



# The Crusader

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



## *Read inside:*

- Letter from the Chaplain p. 2
- The Sister's Corner p. 5
- A Little Heart to Heart Talk p. 6
- On Silence & Meditation p. 8
- Story Hour: *The Last Mass of*  
*Fr. Michael* p. 10
- Crusader Games p. 17
- Colouring Page & Saint Spotlight pp. 18-19

**August 2023:** Month  
of the Immaculate Heart  
of Mary

*In Thanksgiving for All the  
Graces Received*

## FROM THE CHAPLAIN

Dear Crusaders & Friends,

Jesus living on our Altars is one of His greatest gifts to men; it is a gift which cost Him dearly, even His very life. Over the ages, how many outrages has He not suffered on account of His desire to remain with us in the Blessed Sacrament! We may think of the innumerable sacrileges and profanation of this sacrament of His Divine Love – but above all, it is the cold neglect of those who call themselves His friends that hurts our Dear Lord most in the tabernacle.

Indeed, it is we ourselves who have so often been the cause of disappointment to Our Lord. Well may we ask ourselves: How can we become truly worthy of such Love? How could we return love for love? How can we learn to make up for our neglect in the past?

My dear Crusaders, we will be able to do all these things by the devotion to Immaculate Heart of Mary. For the Immaculate Heart is the most perfect mirror of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In fact, St Augustine says that the Blessed Mother conceived Christ in Her Heart before She conceived Him in Her womb at the Annunciation – which means that Mary had already so perfectly cooperated with the grace of the Holy Ghost so as to form the virtues of Jesus Christ in Her soul even before She became His Mother at the moment of the Incarnation.

Mary, our Mother, can help us to cooperate with God's grace to reproduce the virtues of Christ in our hearts – to become, like Him, humble, obedient and pure. She can teach us to become true friends of Jesus, on whom

He can rely to find consolation from the injury done to His Sacred Heart by so many souls that He died to save.

The month of August is the month of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whose feast we will celebrate on the 22nd of August. Dear Crusaders, take advantage of this month of August to prepare for the feast of the Immaculate Heart! Especially try to do two things: make the Heart of Mary your model and your guide in all you do, and make a special effort to pray the Rosary well, everyday.

To make Mary our model is to try to imitate Her attitude towards life, always putting the Will of God and pleasing Him first. The Blessed Virgin always did her daily duties as well as She could for the love of God, and so we must, too.

To make a special effort to pray our Rosary means to take the time – just fifteen minutes – not just recite the Hail Marys, but to think about what is happening in each mystery. Really put yourself there at each mystery of the rosary, looking at Our Lord and Our Lady and asking yourself what they felt and thought and talking to them about it.

If we made this special effort during this month of August, we may be sure that we will be fulfilling our vocation as Crusaders! Finally, remember this month we are praying *in thanksgiving for all graces received*; next month we will pray *for our country*.

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

Fr Joseph Ockerse







Place  
Stamp  
Here

The Crusader  
61 Koplick Road  
Park Ridge, QLD 4125

*Use tape to seal this edge*

## *The Sisters' Corner*

*A Word of Encouragement from the SSPX Sisters in Sydney*



Dear Crusaders,

Marie was ten years old. She had brown curly hair, black eyes and pink cheeks. She lived with her brother and her sister in a pretty house by a river. Her parents were well-to-do, but they did not spoil their little girl because they loved her very much and wanted her to become a good Christian.

Marie went often to the neighbouring town for school, catechism classes, and Eucharistic Crusade meetings. Her mother helped her to become a good Crusader, reminding her to make her morning offering, often waking her up in the morning to bring her to Mass, suggesting sacrifices that she could make for Jesus.

Marie worked well in school. She did her homework carefully as well as everything that was asked of her. She was not gluttonous. She kept her room neat and clean. But she had the worst of defects: pride.

Once, she had worked very hard to make a nice dress for her doll; it was made of pink silk and had a matching hat. The following Thursday, she went to visit one of her friends. Other little girls had brought their own dolls, and one of these dolls, wearing a light blue and gold dress, was more beautiful than all the others and all the girls played with that doll all afternoon. Marie was very upset. As soon as she could, she asked to go back home, and when she arrived, she put her doll in a cupboard and did not look at it again for a very long time.

During winter, Marie caught a bad cold and had to stay inside. One evening, her mother brought her a beautiful little book with pictures in it. It was called: "Little Anne de Guigné". Marie read it, and then she read it again, and this book taught her a lot. Anne said often: "As long as Jesus is happy!" and her way of doing things was: "Too bad for me!" She sacrificed herself more and more as she grew older.

Since reading that book, Marie made Anne her protector and her model: "Little Jesus is happy," she said to herself, "when I give up a game or some sweets. But that is not enough. I want to resemble Him like Anne de Guigné did..." Marie knew that she was proud; she thought that what would make Jesus happiest would be that she become meek and humble like Him.

