

St. Catherine's Academy Gazette®

Holy Mother Church has dedicated this month to Precious Blood of Jesus

Issue 26

July 2012



Feasts and Fasts This Month:

July 1st ~ The Precious Blood
of Jesus

July 16th ~ Our Lady of
Mt. Carmel

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July 7th is the day to start a
Novena to Our Lady of
Mt. Carmel



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Hugh, Martyr of The Cross

The sun threw an aureole about his sunny hair as he stood before the open door of his home, his face lifted for his mother's kiss. A little lad of only eight, he seemed born to diffuse brightness through earth's gloomy places. As he passed along the village street his feet scarcely touched the ground for very joy. Snatches of songs arose to his lips, and his clear brown eyes shone with the light of God's sunshine, a sunshine that came from a heart as pure as the mountain snow.

A corner of the street was turned, and an instant later a band of Jews sprang on the little lad, gagged and bound him, and led him away. It was on Friday, the day blessed by our Lord in His death for us. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the child was fastened upon his cross to die. The nails were driven in, the cross was raised, and the Jews gathered about to mock at the lithe little form so still in its agony. The sweet face was drawn with pain, but uplifted still to the summer skies as if to look beyond the blue curtain and see the King beloved Who was waiting to bestow upon His little soldier the palm of martyrdom. The minutes dragged slowly on, oh, so slowly! but no murmur of pain escaped the boy; only again and again, the name of Jesus.

How many white-winged angels must have been gathered about that cross, reverently watching the child martyr. "O good Master, we can almost hear them whisper, call him soon, and let us bring him to You." The moment came, the sweet eyes closed, the head drooped forward, and the soldier answered to the roll call of the King.

Feast day, July twenty-seventh.

~ Children of the Kingdom, Imprimatur 1914~



Germaine, The Shepherdess

The door of the little hut was open, and a faint odor of clover blossoms and new-mown hay was borne in on the still night air. A bar of silver moonlight shone through the window and rested on a rough bed in the corner where a young mother lay dying. By the bedside knelt a little child, gently stroking the work hardened hands that now lay so still on the worn blanket.

"Germaine, my little daughter," the mother whispered softly, "Jesus is calling, I am going home to Him. Can you look up bravely, and say, Dear God, You know best?" The child's eyes filled with tears, but the noble little heart never faltered. "God knows best, mother," she whispered. When the first faint flush of dawn broke over the eastern hills the child was alone. Jesus had called the mother. She was at rest with Him. Oh, how sad and lonely for Germaine were the days that followed! Her father, a hard-working shepherd, married again, and gave scarcely a thought to the frail little daughter, who so needed his love. Long days at work in the fields, with poor food and no care, so weakened the little one that she was soon but a shadow of her former self. Great sores and ulcers broke out over her body, and her step mother, in anger at her changed appearance, drove her from home.

Alone with her sheep, suffering, and keenly sensitive to the harsh treatment of her parents, the child's thoughts turned more and more to her home in heaven, where her own dear mother was waiting for her. As the shadows fell at sunset, and cool winds from the sea swept over the hills, she would watch the lights gleam out, one by one, in the distant cottages, and long for one little light to shine a welcome for her.

In the little village church, bowed low before the golden door behind which Jesus was hidden for her, Germaine spent all her free moments. Softly the little bare feet would tread the old stone floor, and close to the wooden rail, so near to Jesus's Heart, cold, hunger, suffering, all were forgotten in His Love.

The crusts of bread that were her only food she shared with other little shepherd maids whose needs were as great as her own, and her sweet smile whispered hope and courage into hearts that were lonely and sad.

The lambs loved the hard, brown hand that fed them, or rested gently on their shaggy wool. It was a pretty sight to see a wee lamb, tired and cold, nestle in her arms.





Of the terrible sufferings the ulcers caused, the little maid never spoke, nor of the long nights of pain. That was Jesus secret and hers. Day after day as she knelt before the rosy flame of the sanctuary lamp her longing to be with Him increased. At last Jesus answered her prayer. Germaine fell asleep in the arms of God, to awake at home, at last, face to face with the dear Lord Who was her reward exceeding great.

Feast day, June fifteenth.

