



The Crusader

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



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March 2023

**Month of
Saint Joseph**

*For Fathers of
Families*

FROM THE CHAPLAIN

Dear Crusaders and Friends,

By the time you are reading this edition of *The Crusader* we will already be in the solemn Liturgical Season of Lent. In many ways, it is the most important season of the Liturgical Year, being the preparation for the greatest feast of the the year: the Resurrection of Our Lord on Easter Sunday.

During Lent, we often think about the Passion of Our Lord leading up to the solemn ceremonies of Holy Week when we commemorate the crucifixion of Our Lord for love us to save us from our sins. We will also make the Stations of the Cross on Fridays to help us keep the sufferings of Jesus in our minds. Our Catechism teaches us that, from the sufferings of Our Lord, we learn two special truths: how much God loves us to He send His Beloved Son to die for us, and the terrible seriousness of our sins that needed the Passion of Jesus to make up for them.

When we realise this love God has for each one of us and how much our sins have hurt Jesus Our Lord by nailing Him to the cross, we must ask ourselves what we will now do to return His love. That is why we make sacrifices during Lent. Our Lord was so alone in carrying His cross that he longs for us to come and comfort Him, to show Him that we are sorry for hurting His Heart and tell Him that we love Him. That

is what we do every time we say 'NO' to ourselves, when we offer up some difficulty or some frustration, every time we offer up a little sacrifice. I cannot tell you what joy it gives Jesus when He sees the little things we do for Him. He takes them and unites them with His cross to offer them to God the Father for us. How many graces and helps He gives us in return! Even more, He promises us a share in the glory of His Resurrection in Heaven.

So, dear Crusaders! You are the special friends of Jesus Christ. Will you run away when He looks for help to carry His cross? Or will you bravely say 'NO' to yourself, 'NO' to you desire for an easy and comfortable life? Will you say 'YES' to offering sacrifices, 'YES' to spending sometime everyday with Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament or in meditation? You will never lose whatever you give to such a good friend as Our Lord. He will remember it your whole life and give it all back to you a hundred-fold in heaven.

Be generous this Lent. Fill out your Treasure Chart everyday – that is the best resolution you could possibly make! Remember that this month we will pray *for the fathers of families*, next month we will pray *in reparation for our sins*.

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

Fr Joseph Ockerse

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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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One Sunday in Lent, 1855, Don Bosco gave a sermon on the duty that we each have to become a saint: "God wants it, and it is the best way to be truly happy and to do good to others..." These words touched the heart of Dominic Savio very deeply. His resolution was made: "I have to become a saint."

Dear Crusaders, you might ask yourself the question: "What do I have to do to become a saint?" Saint Dominic Savio can give us the answer. One day, Don Bosco explained to him that sanctity consists especially in doing the will of God generously, with a smile...and by his good example to bring others to God. Crusaders, remember this well: do God's will generously with a smile.

Dominic understood. He wrote to a friend: "Here, at the school, we become saints by doing our duty of state joyfully, both at recess time and during class time!"

So he, more and more, became a cheerful companion, a leader in games, and always ready to tell a good story to please others. Thus, little by little, his influence over the others grew stronger. He often told Don Bosco: "If I could lead all the boys to God, I would be happy."

In order to draw other young people to do good, he started up the Knights of the Immaculate which aimed at pleasing the Blessed Virgin Mary by their obedience to the school rules, their efforts in their work, and concern to help others. The members of this group "took charge" of the most difficult boys in their school by their prayers, their sacrifices, and their devotedness. In this way, they won a lot of hearts to God.

Now, every young person in the world can look up to Dominic Savio as a marvellous patron. Ask him for the grace to be like him, and following his example, accomplish your duty of state generously, always with a smile!

*The Sisters*

# A Little Heart to Heart Talk

*By Fr. Mark Staffki*

## #8: More Humility (9-9-2022)

My dear children,

Let's look more at Humility, one of Honesty's best friends. We said a couple weeks ago that Humility does not mean always hiding the lovely gifts that God has given us, nor does it mean denying that He gave them to us. It means looking at God and our neighbour more than at ourselves, and using these God-given gifts to serve Him and to help our neighbour. Remember: love serves.