She wondered how to go about it. At the next Crusade meeting, she asked advice, and the Sister told her to say her morning offering and receive Communion as best she could, so that Jesus fill her with His strength; and

*(Continued on page 16)*

# A Little Heart to Heart Talk

*By Fr. Mark Stafki*

## #13: Beyond Mount Sinai

*(10-3-2023)*

Dear Children,

I hope you have recovered from climbing Mount Moriah with Abraham and Isaac last week, because today we have another mountain to climb: Mount Sinai. Moses is your mountain-guide today. You remember how God appeared to Moses near a mountain called Sinai. He appeared in the form of a burning bush and told Moses to bring all of the Chosen People to the mountain. To do what? To offer sacrifice: "Thou shalt offer sacrifice to God upon this mountain." What was amazing about this bush was that it burned and burned, hot and bright, but it never burned out. It burned on and on. Does anyone see a fire in this church that burns and burns like that? Day and night, all year round (except Good Friday and Holy Saturday)? That's right: our sanctuary lamp is like another burning bush. God is not in the fire; He is in the tabernacle closest to where the fire burns.

Well, out of the burning bush, God told Moses to bring the Chosen People to the mountain to offer sacrifice. There was only one trouble. The Chosen People were slaves! They were not free to go anywhere. "Let My people go!" God said, through Moses. The cruel Pharaoh would not let them go. God soon fixed that. He sent ten terrible plagues. Frogs and flies (even more flies than in Australia, believe it or not!), gnats and locusts, hail and darkness... Pharaoh and his people suffered so much that he finally let the Chosen People go. Off they went, free at last, to the mountain to offer sacrifice.

It took them more than two months to get to the foot of the mountain. They even went for a stroll through the Red Sea on the way, but that is a different story. You might think, more than two months?! What took them so long? Well, they were travelling in a big group and big groups take a longer time to do anything, especially if they do not always listen to the bell or whistle right away, right boys? The group following Moses was much bigger

than the group we take to the field for sport. More than 2,000,000 people followed Moses to the foot of Mount Sinai to offer sacrifice. That is a lot of people.

What about Mount Sinai, you ask? How tall is it? About as tall as Mount Kosciuszko, the highest mountain in mainland Australia.<sup>6</sup> This sermon is almost over and Moses has not even started climbing yet. He better get started. Watch him climb, up and up the mountain. Young Joshua, “the General”, goes part way with him (like an altar server), but then God commanded that Moses go the rest of the way alone. Up he climbs, higher and higher, until he disappears into the clouds (this time it was not incense, like at Mass, but real clouds). The people can no longer see Moses, and Moses can no longer see the people. Forty days and forty nights Moses prays to God. He receives the Ten Commandments. He receives God’s instructions on how to make a tabernacle for offering sacrifice. He had Moses climb all the way up there in order to teach him about sacrifice.

And what about the people? They gave up on Moses. They got bored, and made a golden calf, a false god. Shame on them. When the priest climbs the steps of the altar, it is like he enters another world. He goes “beyond the clouds.” He even goes beyond Mount Sinai. He is somewhere between heaven and earth. He does not forget about his people, but he does not look at them. He faces God. Even when he turns around, he keeps his eyes down. All the same the priest has learned from Moses not to go too long without calling down to his people, with a *Dominus vobiscum*... If the altar boy has fallen asleep and does not promptly echo *Et cum spiritu tuo*, the priest thinks: “Oh no! They’re at it again.” We’ll have no more golden calves! Pay attention at Mass, dear children. It is only forty minutes, not forty days. Look upon the mountain and pray...

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



<sup>6</sup> Mount Sinai is 2,285 metres above sea level. Mount Kosciuszko is 2,228 metres above sea level.

# **ON SILENCE & MEDITATION**

## *For Knights & Handmaids*

*Taken & edited from "The Crusader" #56,  
July 1994*

### **First Meditation**

*The Transfiguration of Our Lord*

Image: Our Lord, His face shining as the sun and His garments as white as snow.

Grace to ask for: Always to remain in the state of grace.

(1) Who was present? Saints Peter (also the first pope), James (called the greater, and who later became the first apostle to die for Our Lord), and John (the beloved disciple of Our Lord). These three would later witness Jesus' suffering in the Garden of Olives.

(2) Also present was Moses and Elias, who were talking to Him. Why these two? Moses is a figure of the law, while Elias a figure of the prophets. Jesus was standing between them because He was the accomplishment of both the law and the prophets.

(3) St. Peter was so happy that he wished to remain there always. He said: "Lord, it is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us build 3 tabernacles ..."

(4) God spoke from a cloud: "This is my beloved Son ..."

Resolution: That I may always live in the presence of God.

### **Second Meditation**

*The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary*

Image: Mary, in great splendour rising into heaven, the angels accompanying her.

Grace to ask for: That I may die a good and holy death.