~Children of the Kingdom, Imprimatur 1914~

UNSCRAMBLE THE SAINTS NAMES

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. ALEXIUS | A. ARMATH |
| 2. CHRISTINA | B. SIUEALX |
| 3. MARTHA | C. NAALECTUS |
| 4. IGNATIUS | D. ACRISHTIN |
| 5. VINCENT DE PAUL | E. VENBONTUREA |
| 6. ANACLETUS | F. SIGNTIUA |
| 7. BONAVENTURE | G. LAPU ED TVINCEN |
| 8. ELIZABETH | H. AZBILEETH |
| 9. MARY MAGDALEN | I. NELMAGDA YRAN |
| 10. HENRY | J. NRYEH |





HOLY COMMUNION

In the early days of the Church, lovers of our Eucharistic Saviour were accustomed to communicate whenever they attended Holy Mass; provided, of course, they were in the state of grace. As the spirit of faith grew colder, the Church imposed, in the ninth century, the precept of receiving Holy Communion at least on Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, and Pentecost. The present law, dating back to the Fourth Lateran Council held in the year 1215, obliges all Catholics to receive Holy Communion within Paschal time.

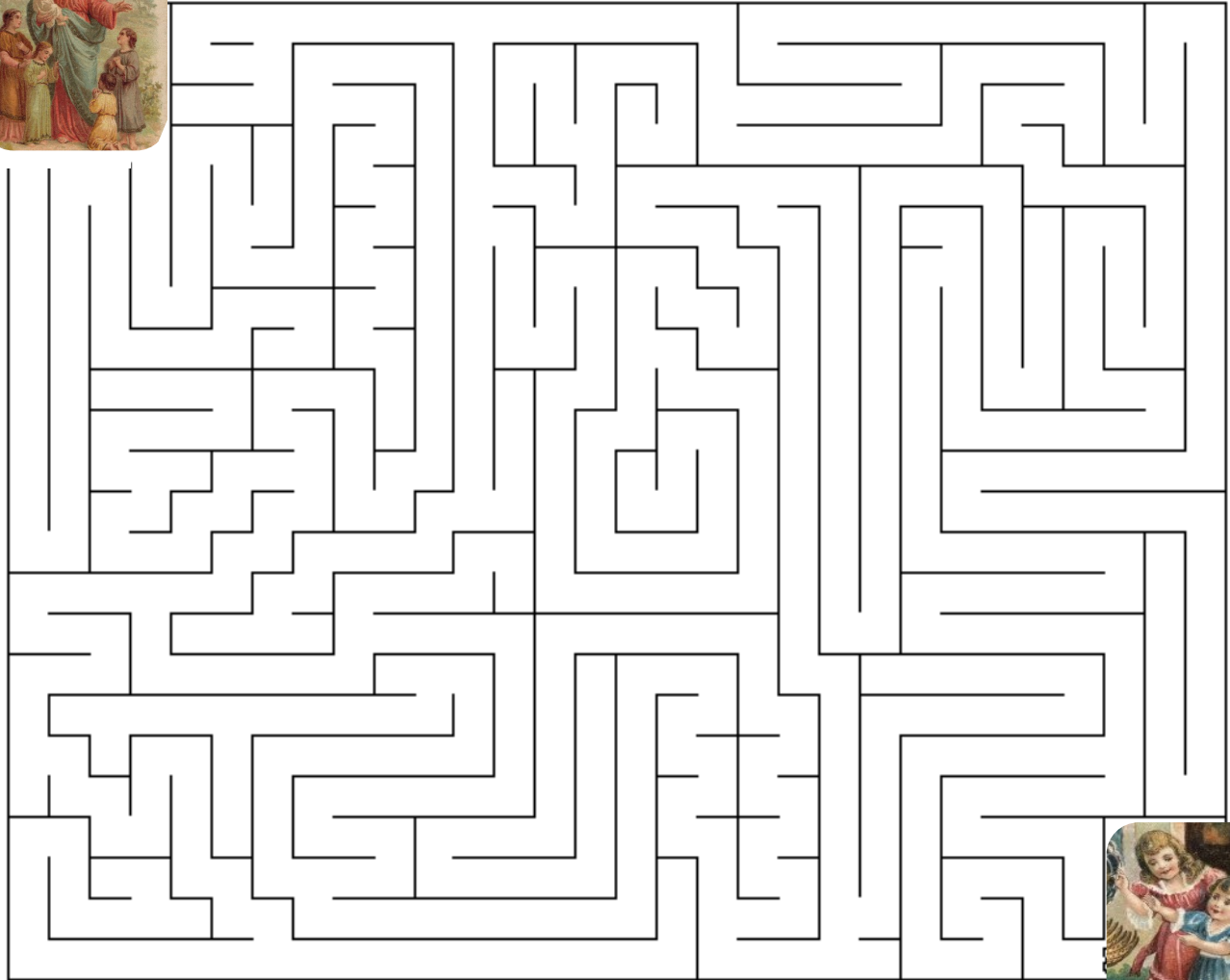
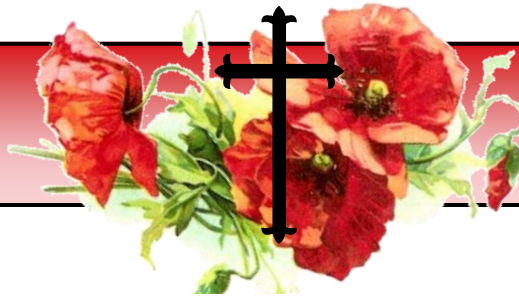
A study of the customs of the early period of the Church shows that the Sacred Host was placed on the palm of the right hand of the one receiving Holy Communion. The right hand was placed over the left in the form of a cross. The Sacred Host was placed in the palm of the bare hand of men and boys, while women and girls were ordered to cover the hand with a linen cloth. The consecrated virgins approached the altar immediately after the clergy. The children were the next to receive Holy Communion; then came the men, followed by the women.