The opposite of light is darkness, the opposite of hot is cold, the opposite of sweet is bitter, the opposite of awake is asleep, the opposite of paying attention (during a sermon, for example) is daydreaming, the opposite of Humility is Pride. They are like chalk and cheese. Humility is so unspeakably attractive, so you can imagine that Pride is an ugly fellow. Pride walks with the Lies. Pride parades around looking at self in every glass: me, me, me. Look at me, listen to me, pick me, pay attention to me, the biggest and best for me, feel sorry for me, woe is me! Pride is an ugly and often pouty thing.

With some pests we can get rid of them by taking away their food. If you have rats in the house, you can make sure all the food is put away every day...and the rats will start to look for some other place to live. But what about Pride? What is on Pride's menu? Most vices feed on our weaknesses, like the Lies who often feed on our laziness and fears. Most vices feed on our weaknesses, but not Pride. Perhaps the hardest part is that Pride feeds on our true strengths, instead of on our weaknesses. Well, we are not proud of our problems, are we? No, if we are proud of something, we are proud of areas where we think we shine! This

means that we cannot just get rid of Pride's food, or there would be nothing left but weakness.

Let's give an example. Let's say we make big efforts and are Honest. We tell the truth even when it is very hard to do it. Lies are chased away. Good. Now along comes Mr. Pride. "You did a swell thing, chasing off old Lies. You are pretty amazing. I wonder if everyone else sees how amazing you are. Stick with me, kid. I appreciate you."

How tempted we can be to go right back down the wrong trail, with a worse friend even than Lies! This so-called friend, Pride, flatters us; and when we do have a moment with Humility, Pride does not walk away, conquered and sad. He says, "Ah yes, see how humble you are. You are all the more amazing for your humility." He is so sneaky that he tries to win by losing. He tries to make us proud even of our humility. So be careful!

We have to watch out for worms in apples, not in rocks. We have to watch out for falling, icy stalactites on the warm, sunny side of buildings, not on the cold side. And we have to watch out for Mr. Pride worming his way into our strengths more than into our weaknesses. Do not stop doing good things! That is not the solution. The solution remains what we said at the beginning: Keep your eyes on God and your neighbour more than on yourself. Look for good and appreciate good outside yourself.

Pride cannot stand that. All three stages of a good deed must be for God, not for self: before the good deed, during the good deed, *and* after the good deed. The last step is the hardest part. Even if we succeed in the first two steps, we can be tempted at the last step to fall with Pride. "I will do this for God because He deserves it. I am doing this for God because He deserves it. I did that for God, aren't I wonderful?"



# **ON SILENCE & MEDITATION**

## *For Knights & Handmaids*

*Taken & edited from "The Crusader" #63,  
March 1995*

### **First Meditation**

*Jesus spends forty days of fasting  
in the desert*

The Bible tells us that before Jesus began his public life, he went into the desert. He wanted to show us an example. He wants us to understand that before we go out and try to convert people, we must become His disciple. Now He said: "If you wish to be my disciple, renounce thyself, pick up thy cross and follow me!" The desert is a place where nothing grows; neither our pride nor any of our vices. We must then die to ourselves, that is: we must not want anything but Jesus alone. In the desert there is total silence. We know that God speaks to us in silence. At the end of the forty days, Jesus was tempted three times by the devil. He showed us that at all costs, we must never succumb to the devil; and also He showed us how strong He was against the devil after He had given those forty days to His Father in heaven.

Resolution: Let me seek to die more and more unto myself so that I may live more and more for God.