(1) After Jesus had ascended into His heaven, mother stayed behind. Why? She was to teach the Apostles and tell them about Jesus' birth, infancy etc. Remember, Jesus had given His Holy Mother to the Church when He gave her to St. John at the foot of the cross.

(2) When Mary had fulfilled her mission, she was taken to heaven body and soul. When we die, our bodies return to dust, only to rise on the last day. But Mary's body was the temple of the Holy Ghost. It was she who gave birth to Jesus. Her body was therefore very holy. God could not allow it to see corruption.

(3) See Mary coming into heaven. Oh what joy there was in heaven. There was no judgement (like we will have), for there was nothing about Mary to judge excepting that she was most clement, most loving most sweet Virgin.

Resolution: To imitate Mary in this life.



**Third Meditation**

*The Immaculate Heart of Mary*

Image: Mary showing us her resplendent and most beautiful heart.

Grace to ask for: Holy purity.

(1) About 350 years ago, Jesus had come to show His most Sacred Heart to world. "Behold this Heart which has loved thee so much," He had said. But the world continued in sin.

(2) Nearly 200 years ago, He had sent His Mother to come and cry over our sins (La Salette). But the world continued to sin.

(3) Over 100 years ago (Fatima), He sent His Mother again, this time to show the world the heart of His Mother, a most pure heart (immaculate means pure, without stain of sin). Will the world stop sinning? Will God give us yet another chance?

(4) Consider the heart of Mary, all pure, and yet, she is ready to give us her heart.

Resolution: Let me run to Mary, let me ask her to help and protect me.



But Father, ...

*How must I meditate?  
It's difficult Father!*

*May I lie down when  
doing my meditation?*

**Let me show you  
what's the best.**

I don't think this is the way to  
meditate ...



You could meditate like this...



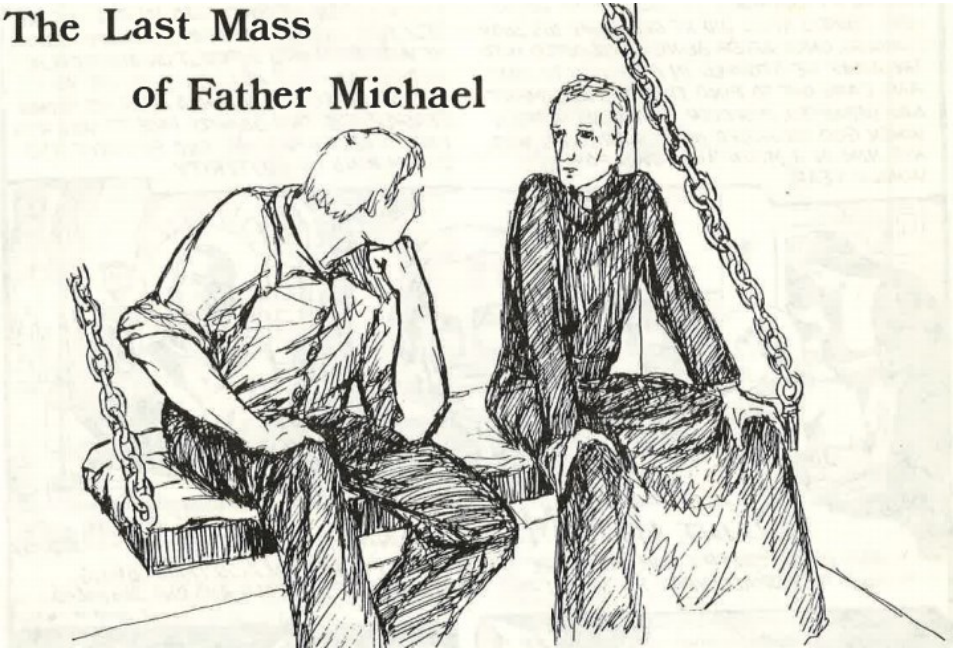
but this remains the best way...



Never forget to ask for a grace

# Story Hour

## The Last Mass of Father Michael



### A Fr. Paul Story

*Based on a true story by Maria Winowska, translated and adapted for  
"Crusade" Vol. IV, #4  
Illustrated by Becky Melechinsky*

---

*The scene: somewhere in Poland*

"This candidate seems to be a strange one," said Brother Urban, wiping his hands on his blue apron. "Be on your guard, Father Prior."

When the answer was slow in coming, he added, "I am busy now weeding the tomatoes under the windows of the parlour. I'll keep an ear out; you call me if you need me."

Father Paul, the Prior, raised his eyes, looked over his glasses, closed his book, and smiled. "Brother Urban," he said patiently, "have no fear; the candidates for the religious life are not always completely peaceful. I am used to it."

With a knowing look, the sturdy brother gardener answered, "For a rough one, he is a rough one! By the beard of St. Paphnuce, I was worth more than that one. First of all, he has the nose of a prize fighter—a boxer or worse. It is

not his mother who gave it to him; it was fabricated after-the-fact. And, consequently, I would say..."