During the period of persecutions in the early Church, when many of the priests were imprisoned or put to death, the Faithful were given permission to bring the Blessed Sacrament to their homes, in order that the sick might receive our Lord in case of imminent death. Those going on dangerous journeys were sometimes given the privilege of taking with them the Blessed Sacrament. An early custom also permitted the priest to give Holy Communion to infants by dipping his finger into the consecrated chalice and then placing it on the tongue of the child. A later Church discipline forbade the practice.

Non-Catholics frequently ask, "is it not necessary receive the Sacred Host and then to drink from the chalice in order to partake of our Lord's Body and Blood?" The Church teaches us that in Holy Communion, under either species, we receive the glorified, living Christ, whole and entire as He is in Heaven: Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity. While it was permitted to the Faithful up to the twelfth century to receive Holy Communion under both species, still the doctrine of totality of presence under either species was the constant teaching of the Church. In the course of centuries the difficulty of obtaining wine in many countries, the imminent danger of spilling the consecrated contents of the chalice, and the increasing repugnance of many to drink from a common chalice presented to the lips of unclean and even diseased neighbors, caused the Church gradually to restrict Communion under both species to the celebrant of Mass. In the year 1414 this restriction became general in the Church.

Though Faith teaches us that in Holy Communion under one species we receive Christ whole and entire, namely, Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, we must remember that it is a Church disciplinary regulation that abrogates Communion under the species of wine. The Church can always change any mere disciplinary regulation. Even in our day, Catholics of several Oriental rites are permitted to receive under both species. Where this privilege exists, the Church expressively orders that were any error is taught that Communion by the chalice is demanded of all by Divine Law, then the Faithful must be carefully taught the true doctrine, and the use of the chalice must be gradually abolished.

The bread, or hosts, used at the Consecration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass must be made from pure wheat flour mixed with water, not milk or other liquids. The wine must be natural, fermented wine made from pure uncorrupted juice of grapes.



Help these girls find their way to Jesus



Behind the tabernacle door,
 Behind the silken veil,
 The Savior stays and longs to see
 You kneeling at the rail!
 He waits the sound of little feet,
 The sound of childish prayer;
 Come often, child, to tell your love,
 For God is waiting there!



THE GREAT HEALER OF CAPHARNAUM

1. The City Jesus Loved

Jesus loved Capharnaum, the beautiful city by the sea. He loved it not for its palaces and riches, but because of the warm-hearted people who made their homes there. The simple life of these good people made them very dear to Him. Many of them spent their days on farms, tilling the soil, sowing the seed, and reaping the harvest. Others gave their time to fishing in the deep waters of the sea. During their spare hours, they sat in groups along the shore, and mended their nets or sold their fish.

Jesus enjoyed walking through the farm country. He often paused to talk with the farmers, as they scattered their seed or gathered in the fruits of the harvest. In the evenings, when the rays of the dying sun gilded the dancing waves, He often sat by the seashore to see the fishermen bring the day's catch to shore. Jesus chose some of these good, earnest men to be His closest friends and disciples.