### **Second Meditation**

*St. Joseph*

St. Joseph was the husband of Mary, who is the Mother of God. He was, however, not the father of Jesus. but only the foster-father; that means Jesus' protector. In order that God should have chosen St. Joseph to protect both His own Son, Jesus, who was God, and also His Mother Mary, he would have had to be a very holy man. The Bible calls very few people just. St. Joseph was one who was called just. He had nevertheless a very difficult life. He was poor and had to make a living from carpentry. He made only just enough to assure Mary and the child Jesus with a small house and enough food. He also had to flee with Mary and Jesus into Egypt when Herod wanted to kill Jesus. That was no easy time, for the road was long and the country foreign to him. Yet in all of this St. Joseph never complained.

Resolution: I will try to follow the example of St. Joseph, always to do my work diligently and never to complain.



**Third Meditation***The Annunciation*

Mary lived in Nazareth. She was the one chosen by God to become His Mother. One day, the Angel Gabriel was sent by God to Mary; He saluted her: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." The angel had said it well. She was full of grace, that is, she had never sinned nor will she ever; Mary was all pure. She was not filled with pride when the angel had said this to her. On the contrary, she thought to herself: "What manner of greeting is this?" The angel said: "Fear not Mary, for thou hast found grace with God; thou shalt bear a son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus...The power of the most high shall overshadow thee..." Mary replied: "Let it be done according to thy word." Oh, thank you Mary! By your permission, Jesus came to us. At that moment, the Incarnation took place; Jesus, true God, became true Man...and all of this for me, so that I may be saved.

Resolution: Let us always be very thankful to Mary for having accepted to become the mother of God. Without her, where would we be today?

**Fourth Meditation***On Death*

There is one thing that is absolutely certain; I am going to die one day. When? How? What will happen afterwards? I do not know when I will die. Many make the big mistake of thinking that their death is still a long way off. It might not be; in fact, I might not see tomorrow.

Jesus said: "I will come to thee as a thief in the night." How then will I die? It makes little difference if I die by illness or in a crash. What does make an eternal difference is, will I be ready to meet my Judge, Jesus? Will I be in the state of grace? Let me make sure that I always live in the state of grace. St. Alphonsus used to say, "You will die the way you have lived." If I live a good and holy life now, I will have nothing to fear.

Resolution: Let me always be ready for death; let me always make sure that I live in the state of grace.



## Story Hour

### Gabriel Saves the Town

*By Mary E. Gentges, Illustrated by Becky Melechinsky*

*Taken & abridged from "Crusade" Vol. VIII, #1, February/March 1990*

*In a few short years, Gabriel Francis Possenti—St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows—became a saint. This Patron of Catholic Youth gained holiness not by doing extraordinary things, but by doing the ordinary ones extraordinarily well! In Gabriel's quiet religious life of prayer, study, and sacrifice we find one unexpected incident—that shows how even Saints do adventurous things, and how God can choose the most unlikely person to be a hero!*

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High in the mountains in the part of Italy called Abruzzi is the little village of Isola. Its houses are scattered across a high plateau almost entirely surrounded by two swift-running rivers that flow down from the snow-covered mountains encircling the whole place. Overshadowing all is the bare granite face of the Gran Sasso, the "Great Rock" of Italy, the highest mountain of the Appennines.

In 1859, there was no carriage road to Isola; to get there one had to ride a horse or mule, and it was thus unlikely that any invading army would bother to march up the steep track to the remote village. Thus, it was precisely to escape the violence of the revolution sweeping over Italy that the little group of Passionist Fathers and their seminarians fled here to Isola. One of these students was young Francis Possenti, known in religious life as Confrater Gabriel. He was a slight young man, of delicate health but strong character. He loved Our Lady dearly and wrote her praises in his notebook. He was probably the last person in the monastery whom one would expect to become hero of a wartime situation. He had written to his father, "This place where I am now is the safest possible. It is so far from all the important towns that we are not likely to see any of the war."

Despite Gabriel's assurances to his worried parent, the war came steadily closer. You see, Italy was not then all one country. It was made up of several little kingdoms and of the Papal States under the temporal rule of the Pope. Some people in the peninsula wanted to unite all Italy, but others refused, seeing it as an attack on the Holy Father, depriving him of his temporal power—which would please the enemies of the Church only too well—for the Church's enemies believed if the Pope had no temporal power, the Church would come to an end!