Fr. Paul cut short the voluble Brother's harangue as he accompanied him to the door. "Very well, Brother, we shall see. It is not from our noses that God judges us, and His Church has always included some wild numbers. Weren't the Apostles burly fishermen?"

Before entering the visitors' parlour, Fr. Paul paused a moment outside the glass door. Brother Urban was right: the man in the armchair looked like a notorious criminal. At the sound of the door opening, he jumped from his chair like a man with a guilty conscience. Seeing Father, he greeted him awkwardly and murmured his name in his teeth, "Bogdan (meaning 'God-Given') Grela."

"Praised be Our Lord Jesus Christ," said Fr. Paul, smiling. "Let's see, you don't know the Christian greeting, do you? Well, sit down now, and tell me what brings you here."

Gingerly, the tough-looking man resumed his seat. "It's been a long time since I have greeted anyone like a Christian. I wasn't a fool; my companions would have beaten me up if I had used a Christian greeting." Then, changing his tone, he added, "Naturally you have noticed my nose. It was a paying of debts, a settling of accounts for something else entirely. It was..."

"It is of no importance," said Fr. Paul gently. "I am not looking at your nose. I only look at your soul. Tell me, my friend, what it is that you want."

With his short, square fingers, the stranger nervously twisted his dingy cap in his big, calloused hands. His facial expression had a certain dullness as he stared at the floor. "They have had me," he said at last, "I have no choice but to enter a monastery."

"Who is 'they'?" asked Fr. Paul. "Don't be afraid, calm yourself and take your time."

The stranger drew a deep breath. "You know about Fr. Michael?"

"Yes, I know," answered Fr. Paul sadly. It pained him to recall how Fr. Michael had been condemned to death by the tribunal of Z. He had been hung a month later without it having been possible to bring him religious succour. Fr. Paul was one of those who had tried the impossible in order to penetrate the prison. All these efforts had met with a categorical refusal. There was no passage for the sacraments of God for the condemned.

The voice of the stranger broke into Fr. Paul's thoughts. "I was the jailer for the three weeks before the execution. The cells of the condemned were under my guardianship."

Deeply affected, Fr. Paul clenched his teeth, and his throat constricted with a suppressed sob, but his heart was full of the action of grace. It was as though from beyond the tomb his old friend was speaking to him, bringing

his last testament by means of this rough jailer.

At last, the priest asked in a broken voice, "Did he give you a message for me?"

"No...well, that is to say, yes and no...the evening before the execution, he simply said to go to see you and tell you all...So, I have come." Resolutely the jailer added, "But before coming I had to cut all my bridges. I resigned."

Suddenly distrustful of the stranger, Fr. Paul began to reconsider. The man who was talking to him was not only an unknown, but he was of a nature hardly recommendable. Was he a trouble-maker? Was he an agent? Or was he some kind of a blackmailer? Since the beginning of the Communist regime, every priest was able to consider himself a besieged citadel, and had constantly to defend himself against the inroads of the enemy. Emotion was still heavy in Fr. Paul's breast as he burst out, "Who tells me that you are not preparing a trap for me?"

"Fr. Michael himself says it to you. 'Bogdan!' he said to me the evening before his death, 'Bogdan, if he doesn't believe you, then you must recall to him our conversation in the top of the plum tree at the age of eleven years. Recall to him our conversation and our promise'."

Father Paul reeled under the shock of these words. That was the day when the two of them had decided to become missionaries and to die as martyrs. "And the one who will die first will let the other know," Michael had said. Having said this, they had spit on the ground, promising never to tell anyone. Yes, it was a plum tree.

"Speak," he replied in a choked voice.

Shaken, Bogdan Grela continued to twirl his cap. "Please don't interrupt me. I am not used to these stories, and in order to tell them, it takes me some time. It began when they brought Fr. Michael to my section. His shirt was sticking to his body, for he was so bloody.

"However, he didn't look sad. That seemed funny to me, for others like that were despairing. If you think it is easy work to be a jailer for the condemned...there's screaming, there's hitting, there's swearing, there's demanding. But him—none of this. And he was as badly off as any. What lashes they had arranged for him during the work on the drainage! I was able to see his back and chest: laboured, I say to you, like a zebra with wounds. They hadn't gone at it lightly.

"But he didn't treat me like an enemy. He even smiled at me. That intrigued me. I was thinking, what's the matter with him to smile at me like that? One evening after the distribution of the soup, I entered his cell; it was then that everything began. I asked him straight out, 'What gets into you to smile at me? In ten days they're going to hang you.'

"Then he said to me, 'It is not a terrible thing, that. The misfortune is to be

in a quarrel with God at the time.'