But Our Lord was scarcely ever alone. As soon as His pleasant face and graceful form appeared in the city, the people flocked around Him. Many came to hear Him speak. Others came to find fault with Him or with His teachings. And near Him could always be found those who were looking for a cure from some affliction.

The blind, the deaf, the dumb, the crippled, and the fevered were sure to find their way to Jesus. Those who could not walk were carried or helped by friends. The tender heart of the Lord melted with pity for them. The touch of His hand healed them, and a blessing from His lips sent them away smiling.

2. Crowds Gather To See The Master

On a lovely day in September, Jesus stopped at one of the larger homes of the city. The low, whitewashed house with its flat roof stood in the middle of a large yard. The ground was covered with crisp, brown leaves that the autumn winds had blown from the oak and olive trees growing near by. Withering vines crept up the sides of the house and almost hid from view the stairway that led to the roof. The news that Jesus was visiting in the neighborhood brought all the people from the surrounding cottages to see Him. Soon the house was filled. Those who arrived late gathered in the Yard. "Make room! Make room!" shouted four men carrying a crippled friend upon a mat. The crowd looked at them with sympathy, but no man made room. They all wanted to get near the Lord. The four men again pleaded for space that they might bring their friend to the feet of the Master. But no one moved. Then in their eagerness, they began to force their way, but found the crowd was too great.

"What shall we do? We cannot get through the crowd," said a man with a long gray beard, who appeared to be the leader of the little group of friends.

"Let us return home. It is hopeless to try to do anything," answered a red-faced youth with a disappointed look. When the poor cripple on the mat heard his friends talking about going home, he begged them in the name of mercy to help him in his sorrow.



Then a third member of the party spoke up: "If we cannot bring our friend in through the door, why not let him in through the roof? The tiles are easily removed, and with strong rope we can let the mat down from the roof to the floor of the house.

"Thank God!" murmured the poor, sick man who was trembling with a disease called *palsy*.

3. The Sick Man Is Cured

The four men were happy at the idea of placing their suffering friend at the feet of Jesus. Rope was found in a corner yard. With a little effort, they carried up the narrow stairs that mat on which their friend lay. The precious burden was carefully set down in a corner. The men then quickly removed the tiles. The people in the house were amazed when they looked up and saw what their neighbors were doing. As soon as a hole large enough as made, the men tied ropes to the corners of the mat and slowly lowered their friend to the floor of the room where Jesus was speaking.

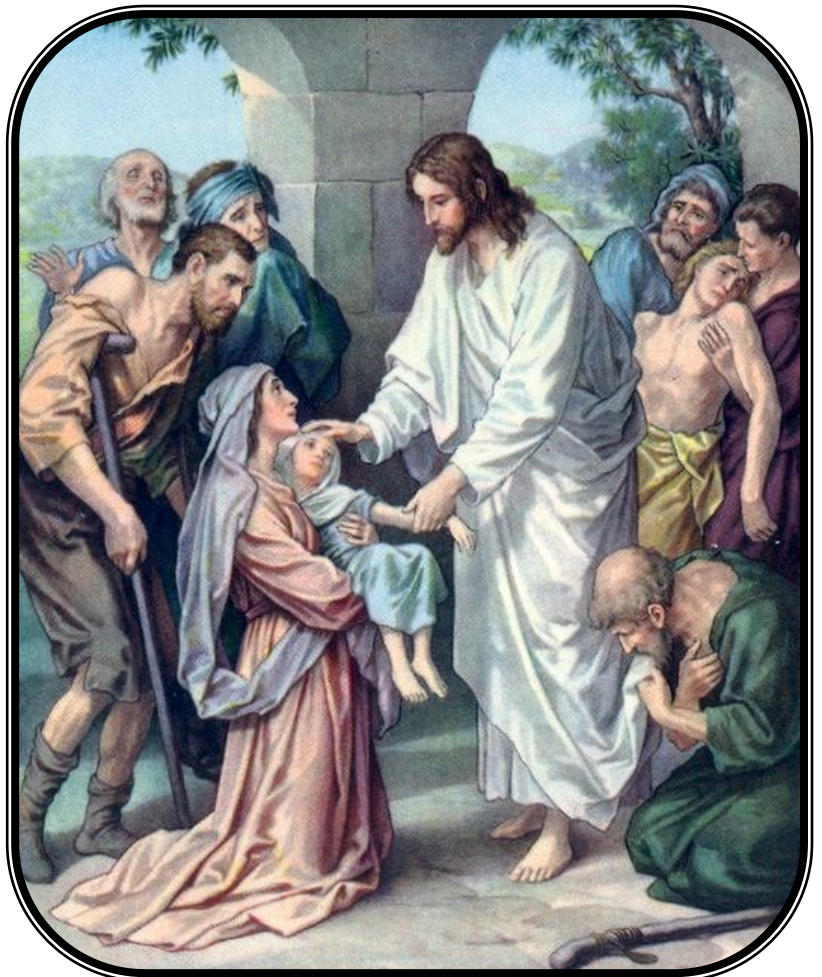
Imagine the surprise of the people when they beheld the crippled man coming down from the roof on a mat! "Have pity on me! Have pity on me!" murmured the poor man as he came near Jesus. He did not need to tell Jesus what he wanted. One look at that trembling, suffering body and those pitiful eyes was enough.