From Piedmont in the north, Victor Emmanuel and 35,000 troops marched south. They marched over the territory of the Holy See and annihilated the Papal Army. By late summer, scouting parties of the Piedmontese army were not far from Isola. News came that bands of soldiers were stripping the

nearby villages of food, stealing horses and cattle, looting and burning. Would these rapacious soldiers invade the high valley of the Gran Sasso? Fear hung over the little town of Isola...and then word came that a party of marauders was coming up the trail. In panic, families, and even some of the Passionists, fled to the mountains.

In the monastery, the Rector, Father Valentine, was stricken with fear. Having lived a life of peace, he was bewildered by the approaching violence. He hid the sacred vessels of the church in a safe place, told the students to take refuge in the church and pray the Rosary that Our Lady might spare the town, and then he locked himself in his room! Taunt with fear, the students knelt listening as the soldiers galloped past the church and rode down into the town. Gabriel's vivid imagination told him what was happening: the soldiers looting and pillaging with no one to stop them; the fright of the women and the cries of the children who were still in the town. Gabriel could stay in the chapel no longer. Something must be done!

He rushed to the Rector's room and pounded on the door. "Your Reverence!" he yelled, "why don't you stop this plundering? You are pastor of this town; you are the only authority left. Maybe the soldiers will respect a priest. You must do something to help your people!"

But the poor man was paralyzed with fear. He called piteously through the barred door, "What can I do? Those men won't listen to me. They are heavily armed; they are probably drunk. We can't help the village. We can only pray."

Prudence may have seemed better than valour to his Superior, but to Gabriel it looked like cowardice. Angry that nothing was being done to help the people, his own fear fell away. But he could do nothing without the permission of his superior. "Can I help them?" he shouted through the door.

"Do anything you want," Fr. Valentine cried in desperation.

Gabriel ran out of the monastery and down the road to the town. On the way he met Xavier Tortella, the hired man of the monastery, and called him to follow. What a sight! The slight, but determined young seminarian and his lay sidekick were advancing unarmed on a village where twenty well-armed men were ransacking the houses! How those drunken soldiers would laugh to see them! But they didn't know the determination of Gabriel Francis Possenti! And in order to better understand what he did—with the help of God, of course—we must now leave him in suspense on that dusty road while we learn a little more about him.

Francis Possenti came from a cultured, well-respected family of Spoleto. One of thirteen children, his mother had died when he was just a little tot, and after that his big sister Maria Louise had been mother and housekeeper to them all. When Francis was a teen-ager, a plague of dread cholera swept Italy, and one of the many whose lives it claimed was his beloved Maria Louise. Spoleto became a city of the sick, the dying, and the dead. When it seemed that the whole city would be wiped out, the terror-stricken people begged the Archbishop to bless the town with the Icon of the Madonna. This

painting, that had been rescued from the Iconoclasts in Constantinople centuries before, was believed to have been painted by St. Luke. The people promised that if Mary saved the city they would make a public procession in her honour each year on the octave day of the Assumption. Immediately after the Archbishop blessed the city with the Icon, the epidemic stopped!

During this trying time, something had happened to Francis Possenti as well. He began to ask Our Lady to help him know his vocation. Years before, when he had been very ill, he had promised her that if he recovered he would become a priest. Now he asked, what kind of priest should he be? He had attended the parish missions given by the Passionist Fathers and was deeply attracted to these missionaries. But Francis was certain his father would not want him to join them. Sante Possenti, who had held a high position in the city, was now elderly and lonely. Several of his many children were dead. Others had married; some were in the religious life. He expected the talented Francis to be his comfort, to carry on the family fortune and name. It took all Francis' courage—but you will see he had a lot of that—to tell his father he wanted to join the Passionists.

Sante wouldn't hear of it! "You, Francis—who love the 'good life' and fine clothes—in a monastery! Unthinkable! Those Passionists are just a bunch of pious peasants! You might at least consider becoming a Jesuit where you could make a name for yourself as a great scholar! Anything but a Passionist!"