"I couldn't hack that. I said, 'What does it matter to God that they're going to hang you? God's not going to take the trouble to get you out of this mess right?' Then he said to me, 'What did it matter to Him then to save us on the Cross; what did it matter to Him then to be hung on the cross?'

"After the priest said this, he laughed lightly about his own death. But that was just too much for me. So I said to the priest, 'To save, to save, that's good for the nuns, but not for types like me. Look at these hands of mine. Do you realize how much blood sticks to them? I have lost count of how many guys I have killed. So your sacred Cross, that's not for me.'

"And then the priest said, 'Exactly for you. If God died, it is for you'."

Bogdan Grela stopped, choking on his own words. "I believed that he had a bee in his bonnet. I mean, I thought he was nuts, and I slammed the cell door in his face. But I kept thinking of what he had said. The next day after supper I asked him, 'You're not serious when you tell me this line, are you?'

" 'What line do you mean?' the priest asked me with a little laugh.

"Then I burst out, 'With your God and your holy Cross, what am I supposed to care?'

" 'But God,' he said to me, 'God doesn't just care about you.' Then he said, 'God loves you.'

"That then! To say that God loves me! Me! Me! Me!" (Grela beat his chest with rage; it resounded like a drum.) "And so, to prove to the priest that it wasn't true, I recounted to him my poor life, my whole miserable life.

"It's not beautiful, my life; I'm not one of the group of the lucky. We were eight of us in the house. My father was in the building trade. One day, whack!, his heart fluttered and gave way, and he fell from the scaffolding. They picked him up like boiled meat. Then my mother started to earn our livelihood by doing laundry. I was six years old then, and I remember in the evenings that her hands were swollen like sponges. She didn't have time to busy herself with us. We lived in the street, or rather, in the river. My sisters who were pretty worked for their livelihood from the age of fifteen, and, as for me, I learned how to steal. I was sixteen years old when my mother collapsed. She had seen too much, the poor lady. 'Bogdan,' she said to me, 'Bogdan, stop seeing so many hoodlums.' Happily she was dead when they arrested me.

"One can go far with this trade. It's like a sport. I was no longer stealing because I was hungry; I was stealing just to steal, and later on I was killing just to kill. Blood rises to the head like vodka. It amused me to have blood on my hands. In order to disgust the priest very much I told him all my crimes. I told about the weak old lady that I strangled, and the child who was kissing these hands and begging, 'Have pity on me.' And then the war; I threw



myself happily into it with all the blood and killing. Helmets and billy clubs and noises and violence. It was during the war that I met Mariette. We got married; I settled down a bit. She helped me and I loved her. But she betrayed me and I saw red. I would have killed her, too, but she got away from me. So, then, I decided to take out my vengeance on society.

“In the Russian prisons they had need for types like me: cruel, hard men with no conscience. Every time they brought in a condemned man, I was saying to myself, ‘Here will be one less.’ Until the day I met this holy priest.

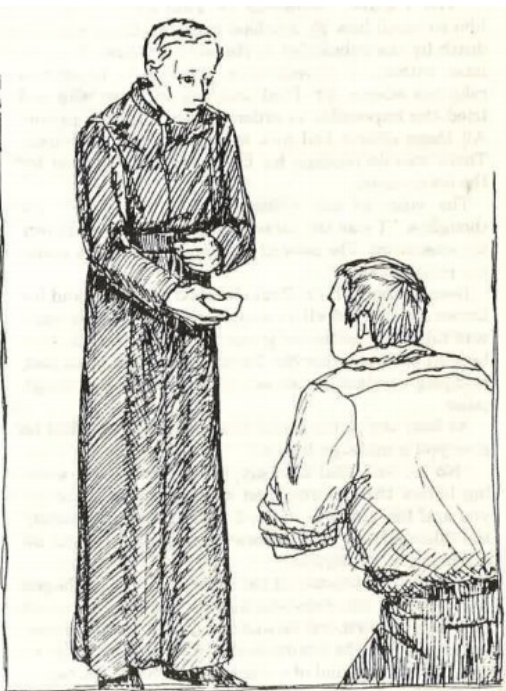
“I unburdened on him my story point-by-point, better than I am doing with you now, with the most gruesome details. I did it on purpose, with a sort of evil pleasure. It took me several evenings after supper. Him, he didn’t waver at all. One evening he said to me, ‘Is that all, my child?’ Like that, he said to me, ‘my child.’ I was stupefied. It was the fact that he called me ‘my child.’

“ ‘Doesn’t that suffice for you?’ he asked. ‘The Blood of Christ,’ he said to me, ‘to wash away all those sins. Do you want me to give you absolution?’

“I really wasn’t expecting that. I laughed in his face, but immediately afterward I began to bawl like a little calf. For the first time in years, something budged there inside, something that had been dead. I said to myself, if this could be true, it is something to realize that a person loves you when really to yourself, you horrify yourself. But about that I am certain: Father Michael loved me truly—a toad like me—believe that if you can. Afterwards, I went to see him every night and he talked religion to me. At school I had studied a bit of catechism, but it had been forgotten for a long time. What he was saying to me seemed entirely new. He, himself, was living it; that was obvious. Then the evening before his death he called me.

