



The Crusader

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



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September 2023
Month of the
Seven Sorrows of Our Lady

For Our
Country

FROM THE CHAPLAIN

Dear Crusaders and Friends,

You know very well the motto of the Crusade of the Eucharist: *Prayer–Communion–Sacrifice–Apostolate*. Of these, the importance of prayer cannot be overemphasised. Prayer is the great weapon of the Crusader; one that he must always have at hand. If we do not pray, we will never be able to make our communions truly fruitful, nor would we find the largeness of heart to be generous in sacrifice or zealous for the salvation of souls.

So important is prayer that Our Blessed Lord said to us that we must ‘pray always’. Yet this command of Jesus gives us pause for thought. How can it be possible to ‘pray always’? For we have other duties, too – duties imposed upon us by obedience to our parents, teachers and other superiors – and we read in Sacred Scripture that ‘obedience is better than sacrifices’. What, then, does Our Lord ask of us? To pray – or to obey?

The answer, my dear Crusaders, I think you know. The secret lies in the fact that, for the soul who truly loves God, everything that he does is a prayer. You see, prayer is not a mere formula of words that we say to God. Of course, such formulas have a very important place in the life of the Crusader – his Morning Offering, for example, or his daily Rosary – but the words themselves are a not a prayer. Imagine if

someone took it upon himself to teach his pet parrot the Hail Mary. Such a parrot would be very amusing to listen to, but we could not say it was praying! Prayer is not sounds, but the lifting our heart and mind to God. The parrot can make a sound, but it has no intelligent soul to raise up to God.

When we use a formula to pray, it is really just a help for us to think about and talk to God – and that is real prayer. God wants the love of our hearts, not the sound of our lips. And we can give God that love in everything that we do, especially when we do something out of obedience. So, dear Crusaders, you can pray always. You *can* pray at every minute of your day, *if* you are doing what God wants you to do at that minute – whether it is your school work, or washing the dishes, or playing with your friends, or even sleeping in your bed!

Resolve to be a real Crusader of Prayer by doing all for the love of God! Remember this month we are praying especially *for our country*; next month we will be praying *to obtain the grace of a good death*. 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

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Not very long ago (between 1926 and 1929) some Catholics in Mexico, known as the Cristeros, were undergoing a cruel persecution.

Dear Crusaders, every day when you pray the Our Father, you say, "May Thy kingdom come". Well, the Cristeros – especially the young ones – wanted this petition to be lived and real! Yes, they ardently desired that God, Our Lord Jesus Christ, would be acknowledged as the one, sovereign King of their beloved country. In order to get rid of the laws against the Church, the Cristeros raised a small army (a little like the people of the Vendée in France). The Mexican government did not hesitate to kill anyone who placed himself under the standard of Christ the King. Even children were executed. An example is the case of José Sanchez del Rio who was only 13 years old.

One day, while fighting beside his captain, his captain was wounded. The enemy was beginning to close in around them. José gave his horse to his captain and covered his retreat until he ran out of ammunition.



"You know very well," he declared to the soldier who captured him, "that I did not surrender. I simply ran out of ammunition."

Five days later, he was stabbed to death. A short note was found in the pocket of his uniform. It read: "Dear little Mama, I have been captured and they will kill me. I am happy. The only thing that troubles me is that you will cry. Do not cry. We will meet again. José, killed for Christ."

Are we also prepared to be generous, perhaps not yet to die for Christ but at least to make sacrifices so that Christ may soon reign over the world?

*The Sisters*

# A Little Heart to Heart Talk

By Fr. Mark Staffki

## #14: The Holy of Holies—*Sancta Sanctorum*

(17-3-2023)

Dear Children,

We left Moses on top of Mount Sinai, alone with God, amid fire and smoke. There he was taught how do go about building a tabernacle, a sort of collapsible church, fit for a wandering nation. **The most sacred part of that tabernacle was called the “Holy of Holies.”** What does that mean? The very holiest of holy places. There would be kept the Ark of the Covenant. There God would dwell in a special way. There would be a great curtain hiding the Holy of Holies, and only the High Priest could enter it. Even he could only enter it once per year. That was a sacred day! He alone would be allowed to enter before the presence of God. He alone was permitted to see the Ark which held special signs of God’s love for His people: the manna, the Ten Commandments carved in stone, the rod of Aaron.