Sante was miserable; Francis almost in tears. Thinking that Francis was influenced by the recent tragedies that had befallen the family, Sante commanded him to wait at least a year, to finish his studies at the Jesuit college, to mix in society and forget these sad things.

In obedience, Francis threw himself into his studies, and into the life of beauty his father wanted him to lead. They went to the opera which both loved so well. Francis was popular at the town parties and balls, for he was a bright companion, perfect in his manners, and an excellent dancer. He played chess and cards, and could amuse everyone with his jokes and cartoons he sketched of his friends. His friends called him "The Dude" because he was always so perfectly groomed—although he was hardly handsome. Above his beautiful large frank eyes and broad forehead his dark hair was abundant, but his mouth and chin were really too small, and his ears stuck out like handles. He was most likeable, but could be very stubborn when he set his mind to something. Despite the distractions of his worldly life, Our Lady remained one of his favourite topics, and he wrote long poems in her honour—especially in honour of her sorrows.

One of Francis' friends was Major O'Reilly, an Irish soldier-of-fortune who was commandant at the papal fortress of La Rocca. From him, Francis learned how to handle a gun, becoming an excellent marksman who could pick off a bird on the wing. His father took him on business trips where he rubbed shoulders with the rich, tasted their fine wines, and enjoyed their carefree worldliness. The Passionists were far from his thoughts.

One day, hunting alone, he slipped and fell; his cocked shotgun went off with a roar and a searing pain across his face. After a moment of panic, he realized that the shot had only creased his nose, which was bleeding profusely, but a fraction of an inch more and it would have blinded him. He began to wonder for what God had spared him.

On the first anniversary of the city's deliverance from the plague, all the citizens of Spoleto turned out in their finery to follow the officials of Church and city in a grand procession of thanksgiving. The Icon of Our Lady in its rich gold frame was carried high by the Archbishop. As the procession passed the corner where Francis knelt, the sad eyes of the Virgin Mother seemed to gaze into his very soul, and he heard an inner voice, "Francis, why do you remain in the world? It is not for you. Follow your vocation!"

In that moment his life was changed. His confessor agreed that the experience was not one of mere emotion, but an urging from God. Once more, Francis bolstered his courage and approached his father. Sante's disapproval was a great trial for Francis, but at least he said he would not stop his son from applying to the Passionists. Meanwhile Sante enlisted Francis' brother, Fr. Aloysius, a Dominican, to talk Francis out of joining the Passionists. However, Francis converted Fr. Aloysius to his side!

At last, Francis set out on his journey to the Passionist novitiate at Morrovale, with Fr. Aloysius accompanying him in the coach. Along the way they visited places of pilgrimage and family, friends and relations. Everyone thought Francis would never stick it out; he would fail and return in disgrace to the family! He grew sick and tired of their persuasions, which were enough to test any vocation, but determinedly stuck to his resolution. When he at last arrived at the Novitiate, he found great peace and happiness; although he would know trials and temptations there, he knew it was the place God meant him to be. He loved the Passionist life which blended active missionary work with the contemplative life of prayer and penance. He often begged to be allowed to do even more penance. He wrote frequently to his father, to assure him of his love, of his prayers, and of his happiness in the life he had chosen. And when Francis finished his postulancy he was given the name of "Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows."

Now let us re-join Gabriel on the road and see how God would use his courage and past training to save Isola. . .

Here he is, "Confrater Gabriel"—near the town now—but still running down the road to an uncertain conflict with armed soldiers. Ahead, Gabriel could hear drunken laughter and screams of women. Smoke was beginning to billow from one of the houses. "They're going to burn the place!" he shouted to Xavier, who was trotting along behind him.

Just then, a soldier, pistol in hand, lurched through a doorway into the street. Behind him he dragged a terrified girl. Gabriel stopped his headlong course and stared at the soldier, whose face contorted into a contemptuous sneer. He looked at the slender young religious in his dark habit, with its wide belt from which a Rosary hung at his side. On the breast of his habit was

sewn the Passionist emblem: the heart of Jesus surmounted by the Cross.