Our Lord admired the strong faith of the sick man and his friends, so He said in a soft kind voice, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee." The happiness that Our Lord's message brought showed in the face of the man lying on the mat. He knew that he had done many things that offended God, and now those sins were all forgiven. How often we have the same happy feeling after confession when the priest washes the stains from our souls!

4. Jesus Silences his Enemies

Some of the enemies of Jesus who were standing near, lifted their eyebrows, and nodded to one another saying, "Why does this man speak thus? Who can forgive sin, but God only?"

Jesus was truly God, and He could read the thoughts that were in the minds of His enemies. He said to them, "Why do



you think evil in your hearts? Which is easier to say, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' or say, arise take up thy bed and walk?" Then He told them that He would show them that the Son of Man had the power on earth to forgive sin. He turned to the sick man and said, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house."

The trembling limbs immediately became still. New life seemed to shoot through the body. In His joy, the man sprang to his feet. He rolled up his mat, placed it upon his shoulders, and left the house rejoicing with his friends.

The crowds gazed in wonder. The enemies of Christ quickly disappeared behind the cheering people, who praised God saying, "How wonderful is Jesus of Nazareth!"

~A CHILDS'S GARDEN OF RELIGION STORIES~ Imprimatur 1929~

WORD SEARCH

1.	ALEXIUS	A	L	P	H	A	B	A	N	I	T	S	I	R	H	C	E
2.	LEO II	D	T	C	O	N	L	L	E	O	I	I	S	O	N	A	N
3.	RUFINA	N	T	S	H	E	L	P	N	F	N	U	L	S	A	T	E`
4.	SECUNDA	U	L	L	X	I	J	T	N	E	O	K	E	Y	B	M	O
6.	IGNATIUS	C	R	I	A	B	O	N	A	V	E	N	T	U	R	E	R
7.	CHRISTINA	E	U	D	L	A	H	L	N	O	L	N	D	T	E	T	A
8.	MARTHA	S	F	L	O	R	N	D	A	R	A	D	R	N	A	H	N
9.	CYRIL	I	I	N	N	E	G	Y	C	R	T	O	A	E	D	O	I
10.	METHODIUS	G	N	C	A	T	U	H	L	O	N	L	I	C	R	D	T
12.	JAMES	N	A	S	E	M	A	J	E	C	A	R	E	O	L	I	S
13.	ANNE	A	I	G	I	O	L	N	T	T	P	A	T	N	I	U	I
14.	JOHN GUALBERT	T	W	A	N	I	B	L	U	L	U	C	S	N	T	S	R
15.	ANACLETUS	I	E	M	O	R	E	J	S	R	I	A	T	I	E	D	H
16.	JEROME	U	U	A	C	Y	R	I	L	V	C	U	U	M	P	A	C
18.	VICTOR	S	C	K	E	D	T	V	S	U	I	R	O	B	I	L	S
19.	INNOCENT	R	E	D	A	Z	A	H	T	R	A	M	B	L	M	N	O





CEREMONIES OF THE EUCHARIST

In the early 18th century there were only three families in the mission station of Inverness-Shire, Scotland. Persecution, the murder and outlawing of priests, constant war and discord had forced the once Catholic community to take other parts. Those who remained were indifferent to religion.