Now, let us look at the priest climbing the altar as Jesus climbing Mount Calvary and see what there is to see. The priest’s last word at the foot of the altar is: *Oremus*. “Let us pray.” Yes, that is what we have come to do: to offer the greatest prayer ever known, the prayer of Jesus on Calvary, the Mass. When the priest says this word, he spreads forth his hands and then joins them again, showing that he knows that this supreme prayer means crucifixion with hands outstretched. Let us go. Let pray. Let us witness the work of redemption. Let us enter the Holy of Holies. Jesus climbed Calvary carrying His cross on His shoulders. What do you see on the back of the priest’s vestment? The cross is on his shoulders. Jesus was tied with a cord around his waist because he was a Roman prisoner. The priest wears a cord around his waist too, the cincture. Jesus fell three times in His journey, each fall marked by a step-to-climb in the priest’s

journey to the altar of Sacrifice. When Jesus reached the top of Mount Calvary, He willingly and lovingly stretched out His sacred hands upon the wood of the cross, to be nailed to it. Perhaps He even kissed His cross; at very least He did so in His Sacred Heart. The priest reaches the top step of the altar and puts his sacred hands upon the altar and lovingly, obediently kisses it. That is the rubric of the Church for Mass. What a kiss is this! So different from the kiss of Judas! This is love to the point of sacrifice.

Let us lift the altar cloths to see what is underneath. An altar stone, marked with five crosses: the five wounds of Jesus. When the priest kisses the altar, he kisses the wounds of Jesus. When he incenses the altar, he incenses and honours Jesus. And buried in the altar stone are relics of the martyrs. These martyrs died for Jesus. When the priest bows low to kiss the altar stone, it is like he is peeping through a key hole into the past at the whole army of martyrs. Can you see them? St Stephen, St Cyprian, St Lawrence, St Agatha, St Agnes, St Lucy! Men and women inspired by Christ's love for them. They too are at the Mass. See how they courageously give their lives for Christ. "I too want to give my life for Christ," thinks the priest. "I too am willing to put my head on the block," and he puts his head there, as he kisses the altar.

The prayers he says at this part of the Mass speak of the Holy of Holies and the saints and martyrs. When Jesus died on Calvary, the veil that hid the Holy of Holies, the veil that hid the special signs of God's love, was rent in two. When Jesus died on Calvary, He revealed the Loving Heart of God for all to see! The door is now open. Do not stop long at the key hole. With pure minds, let us enter the Holy of Holies, the Pierced Heart of Jesus. What a mount is Calvary!

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" #58,  
September 1994*

### **First Meditation:**

#### *Selfishness*

Selfishness is the "undue regard for one's own interests, regardless of the interests of others." Selfishness is the attitude that MY wishes must be served first, that MY desires be fulfilled at any cost, that MY needs are the only needs. Selfishness is a vain complacency that excludes consideration of others.

Jesus, help me to overcome my greatest enemy—myself. Let me see the vanity of self-service and self-centeredness. Teach me to serve Thee by serving others, above all those who are close to me.

Resolution: I will abandon my own plans that next time a different course of action will benefit my family.



### **Second Meditation:**

#### *Death*

In the land of the living, death is an unwelcome visitor. A visitor who has no respect for station of life, for wealth or poverty, for the good or the wicked, for the aged or (terrible truth!) for the young. Death is a teacher instructing all who are wise enough to listen. And the lesson that death teaches is this: that we must be prepared always.

I don't like to think about death. I feel that I have a long life ahead of me. Yet I may be mistaken. (Doesn't death catch most people by surprise?) I know that the thought of death can be productive of much good. If I weigh all that I do in the scales held by the angels of death, I will never sin seriously.

Jesus, let me be ready when Thy angel demands my soul. Grant that I may not lose the time Thou hast measured for my life. Encourage me in my last agony.

Resolution: I will pray for the grace of a happy death.



**Third Meditation:***Snitching and Informing*

Brothers and sisters should realise they have a real obligation to care for each other, to guide each other, to watch over each other. Brothers and sisters can sometimes gauge dangerous situations better than parents. If a brother is hanging around with a bunch of town-toughs, his sister should inform her parents. If a sister is doing things that may compromise her reputation, a brother should see to it that such a situation is stopped, even if he has to inform somebody. If something is wrong, parents should know. Don't join in with, and be a part of, a conspiracy of silence when the welfare of a member of your family is concerned. And remember, there's a difference between snitching and informing. Snitching is cheap and serves no other purpose than to get another in trouble. Informing is done for the purpose of saving another from trouble.