"So, it's a little monk," the soldier sneered, "and all alone, too," he added as he stepped into the road to block Gabriel's path. As he spoke, he slipped his pistol back into its holster.

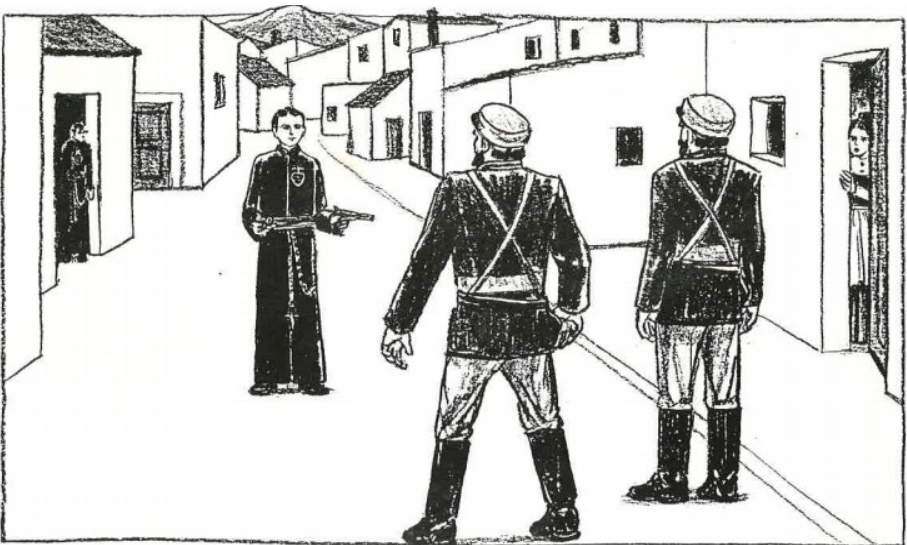
At that moment Xavier ducked into a doorway behind Gabriel. Wary, the soldier glanced that way. "Who's that following you?"

Gabriel didn't answer. During the instant the soldier's attention had been diverted, Gabriel's hand had flashed out and pulled the pistol out of the holster! The soldier hadn't counted on a little monk who had been trained by a Major O'Reilly!

And now all Gabriel's training came back to him. "Don't move, or I'll fire!" he exclaimed as he cocked the pistol and pointed it at the startled man. The bearded face eyed Gabriel warily as he released the frightened girl, who slipped quickly away. Was this thin monk afraid to fire the pistol? Or might he shoot without provocation? The soldier saw the fire in Gabriel's eyes, saw how steadily he held the pistol like he knew what he was doing. No, he couldn't risk trying to face down a man with a gun, not even a monk, but if he had help...He shouted, and another soldier erupted through a nearby door.

"Drop your gun!" Gabriel barked to the newcomer, and the surprised man let his weapon fall. Carefully, Gabriel covered both of them while he quickly scooped up the second gun. He could see that these renegades were really cowards, and a plan began to form in his mind.

But now the shouts of Gabriel's two captives had brought the rest of the motley band running toward them. Seeing a youth in a religious habit with a gun in each hand holding their tough comrades at bay, they slowed to a cautious walk. They were ten yards off when Gabriel swung one revolver toward them: "That's far enough!"



A sergeant stepped out demanding to know, "What's going on here?"

Gabriel's eyes flashed fire. "Put your guns down too or I'll be forced to shoot!"

Ha! Who did this upstart think he was? The sergeant threw back his head and laughed, "So one little monk thinks he can stop us! We'll see about that!"

But before he could move forward, a lizard darted from the shadows of the house and paused a moment as it scurried across the road. Instantly, not even needing a split second to aim, Gabriel fired. The bullet blew the lizard out of its tracks; in a puff of dust it flopped over dead on the road!