A zealous priest, Father John MacDonald, tried to bring them back to the faith. His efforts seemed in vain. They would neither listen nor follow. He decided to go to another field.

The very day chosen for his departure he was called to a sick person in a mountain village. When he arrived at the house he was not a little angered to find the patient seemingly not sick at all, for she was sitting in a chair in her finest clothes. The priest expressed his impatience for making such a tedious journey apparently with no purpose. His surprise, however, turned to admiration, when the patient explained:

“Is it anything but right that I who so often tried to please the world in dress should do my best in ornament and attire to honor and welcome my Saviour, the living God, when he comes to visit me? Please hurry, Father, hear my confession and give me the sacraments. My last hour is near.”

Still unconvinced, the priest gave her the last sacraments. A few minutes later she died. Father MacDonald took this incident as a sign from God that he was to remain there. God blessed his forty years of effort. The mission became one of the most flourishing in Scotland.

This story offers several inspiring lessons. The one I would like to emphasize is the spirit which prompted that dying woman to show honor and respect to our Lord when He was brought to her sick room. That same spirit of reverence is the reason behind all the ceremonies of the Eucharist. We want to give our Eucharistic Lord the best we have, the best we can afford. According to our means we purchase the best altar linens, vestments, monstrance, chalice, and ciborium. We want to worship our Lord in the Eucharist in the most fitting way by surrounding every ceremony with the most beautiful, the most precious, the most becoming adornment possible. Today I would like to explain some of the other ceremonies which honor Christ in the Eucharist:

1. At Benediction, as the priest and servers enter the sanctuary, we should stand in reverence to God’s minister. Kneel when the priest kneels. Look up to Sacred Host when it is enthroned. Bow your head with the priest when the choir sings, “Down in adoration falling.” When the priest makes the Sign of the Cross with the monstrance, make the Sign of the Cross over yourself—it is our Lord’s own blessing. Some strike the breast out of humility and adoration. But do look up at the Host for a moment. An indulgence of 7 years is granted for looking at the Sacred Host in Benediction and saying, “My Lord and my God.” That is why It is held up to your gaze. Join in the singing and the divine praises.

2. At the Communion of the Mass, after you have made as worthy a preparation as possible, look up and receive the blessing of the priest. When he holds up the Sacred Host, look up, because he is saying:

“Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who takest away the sins of the world.”

Praying with the priest the words:

“O Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, say but the word and my soul shall be healed.”



When your turn comes to receive, raise your head, put out your tongue on your lower lip, as flat as possible. Don't reach for the Host. Remain steady and calm. The priest will place the Host on your tongue as he says:

"May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ keep your soul unto life everlasting."

Don't be a snapper and pull your tongue back quickly. Slowness helps reverence. Follow the custom of your parish. And do keep your eyes closed while receiving. In some places the communicants genuflect before leaving the rail. The more common practice is to rise, walk down the steps, and return to your pew. Going and coming, keep your hands folded and eyes cast down.

In your pew cover your face with your hands, or close your eyes, bow your head, and with folded hands talk to our Lord and listen as He talks to you.

3. Holy Communion is brought to the home as a Communion of devotion or as Viaticum. When you call the priest to the dying, let the priest know whether the patient is able to receive Holy Communion or not. When the priest brings Communion, meet him at the door with a lighted candle and greet him with the words: "Praised be Jesus Christ."

Near the sick person prepare a table with a clean, white cloth spread upon it, two lighted, blessed candles, holy water, and a glass filled almost to the brim with hydrant water, and a spoon and a towel. The priest purifies the fingers which have touched the Host in a spoonful of water and gives it to the patient. The patient should have a white cloth under his chin to catch the Host in case it falls. Members of the household should kneel nearby. You may place flowers or other suitable decorations upon the table. As much as possible avoid unnecessary talk with the priest as he enters or leaves, and with the sick person immediately after Communion. Often the priest is taking Communion to others and is carrying our Lord with him as he leaves.

Holy Communion is truly Bread from heaven. And when the priest brings Holy Communion to you, whether at the Communion rail or to your sick bed, the gates of heaven are truly opened and the Lord comes to you. Surround that glorious coming with all the cleanliness of soul and body, all the reverence, all the thoughtfulness possible.