Jesus, help me to guard my tongue lest I use it for petty purposes and revengeful words. Instruct me to inform my parents of the things they have a right to know, and of things they must know to protect those in their care.

Resolution: I will resist any temptation to become a 'tattle tale', but will inform my parents of the things they should know.

**Fourth Meditation:***Perfect Contrition*

Perfect contrition is a sorrow for sin that springs from a practical realisation of the offended goodness of God. Sometimes we think that perfect contrition must be attended by woe-be-gone weeping and rivers of tears. Not so. If we are touched emotionally and shed a tear because of our sorrow, this is all well and good. But tears aren't necessary. And it isn't as difficult to make an act of perfect contrition as we may think. God wouldn't ask us to love Him with all our hearts if such a love were impossible or even improbable.

It won't be too difficult for me to make an act of perfect contrition if I think about all that God has given me and what I have given Him in return. The next time, I'll say my act of contrition while looking at a crucifix.

Jesus, it was Thy perfect love for me that moved Thee to die on the Cross. Let my love for Thee be perfect. It may take a lifetime of striving before I am capable of loving Thee perfectly. Help me to begin to work toward that goal with ardour and dedication.

Resolution: I will take special care to recite my nightly act of contrition with attention and devotion.



# Story Hour

## A Young Hypocrite

*From Fr. Francis J. Finn's "Mostly Boys"  
Reprinted from "Crusade" Sept/Oct 1993, Vol. XI #5*

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"This way, Father," said Sister Ambrosia, bowing me into one of the wards of St. Vincent's Hospital.

A glance about the room, and I needed no words or introduction to discover the object of my visit. I had received word that morning that a very small boy with a very large head was seriously sick, and that he had asked most earnestly to see a priest. Now there was only one boy in the ward; and, young and inexperienced as I was, I could single out a boy in a group of men, even without the distinguishing characteristic of a very large head.

He was lying back on his bed, this little lad of eight years, his wan face pretty, gentle, eager, and expressive. There were dark rings about his eyes; and as I drew near he put aside a little red book and coughed. I knew that cough. How sad to hear it from one whose every limb and pulse should be alive with the buoyancy of happy youth!

He reached out a thin, wasted hand to me, his eyes shone with pleasure and reverence. His quick movement caused the red book to fall to the floor. I picked it up, and as I replaced it beside his pillow, I observed that it was Father Faber's "Tales of the Angels."

"Ah, my little man," I said, "so you're not too ill to read?"

"No, Father," he answered in a voice that was pitifully weak and hollow. "It's about the angels, Father. I like to read about them; especially now."

"Why now?" I inquired.

"Because, Father, they say that maybe I'm going to die. And, of course, I'm anxious to—to feel at home, if I get a chance to go"—The little man broke into a cough here, and finished his sentence by pointing a tiny finger toward the sky.

Seating myself beside him, I put him a few questions with a view to finding out his knowledge of the Catechism. I was really astonished at his answers.

"Willie," I said presently, "if you die, do you know who is to be your Judge?"

"Jesus Christ." His voice sank into a reverential whisper.

"And wouldn't it be nice were you to receive Him, now that you are alive, into your heart—not as your Judge, but as your dearest Friend, as your fondest Lover, as the Author of all grace?"

Willie sat bolt upright, and his face flushed into the semblance of joyous health.

“O Father,” he cried, “do you mean to say that I can make my First Communion?”

“I do, Willie.”

“Me, a little bit of a fellow only eight years old?” *

“That's just what I mean. If you were well, it would be different. But Our Lord is very, very good, and He loves His little ones more than we can imagine: and when they won't grow up to receive Him, He is glad to come to them beforehand. He can make them very happy; and so, Willie, you must get ready now for the happiest day of your life.”

“When shall it be, Father?”

“Let me see: to-day is Monday. Suppose we say next Friday. It is the first Friday, the day of all the month when the Sacred Heart is most generous.”

The little lad sank back upon his pillow, and his wan face, still touched with the flush, spoke exceeding happiness.

“Here,” I continued, handing him the badge of the Sacred Heart, “wear this, my dear boy.”