“ ‘Tell me, Bogdan,’ he said to me, ‘can you procure for me a bit of wine and the end of unleavened Christmas bread? I should like to say my last Mass.’

“I went then to the shop and I bought a bottle of white wine and a neighbour gave me some Christmas bread, and after my



rounds in the prison, I took all this to Fr. Michael. Before saying the Mass, he gave me absolution, and afterwards he embraced me. I said to him, 'How can you embrace me, no-good that I am?'

"Then he answered, 'If I am not like you, it is not by my own merit, but it is by the grace of God that has guarded me. You, like me, are saved by the infinite Mercy.' That's what he said to me, word-for-word. Never will I forget that night.

"He said the Mass, using a little zinc cup for a chalice, and then, and then ..." Bogdan covered his face. "And then he gave me the Communion." Sobs interrupted his words. Father Paul did not budge; his eyes were lowered, his hands enfolded in his sleeves. His heart was pounding as if to burst, and he was thinking, "I know now, Lord, why You have not taken me."

"Afterwards," continued Bogdan Grela, after he regained his composure, "Afterwards, he gave me your address, and told me to meet you and to do what you would tell me. But I was ashamed to come as long as I was doing this dirty work. So, immediately after Father Michael's death, I gave my resignation. They didn't want me to leave because I knew too much, but the doctor said that on account of my nerves they should let me go, and they did. They definitely saw that I was no longer the same.

"And, now, I must say what I have come to say. I am strong, and I am not afraid of hard work. Will you take me?"

Father Paul closed his eyes and was silent for a moment. "My child," he said with gentleness, "my child, I accept you as a legacy of Fr. Michael, but remember well, your poor life is drowned in the blood of Christ. From now on, I forbid you to talk about it. And if it is not in confession and facing Christ on the Cross, I forbid you even to think about it, unless it is in order to be thankful for the great mercy which He has shown to you." Then, approaching the window, he called, "Brother Urban! Brother Urban!"

Like a shot, with hoe in hand, the brother charged into the parlour without even knocking at the door. Fr. Paul smiled when he saw Brother Urban's disappointed look. Instead of being called to a rescue, he was being called to do a more difficult and delicate task.

"Brother Urban," he said, "here is Brother Bogdan, our new postulant. You will teach him the rule of prayer, the rule of work, and the rule of silence." Fr. Paul accented this last word, because he knew that while Brother Urban was in other ways a model religious, he was afflicted by curiosity and that at precisely this moment he was burning to know more.

Then, putting his arm over the shoulders of Bogdan Grela, Father Paul said gently, "I entrust him to you, as he has been entrusted to me."

