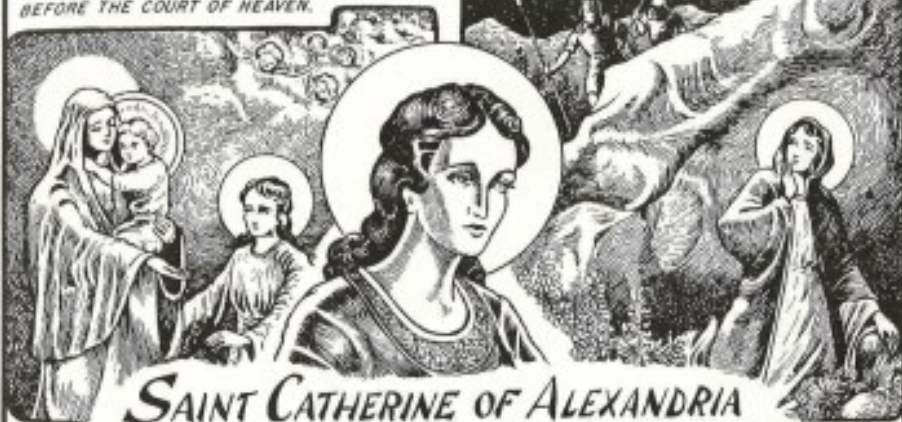
"Well sir," she said, "if I must stay awake, I am going to settle right down to enjoy your singing. Now that I think of it, I have a wonderful wine here, sent me from Olympus, of which I am told Apollo drinks before he sings to the high gods. Please come up and taste this delicious drink with me. I know it will make you sing like Apollo himself."

The foolish Grasshopper was taken in by the Owl's flattering words. Up he jumped to the Owl's den, but as soon as he was near enough so the old Owl could see him clearly, she pounced on him and ate him up.  
*Do not let flattery throw you off your guard against an enemy.*

## SAINT SPOTLIGHT: ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA

ST. CATHERINE WAS A NOBLE VIRGIN OF ALEXANDRIA. BEFORE HER BAPTISM, IT IS SAID, SHE SAW A VISION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN ASKING HER SON TO RECEIVE HER AMONG HIS SERVANTS, BUT THE DIVINE INFANT TURNED AWAY. AFTER HER BAPTISM SHE SAW THE SAME VISION AND THIS TIME JESUS RECEIVED HER WITH GREAT AFFECTION, AND ESPOUSED HER BEFORE THE COURT OF HEAVEN.

WHEN THE IMPIOUS TYRANT MAXIM II CAME TO ALEXANDRIA, FASCINATED BY THE WISDOM AND BEAUTY AND WEALTH OF THE SAINT, HE IN VAIN URGED HIS SUIT. AT LAST IN ANGER AND DISAPPOINTMENT HE ORDERED HER TO BE STRIPPED AND SCOURGED. SHE FLED TO THE ARABIAN MOUNTAINS, WHERE THE SOLDIERS OVERTOOK HER.



**SAINT CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA**

*"HEarken, daughter, and see, and incline thy ear, and forget thy people and thy father's house. and the king shall greatly desire thy beauty."*



THEY INFLICTED MUCH TORTURE AND TORMENT UPON HER. AS THEY LAID HER ON THE DREADED RACK AND THE SPIKES PIERCED HER TENDER SKIN, SHE ASKED OUR LADY THAT NO MAN MIGHT SEE OR TOUCH HER BODY AFTER DEATH.



AT LAST SHE WAS INVITED BY HER HEAVENLY SPOUSE TO THE WEDDING FEAST OF PARADISE, TO EXCHANGE HER SUFFERINGS AND TORTURE FOR THE JOYS OF HEAVEN. HER BODY WAS LAID ON MOUNT SINAI. OUR LADY HAD NOT FAILED HER REQUEST, AS SHE WAS TRANSPORTED BY ANGELS TO HER BURIAL PLACE.



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

## November 2023 Intention: For the deceased of our families

### 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 deceased of our families**



COMMUNION



SACRIFICE



APOSTOLATE

## JULY 2023 RESULTS

The Intention was for the members of the Society, living and dead

	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	260	106	100	232	654	1457	107	48	470	14%
Jolimont	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0%
Seminary	4	124	20	20	107	233	652	14	116	145	36%
Rockdale	21	527	97	66	140	1775	1548	138	149	545	57%
Tynong	17	454	118	114	46	391	2214	21	15	207	24%
Whanganui	28	850	375	373	869	1401	3837	481	328	1359	48%
Albury	7	189	61	52	150	222	1176	70	111	207	50%
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>86</b>	<b>2404</b>	<b>777</b>	<b>725</b>	<b>1544</b>	<b>4676</b>	<b>10,884</b>	<b>831</b>	<b>767</b>	<b>2933</b>	<b>32%</b>

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