He took the badge, pressed it tenderly to his lips, and then blushed for his want of reticence. In the matter of piety, American boys are reticent; thereby hangs many a tale, many a sad misunderstanding.

“Now, Willie,” I continued, “wear that over your heart, and ask the Sacred Heart to cure you.”

“I'd rather not, Father; not just yet, Father. Please, Father, not just yet.”

“Why? Do you wish to die?”

“I don't care for that, Father; but I don't want to be cured; I want to make my first Communion.”

There was a boy for you! He feared, not entirely without reason, that were he to recover, he would be obliged to wait for several years before receiving his God. I checked a smile, gave him my blessing, and departed.

For half an hour on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday I visited my eager little friend, and explained to him the great Sacrament of love. He was an apt pupil, and so sweet and reverential was his face, that as I spoke I felt my own heart burn with love for Him who had won so sweetly the affection of this innocent child.

Once or twice it seemed that Willie was growing better. I expressed this opinion to him on Thursday. Willie became exceedingly disturbed.

“Oh, Father, is there any danger of my getting well?”

“There is no immediate danger,” I answered gravely.

Then I heard the little fellow's confession, and left the room feeling as though I had been walking with God.

*This was in the days before decrees of St. Pius X, when children did not make their First Holy Communion until about ten years of age.

On Friday morning I came with the Blessed Sacrament. Willie looked troubled, fearful, as he knelt beside his bed.

“Father, I can’t do it.”

“Why?”

“I—I’m a hypocrite, Father; it’s no use.” The little man’s eyes filled with tears.

“What’s your trouble, Willie?”

“Father, everything is wrong, I’m getting well—I know I am. I knew I am yesterday. The doctor said I was out of danger; and I—I couldn’t tell you. The Sister said I didn’t have to. Oh, it’s too bad! I do wish I was dying.”

“Willie, listen to me,” I said sternly. “You may possibly be out of danger; but it is not certain. The doctor is not so sure as he makes out to be; I’ve seen him myself. Now say a little prayer. I tell you, in the name of Our Lord, that He wishes to come to you now.”

Willie was obedient. His trouble was gone at once, and a few minutes later the eyes were closed, and the little hands clasped, and the radiant soul in that sweetest commune given to mortal man.

Willie’s apprehensions were just; he did recover, and bore the affliction quite cheerfully. Indeed, once he had made his First Communion, he prayed to that end.

Today Willie is as rosy of face and as round of limb as any boy is expected to be. He is now captain of the “Flyaway Club” of St. Joseph’s College. Whenever I meet him I salute him with “Hallo! little hypocrite.”

Willie laughs heartily; and the boys, who revere him as a little saint, wonder what I mean.

(From Fr. Finn’s book of short stories entitled MOSTLY BOYS, printed in 1896)



The Legend on the Locket

*From Fr. Francis J. Finn's "Mostly Boys"
Reprinted from "Crusade" Sept/Oct 1993, Vol. XI #5*

I was in my first sleep when the sound of the door-bell awakened me, whereupon I sprang from my bed, and, after a few hurried preparations, hastened to throw open the door.

It was a bitter cold night in January, and without the moon threw its pale light over the wan and spectral snow-covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall as I opened the door made me pity the delicate-looking child who stood at the threshold.

Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight, long golden hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes with an expression at once so beautiful and calm and earnest that I shall never forget it.

Her face was very pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiancy about her hair seemed to glow in some weird yet indescribable fashion upon her every feature.

These details I had not fairly taken in when she addressed me:

"Father, can you come with me at once? My mother is dying, and she is in trouble."

"Come inside, my little girl," I said, "and warm yourself. You must be half frozen."

"Indeed, Father, I am not in the least cold." I had thrown on my coat and hat as she made answer.

"Your mother's name, my child?"

"Catharine Morgan, Father; she's a widow, and has lived like a saint. And now that she's dying, she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick about a few hours ago."

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp; she is a stranger in these parts, and alone. I know the way perfectly; you need not be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, or rather I was tramping; for the child beside me moved with so light and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snow-flakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed under the airy fall of her feet.

Her hand was in mine with the confiding clasp of childhood. Her face, for all the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly, youthful innocence.

How beautiful she looked! More like a creature fresh from the perfect



handiwork of God than one who walked in the valley of sin, and sorrow, and trouble, and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a golden locket fashioned in the shape of a heart. She noticed my glance, and with a quick movement of her fingers released the locket and handed it to me.