*The End.*

*The Sisters' Corner (continued)*  
~~~~

then to try to see in advance the dangers of pride that there would be for her during the day. When those occasions came, she would say: "Now it's our turn, Jesus!" and she would try to do the opposite of what her pride was pushing her to do.

It was difficult, but from time to time she succeeded. One morning at school, Marie's neighbour in class pushed her elbow and Marie's dictation had a line of ink all the way across it. There was no time to start over! Marie wanted to cry, but she didn't say anything. In a whisper, she said: "Are you happy, Jesus?"

Marie had a brother whose name was Stanislaus. He was seventeen years old, and she did not see him very often because he was in boarding school far from home. How happy and proud she was to see him in his uniform when he came home! What joy it was for her to go walking or fishing with him! Marie loved him a lot.

One beautiful afternoon, Stanislaus was walking in the back yard, a book in his hand. Suddenly, he saw his little sister in tears, her head leaning against a tree. He quickly went to her and asked, "What is wrong, Marie?"

"I was...I was...proud again! I got angry because my homework was wrong...It's too hard, Stanislaus...It's too hard to become humble, I'll never be able to do it..."

Stanislaus laughed a little; then he said gently, "Do you remember the first time I rode a horse?"

"Oh, yes," said Marie, lifting her head; "it was the little black pony. You wanted to follow Dad who was on big Black. You did not know how to ride well yet... and you fell off once, twice, three times... Oh, Stanislaus, you must have hurt yourself, but you just laughed and kept on trying!"

"Listen, Marie, I was a little bit hurt, but I was so happy to see Dad riding Black, and I wanted to learn to ride to please him. I am telling you this because, for your pride, it is the same thing. You fell again...well, get up, don't stay on the ground, and say to Jesus: 'I am happy that You are perfectly humble... Help me, please, to follow You...', and start over again, that's all!"

Since that day, when Marie felt discouraged, she always thought of Stanislaus getting back on his horse, and that gave her courage again.

Crusaders, like Marie, you all have defects. Like her, tell yourself: "I want to correct myself." Make efforts, ask Jesus to help you. He will help you; you will have a beautiful treasure of victories to offer to Him every night. And soon you will resemble Jesus.



# Crusader Games

Taken from "Crusade" Aug/Sept 1984, Vol. II #4

In this puzzle, there is a short quotation at the bottom of the page in which numbers have been substituted for the letters. To find out what the letters are, write the answers to the questions in the quiz. The same numbers stand for the same letters throughout. As you figure out the answers to the quiz questions, put the same letters above the corresponding numbers in the "Words of Wisdom". As you fill in more letters you will find that when you get stuck you can work back and forth and should be able to fill in the entire puzzle. Good luck, and enjoy!

### QUIZ QUESTIONS

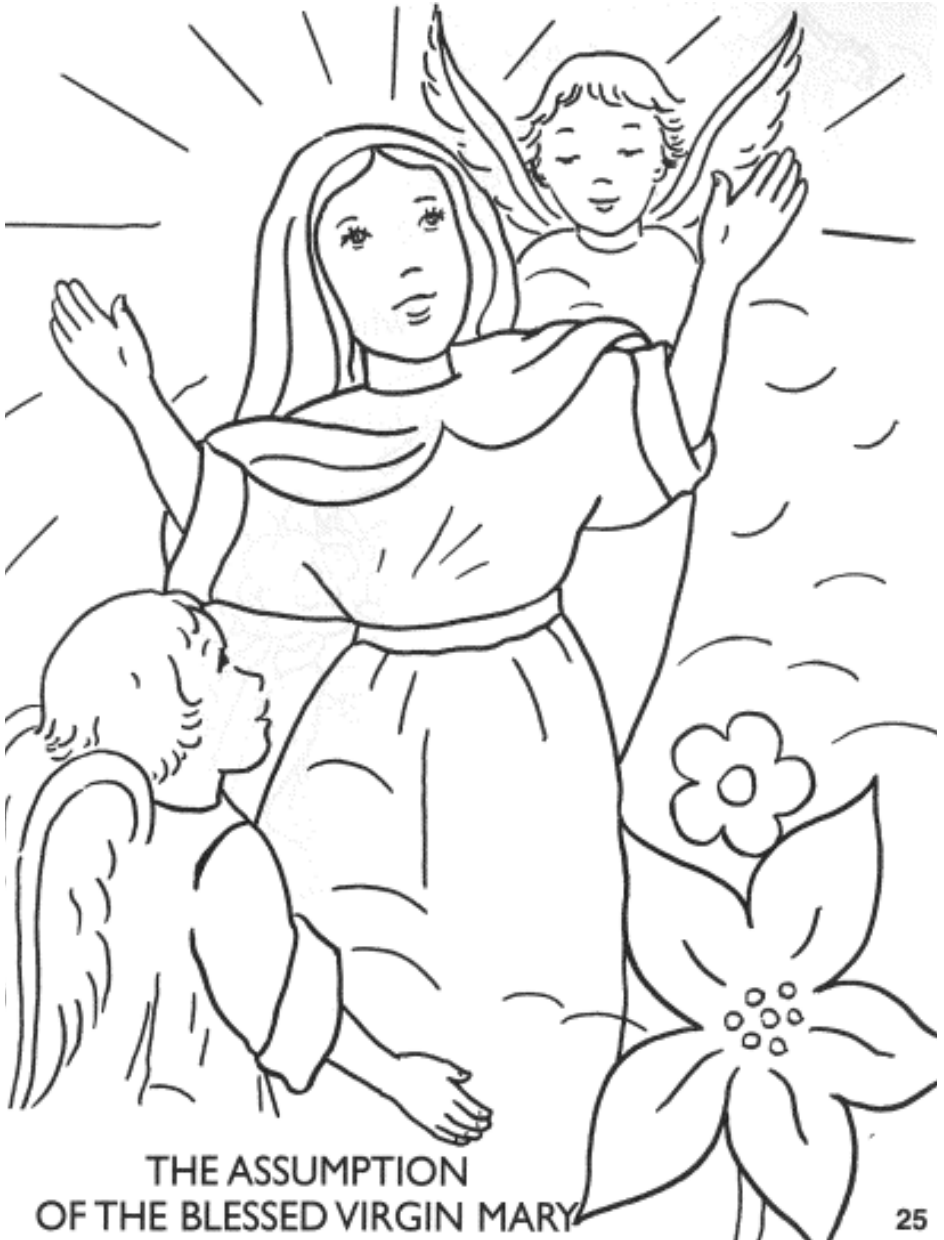
### QUIZ ANSWERS

- 1. The first sacrament one receives 21 15 22 10 3 18 17
- 2. Small square of linen on which the Host rests at the Consecration of the Mass 1 5 6 22 5 6 15 4
- 3. Pure spirits without bodies 15 11 13 20 4 18
- 4. St. Joan of Arc saved this country 2 6 15 11 1 20
- 5. Father of St. John the Baptist 8 15 1 16 15 6 19
- 6. First day of Lent is Ash . . . 9 20 14 11 20 18 14 15 19
- 7. Evangelist whose symbol is an ox 4 7 12 20

### WORDS OF WISDOM

" 3 10 3 18 21 20 10 10 20 6 10 5 21 20 15 1 16 3 4 14  
 5 2 13 5 14 10 16 15 11 12 3 11 13 5 2 10 16 20  
 9 16 5 4 20 9 5 6 4 14 " 18 10 15 4 5 19 18 3 7 18  
 (1568-1591)  
 13 5 11 8 15 13 15

# Colouring Page



THE ASSUMPTION  
OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