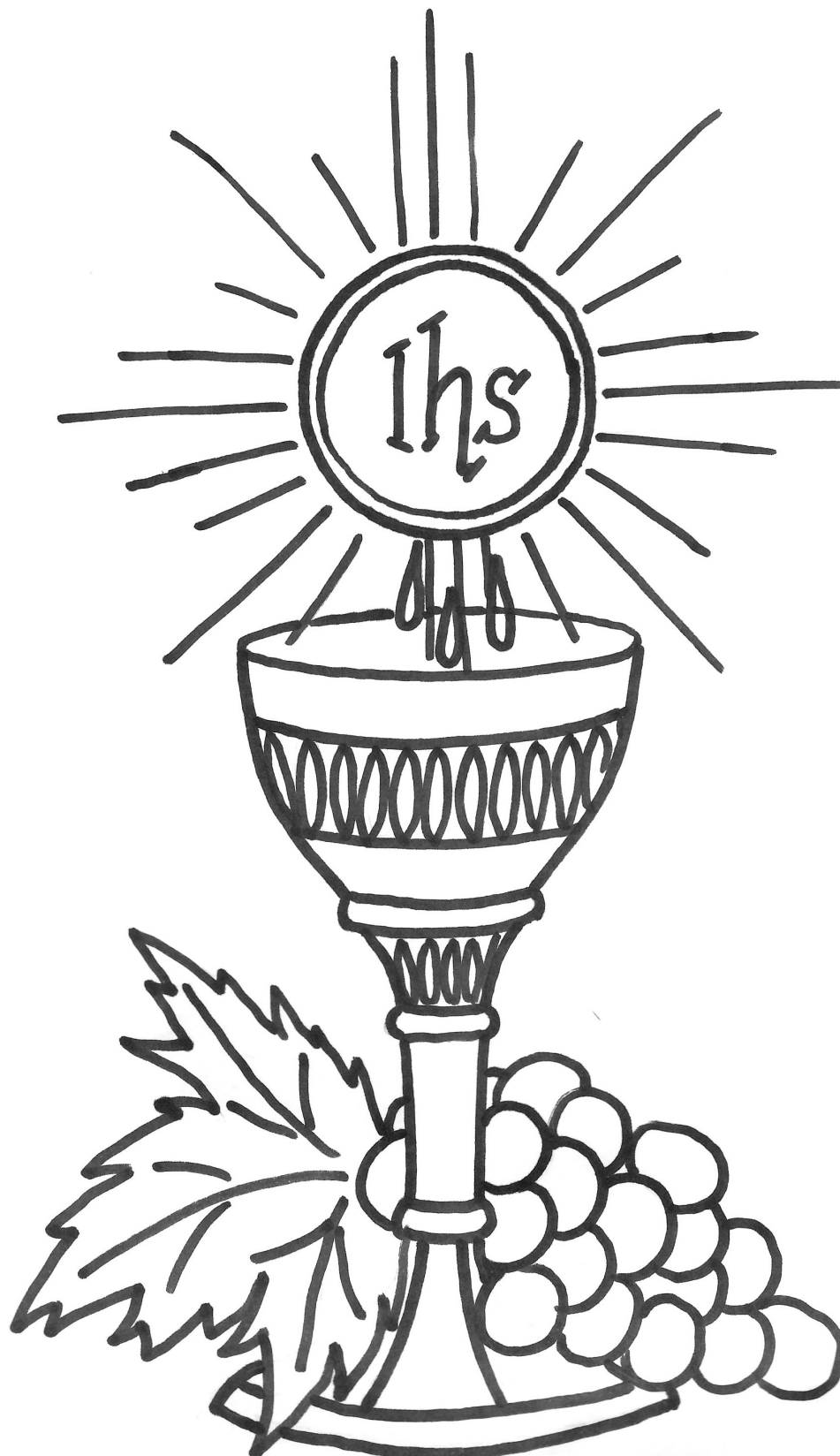
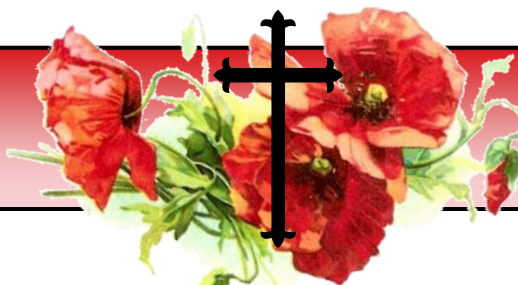
These little ceremonies are sacramentals. They help us to keep our thoughts upon the great Sacrament—our Lord Himself. Amen.