“It’s a heart,” I said.

“Read what’s on it, Father.”

“I can’t, my little friend; my eyes are very good, but are not equal to making out reading on gold lockets by moonlight.”

“Just let me hold it for you, Father--now look.” How this mite contrived, I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend—

“Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.”

“Mamma placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father.” And kissing the locket, the child restored it to its place.

We went on for a time in silence. I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and, young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate the fact. Whenever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes seemed,

in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His sacramental veil the Master of Life and of Death.

Suddenly the girl's hand touched my sleeve—oh, so gently!

“This is the place, Father,” she said in soft tones that thrilled me as they broke upon the stillness; and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three pine-trees.

I pushed open the door, which hung loosely upon its hinges, and turned to wait her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled, I was peering out into the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying woman.

A glance told me there was no time to lose. The woman lying in that room had hardly reached middle life, but the hand of Death had touched her brow, upon which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great trouble.

I was at her side in an instant; and, God be thanked for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made her confession, and in sentiments of faith and love such as I have rarely seen received the Last Sacraments of the Church.

Standing beside her, I suggested those little prayers and devices so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed as the time passed on that her eyes frequently turned toward a little box at the farther end of the room.

“Shall I bring you that box?” I asked. She nodded assent.

On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands and took out the dress of a child.

“Your little daughter's dress?” I said.

She whispered, and there was love in her tones: “My darling Edith's.”

“I know her,” I continued. “She brought me here, you know.”

I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half rose in her bed; she looked at me in wonder that cannot be expressed. I, no less amazed, was staring at a golden, heart-shaped locket fastened to the bosom of the child's dress which the woman was holding in her hands.

“Madam.” I cried, “in the name of God, tell me, where is your daughter? Whose is that locket?”

“The locket is Edith's. I placed it here on the bosom of her dress when my little girl lay dying a year ago. The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips, and say:

‘Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.’ She died a year ago.”

Then the mother's face grew very sweet and very radiant. Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her.

“Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart. I see you, my darling: ‘Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.’”

Her voice faded with the last syllable into silence.

Edith and she were again united.

(This story is also from Fr. Finn's book entitled MOSTLY BOYS.)

Aesop's Fables



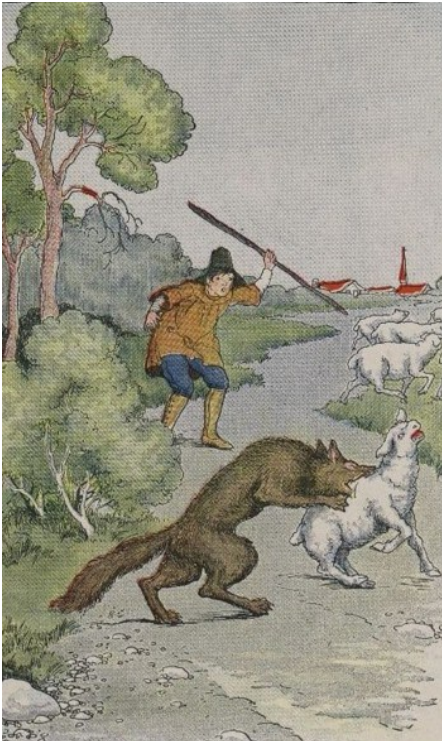
The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf

A Shepherd Boy tended his master's Sheep near a dark forest not far from the village. Soon he found life in the pasture very dull. All he could do to amuse himself was to talk to his dog or play on his shepherd's pipe.

One day as he sat watching the Sheep and the quiet forest, and thinking what he would do should he see a Wolf, he thought of a plan to amuse himself.

His Master had told him to call for help should a Wolf attack the flock, and the Villagers would drive it away. So now, though he had not seen anything that even looked like a Wolf, he ran toward the village shouting at the top of his voice, "Wolf! Wolf!"

As he expected, the Villagers who heard the cry dropped their work and ran in great excitement to the pasture. But when they got there they found the Boy doubled up with laughter at the trick he had played on them.



A few days later the Shepherd Boy again shouted, "Wolf! Wolf!" Again the Villagers ran to help him, only to be laughed at again.

Then one evening as the sun was setting behind the forest and the shadows were creeping out over the pasture, a Wolf really did spring from the underbrush and fall upon the Sheep.