# SAINT SPOTLIGHT: ST. RAYMOND NONNATUS

## ST RAYMOND NONNATUS

[NOT BORN] WAS SO CALLED BECAUSE HIS MOTHER DIED BEFORE GIVING HIM BIRTH. AS A CHILD HE BEGAN FEELING A STRONG INCLINATION TO THE ECCLESIASTICAL STATE, BUT HE ENCOUNTERED GREAT OPPOSITION FROM HIS FATHER WHO, IN ORDER TO DISTRACT HIM, SENT HIM TO MIND THE FLOCKS IN THE FIELD.

IN HONOR OF MARY HE MADE A VOW OF PERPETUAL VIRGINITY TO GOD AND IN RETURN HE RECEIVED THE GRACE NECESSARY TO OVERCOME HIS FATHER'S OPPOSITION. FILLED WITH COMPASSION FOR THE HARDSHIPS OF THE MANY CHRISTIANS WHO HAD FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE SARAGENS, HE WENT TO ALGIERS TO LIBERATE THEM, DESIRING, IF POSSIBLE, TO SHED HIS BLOOD FOR THE FAITH OF JESUS CHRIST.



## SAINT RAYMOND NONNATUS

BLESSED ARE THEY WHO SUFFER PERSECUTION FOR JUSTICE SAKE: FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. (MATTHEW 5, 10.)



AT ONE TIME HE WAS CONDEMNED TO DIE. HOWEVER, HIS MASTER, MOVED BY A STRONG GREED FOR MONEY, DECIDED TO HOLD HIM FOR RANSOM, HE ORDERED THE SAINT TO BE BEATEN AND HIS LIPS TO BE PIERCED AND LOOPED WITH AN IRON RING TO PREVENT HIM FROM PREACHING THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. RAYMOND REMAINED IN THIS CONDITION FOR EIGHT MONTHS, UNTIL HE WAS RANSOMED.



HE THEN RETURNED TO SPAIN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE BLESSINGS OF THE MANY CHRISTIANS WHOM HE HAD LIBERATED. POPE GREGORY IX WISHED TO RECOMPENSE HIS LABORS BY RAISING HIM TO THE CARDINALATE. BUT GOD HAD PREPARED A MORE PRECIOUS REWARD FOR HIM, AND CALLED HIM TO PARTAKE OF THE ETERNAL JOYS OF HEAVEN IN THE YEAR 1240.

FEAST DAY AUGUST 31ST



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



PRAAYER

**O**

**August 2023 Intention:**

In thanksgiving for all the graces received

**Daily offering**

*To be recited every morning when you wake up*

Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all my prayers, works, joys and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, and in reparation for my sins. I offer them particularly

In thanksgiving for all the graces received



COMMUNION



SACRIFICE



APOSTOLATE

**APRIL 2023 RESULTS**

The Intention was in reparation for our sins

|              | 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     | 6                        | 169              | 103         | 78          | 116         | 219         | 819                   | 84                          | 17                    | 147          | 8%         |
| Jolimont     | 3                        | 90               | 36          | 29          | 44          | 323         | 450                   | 37                          | 65                    | 152          | 25%        |
| Seminary     | 4                        | 120              | 24          | 25          | 73          | 151         | 619                   | 16                          | 13                    | 64           | 44%        |
| Rockdale     | 18                       | 312              | 70          | 68          | 201         | 500         | 809                   | 123                         | 80                    | 146          | 67%        |
| Tynong       | 26                       | 660              | 198         | 132         | 112         | 44          | 3086                  | 87                          | 53                    | 533          | 30%        |
| Whanganui    | 31                       | 1064             | 572         | 677         | 364         | 2460        | 4571                  | 529                         | 469                   | 1950         | 56%        |
| Albury       | 6                        | 131              | 54          | 40          | 133         | 186         | 757                   | 0                           | 44                    | 137          | 24%        |
| <b>TOTAL</b> | <b>94</b>                | <b>2546</b>      | <b>1057</b> | <b>1049</b> | <b>1043</b> | <b>4283</b> | <b>11,111</b>         | <b>1352</b>                 | <b>876</b>            | <b>741</b>   | <b>32%</b> |

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