Hardly believing his eyes, the sergeant snapped his attention from the dead reptile back to the slender monk, who, with smoking pistol in one hand, was cocking the second revolver and pointing it at him. "Now order your men to drop their guns!"

Still dumbfounded at the display of marksmanship, the sergeant dropped his gun, and the other soldiers disarmed as well. Then, Gabriel forced the frightened sergeant to order his men to empty their pockets and knapsacks. He recovered most of the loot they had collected; and, still holding the sergeant at gunpoint, he forced the men to put out the three fires they had started. Telling them to leave their horses in the town, he made the men march ahead of him out of the village.

The townspeople, gaining courage from Gabriel's fearlessness, had come out of hiding and followed at a distance. As the soldiers ran away down the trail, the people began shouting, "Viva il nostro salvatore!" calling Gabriel "Our Saviour!" and crying, "Viva! Viva!"

His mission accomplished, Gabriel retraced his steps to the monastery, but the crowd followed him all the way back. Imagine the Passionists, still frightened, not knowing the town had been delivered from the marauders, hearing the noise and cries of "Saviour of Isola!" and "Viva! Viva!" and coming out their church door to see their own Gabriel, their gentle Gabriel, at the head of this triumphant procession!

Although the war raged on in the area, Isola was never raided again. And the villagers never ceased their gratitude to Gabriel. He continued his religious life as if nothing had happened, and was never a public hero again. But within the monastery, he heroically fulfilled the Rule of his Order, doing all his duties well, and growing in virtue. When, two years later, at the age of 23, he was dying of tuberculosis, heroically accepting the Will of God and cheerful to the end, the villagers begged to be allowed to come and see him, to bring him extra food. And when he died, they knew that they had known a saint. They prayed at his grave and reported hundreds of miracles which led to the investigation of his cause, to his beatification by Pope St. Pius X, and finally to his canonization by Pope Benedict XV in 1920, who named him Patron of Youth. It was a heavenly triumph for the young boy who had loved Our Lady's Sorrows—and whose courage had once saved Isola.

## Aesop's Fables



### The Eagle and the Jackdaw

An Eagle, swooping down on powerful wings, seized a lamb in her talons and made off with it to her nest. A Jackdaw saw the deed, and his silly head was filled with the idea that he was big and strong enough to do as the Eagle had done. So with much rustling of feathers and a fierce air, he came down swiftly on the back of a large Ram. But when he tried to rise again he found that he could not get away, for his claws were tangled in the wool. And so far was he from carrying away the Ram, that the Ram hardly noticed he was there.



The Shepherd saw the fluttering Jackdaw and at once guessed what had happened. Running up, he caught the bird and clipped its wings. That evening he gave the Jackdaw to his children.

"What a funny bird this is!" they said, laughing; "what do you call it, father?"

"That is a Jackdaw, my children. But if you should ask him, *he* would say he is an Eagle."

*Do not let your vanity make you overestimate your powers.*

### The Boy and the Filberts

A Boy was given permission to put his hand into a pitcher to get some filberts. But he took such a great fistful that he could not draw his hand out again. There he stood, unwilling to give up a single filbert and yet unable to get them all out at once. Vexed and disappointed, he began to cry.

"My boy," said his mother, "be satisfied with half the nuts you have taken, and you will easily get your hand out. Then perhaps you may have some more filberts some other time."

*Do not attempt too much at once.*



**LITURGY THIS MONTH**

*The month of March is dedicated to Saint Joseph*

*We pray to St. Joseph for:*

*Material well-being of the Family;*

*Protection of house and property;*

*The Fathers of families, their careers in particular;*

*The Virtue of Purity and the Grace of a Good Death.*



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



A) 2nd Sunday of Lent  
 B) St. Thomas Aquinas  
 C) 3rd Sunday of Lent  
 D) St. Patrick  
 E) St. Joseph/Laetare Sunday  
 F) St. Benedict  
 G) St. Gabriel the Archangel  
 H) The Annunciation  
 I) Passion Sunday  
 J) Our Lady of Sorrows,  
 Friday of Passion Week

**A) March 5<sup>th</sup>:** In the Gospel for this Sunday, Jesus is transfigured before Peter, James, and John, to manifest His divinity to them before His Passion.