In terror the Boy ran toward the village shouting "Wolf! Wolf!" But though the Villagers heard the cry, they did not run to help him as they had before. "He cannot fool us again," they said.

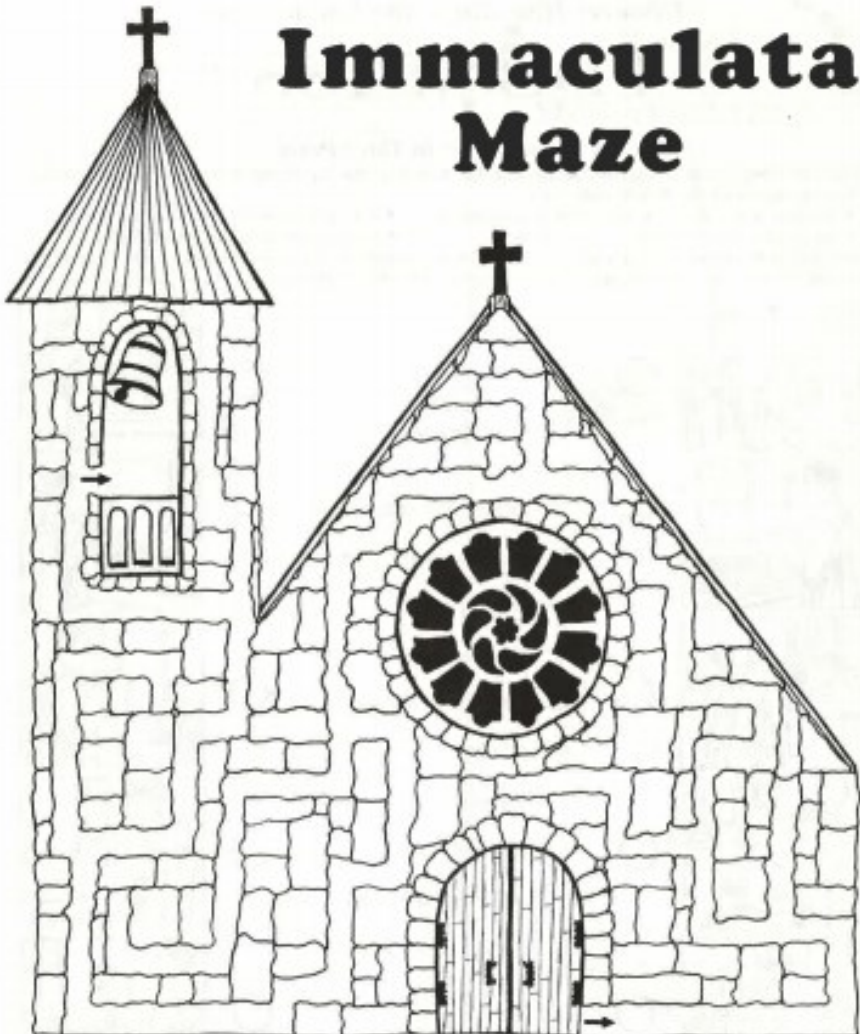
The Wolf killed a great many of the Boy's sheep and then slipped away into the forest.

Liars are not believed even when they speak the truth.

Crusader Games

Taken from "Crusade" Sept/Oct 1993, Vol. XI #5

This maze is based on the original Immaculata Chapel in St. Mary's, Kansas, built in the early 1900's by the Jesuits and burnt down in 1978, which has been recently rebuilt on a much grander scale.



**Begin at the doors of the Church,
and find your way to the bell-tower.**

Colouring Page



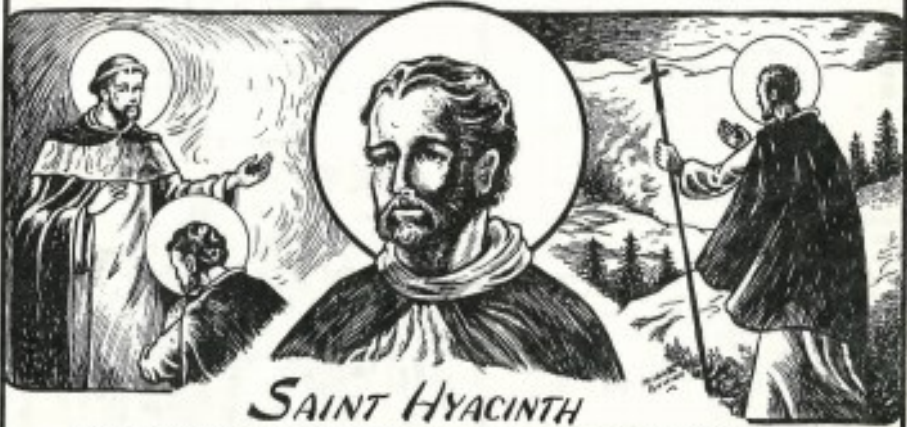
SAINT PETER CLAVER
Patron of
Black
Missions



SAINT SPOTLIGHT: ST. HYACINTH

ST. HYACINTH, THE GREAT APOSTLE OF RUSSIA AND POLAND, WAS BORN OF NOBLE PARENTS, ABOUT THE YEAR 1185. IN 1218, BEING ALREADY CANON OF CRACOW, HE ACCOMPANIED HIS UNCLE, THE BISHOP OF THAT PLACE, TO ROME. THERE HE MET ST. DOMINIC, AND RECEIVED THE HABIT OF THE FRIAR PREACHERS FROM THE PATRIARCH HIMSELF.

SO GREAT WAS HIS PROGRESS IN VIRTUE THAT WITHIN A YEAR ST. DOMINIC SENT HIM TO PREACH AND PLANT THE ORDER IN POLAND. HIS APOSTOLIC JOURNEYS EXTENDED OVER MANY REGIONS OF EUROPE AND ASIA. EVERYWHERE MULTITUDES WERE CONVERTED, CHURCHES AND CONVENTS WERE BUILT, AND THOUSANDS OF PAGANS AND INFIDELS WERE BAPTIZED.



SAINT HYACINTH

BEHOLD, GOD IS MY SAVIOR: I WILL DEAL CONFIDENTLY AND WILL NOT FEAR, BECAUSE THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH AND MY PRAISE: AND HE IS BECOME MY SALVATION. (ISAIAH 12, 2.)



WHEN ST. HYACINTH WAS AT KIEV THE TARTARS SACKED THE TOWN, BUT IT WAS ONLY AFTER HE HAD FINISHED MASS THAT HE HEARD OF THE DANGER. WITHOUT WAITING TO UNVEST, HE TOOK THE CIBORIUM IN HIS HANDS, AND WAS LEAVING THE CHURCH. AS HE PASSED BY AN IMAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN A VOICE SAID 'HYACINTH, MY SON, WHY DOST THOU LEAVE ME BEHIND? TAKE ME WITH THEE AND LEAVE ME NOT WITH MINE ENEMIES.'



THE STATUE WAS OF HEAVY ALABASTER, BUT WHEN THE SAINT TOOK IT IN HIS ARMS IT WAS LIGHT AS A REED, WITH THE BLESSED SACRAMENT AND THE IMAGE HE CAME TO THE RIVER DNEIPER, AND WALKED DRY-SHOOD OVER THE SURFACE OF THE WATERS. ON THE EVE OF THE ASSUMPTION HE WAS WARNED OF HIS COMING DEATH. HE WAS ANOINTED AT THE ALTAR, AND DIED AFTER CELEBRATING MASS ON THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION IN THE YEAR 1257.



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

September 2023 Intention: For Our Country

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 our country**



COMMUNION



SACRIFICE



APOSTOLATE

MAY 2023 RESULTS

The Intention was for mothers of families

	Treasure Sheets returned	Morning Offering	Masses	Communions		Sacrifices	Decades of the Rosary	Visits to Blessed Sacrament	15 mins of meditation	Good Example	% returned
				Sacramental	Spiritual						
Brisbane	12	365	186	140	364	3291	1558	306	97	1087	19%
Jolimont	3	93	30	14	40	350	465	30	61	229	20%
Seminary	4	124	16	16	101	226	625	7	30	120	36%
Rockdale	20	496	116	78	67	942	1233	464	112	457	54%
Tynong	17	403	140	139	78	376	2400	58	51	160	24%
Whanganui	37	1326	411	403	415	2532	4711	555	580	1848	64%
Albury	7	158	38	31	149	246	790	37	30	184	50%
TOTAL	100	2965	937	821	1214	7963	11,782	1457	961	4085	37%

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