**B) March 7<sup>th</sup>:** Which saint is commonly referred to as “The Angelic Doctor”? (His biography by Louis de Wohl, *The Quiet Light*, is well worth reading!)

**C) March 12<sup>th</sup>:** On this Sunday, Our Lord once again shows His divinity, this time by casting out a devil.

**D) March 17<sup>th</sup>:** Who is the Patron Saint of Ireland, also very popular in Australia and the United States, who is represented by a green clover and invoked against snakes?

**E) March 19<sup>th</sup>:** This year, we celebrate the Patron of the Universal Church, and on the same day, the Sunday in Lent when rose-coloured vestments are commonly worn.

**F) March 21<sup>st</sup>:** Our Saint of today was the founder of one of the original religious Orders c. 529 AD. Bonus points if you remember his sister’s name from last month!

**G) March 24<sup>th</sup>:** Today’s feast honours the angel who first said, “Hail, full of grace!”

**H) March 25<sup>th</sup>:** This is the feast day of the First Joyful Mystery, when Our Lady pronounced her “fiat” to become the Mother of Our Redeemer.

**I) March 26<sup>th</sup>:** On this Sunday begins Passiontide, where the Church begins her final preparations to commemorate Our Lord’s Passion with all solemnity.

**J) March 31<sup>st</sup>:** This is one of two feasts commemorating Our Lady’s Sorrows. This one appropriately falls exactly one week before Good Friday.

## *Crusader Games*

This word search is full of words relating to this penitential season. Find and circle all 33 words listed below. They may be forwards, backwards, up, down, or diagonal, always in a straight line. Once finished, the unused letters (not rearranged) spell a quote from Scripture and the initials of the Evangelist who wrote them! Answer in the next issue...

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Lent	T A C I N O R E V H T
Forty (days of Lent)	I L U F W O R R O S S
Ashes	T L P S I A S A N N A
Penance	H P I E T A L S J O L
Violet (color of vestments)	I E <u>LENT</u> I N R I O
Laetare (Sunday)	R S A C V A A U S T E
Palm (Sunday)	T L T C R T N H E A S
Week (Holy Week)	Y W E E K O P C K T A
Judas (Ischriot)	I R W H V A S H E S D
Thirty (pieces of silver)	H N A O L I F S A N U
Last (Supper)	E G G M M O O M O R J
Agony (in the Garden)	R C O O R E S L F O N
Annas	O T N T H I N E E H J
Herod	D E Y A D I R F O T W
Pilate	Y R A V L A C J S M T
Ecce Homo ("Behold the Man")	
Thorns	
Cross	
Stations (of the Cross)	
Sorrowful (Mother)	
Simon (of Cyrene)	
Veronica	
Women (Holy)	
Calvary	
Nails	
INRI	
Mary (Magadalen)	
John (Saint)	

Dismas (Good Thief)	Lance (soldier's)
Friday (Good Friday)	Pieta
Veil (of the Temple)	Aloes (burial spices)

Colouring Page



1st JOYFUL MYSTERY
THE ANNUNCIATION





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

March 2023 Intention: For fathers of 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 fathers of families**



COMMUNION



SACRIFICE



APOSTOLATE

NOVEMBER 2022 RESULTS

The Intention was for the most forgotten souls in purgatory

	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	422	127	121	463	473	1890	149	30	479	19%
Jolimont	7	201	35	19	83	68	730	18	0	38	47%
Seminary	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0%
Rockdale	20	555	142	180	197	773	1911	336	154	614	59%
Tynong	21	553	181	165	193	752	2920	116	65	538	23%
Whanganui	10	302	194	189	157	565	1781	216	162	384	15%
Albury	4	120	31	24	126	386	1089	47	23	312	19%
TOTAL	74	2153	710	698	1219	3017	10,321	882	434	2365	25%

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