~ "Talks on the Sacramentals," *Imprimatur* 1956 ~

A KINDLY ACT IS A KERNEL SOWN,
THAT WILL GROW TO A GOODLY TREE,
SHEDDING ITS FRUIT WHEN TIME HAS FLOWN
DOWN THE GULF OF ETERNITY.

~JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY~







CATHOLIC QUIZ ON THE MASS

1. Briefly, what is the Mass?
 2. What is the Missal?
 3. Briefly distinguish (a) low Mass, (b) high Mass, (c) solemn Mass.
 4. What does the priest say at the consecration of bread and wine?
 5. In the liturgical sense, what is an Epistle?
 6. At what words does the congregation genuflect during the last gospel?
 7. What is the Chalice?
 8. What is a purificator?
 9. What is the ciborium?
 10. What is the paten?
-

HIS FATHER'S CONVERSION

Dejected and sad, a pagan soldier paced back and forth under the oak trees in his garden. From time to time, he shook his head, muttering to himself: "It cannot be! It cannot be! My boy! My boy! It must not be!"

That morning he had heard that his only son, Potitus, had joined the ranks of the despised Christians. Potitus was just a lad of fourteen, and he was the pride and joy of his father. In his dreams, the father had pictured him as a famous general leading the armies of his country in distant lands. But the sad news of his son's conversion had shattered those fond dreams. "I shall send for the boy," he thought. "Surely he will give up all this foolishness after I speak to him."

Soon a happy dark-skinned youth, followed by a playful shepherd dog, greeted his father. Potitus felt that something had gone wrong. His father looked sad and worried. "Is it true," his father asked, "that you have joined the ranks of the Christians?"

The lad now knew why his father was sad, and it pained him to think that his answer would grieve his kind father all the more. But the truth had to be told. "Yes, father," he said. "I am a Christian."

The sadness of the father quickly changed to anger. He had always hated the Christians and their God, and now he hated them more than ever because they had won his only son from him. Shaking his finger in the face of Potitus, he said bitterly: "The law of the land says that you and every other loyal citizen must worship our gods. As the son of a true soldier, you must obey that law. I shall teach you a lesson that you will not forget. You will be locked in the dungeon without food or water until you get your foolish Christian ideas out of your head."

"Father," answered the Saint, "I love you more than all else in the world. It grieves me to see you sad. However, remember this: you may starve me, you may punish me, you may even kill me, but I shall never forsake the God that I adore."



Much against their will, the servants led the boy into the cold, damp dungeon. It almost broke his father's heart to hear the clatter of the iron bolts that locked the prison door. The old soldier was sure that this harsh punishment would soon make the boy change his mind.

All that day, the father refused to eat. He spoke to no one. He spent most of his time walking back and forth in his garden. There was no sleep for him that night. His thoughts were down in the gloomy dungeon with the boy whom he loved.

Early the next morning, he hurried down to the cell and opened the iron door. He was happy in the thought that he had cured his son. Potitus, smiling and happy, came forth from his black prison and kissed his father.

"You have learned your lesson, then, my son," said the soldier. "I am glad to see that you have put aside those foolish Christian ideas."

"Oh, no, father," replied the saint, "I am more convinced than ever that there is only one true God—the God Who made heaven and earth and all things, the great God Who rules the world and Who one day will judge it. This is the only God that I adore."

The father was surprised. He had not expected an answer like this. In a stern voice, he said, "I command you to worship the gods of your country."

"And who are those gods?" asked the boy. "Do you mean the marble statues in the temple? Oh father, you know they have no life or power. They can help no one. They can do nothing. Why should I kneel before a piece of stone and adore it as my God? Why should I ask a lifeless piece of gold to help me? Father, there is only one true God and His throne is in the high heavens. He is the great, living God Who made the marble and the gold of yonder statues. He is the God Whom the sun and moon and stars obey. *He is my God, and, oh, father, may He be your God too.*"

The saint clasped his hands and fell upon his knees. A heavenly light seemed to cover him. From his pure heart he sent forth a prayer to the throne of Jesus, asking Him to remove the veil from his father's soul, that he might see the true faith.

Our Lord could not resist the appeal that came from the soul of the holy boy. He sent His grace into the soul of the pagan soldier. Tears dimmed the father's eye and trickled down his weathered cheeks. Lovingly he embraced Potitus, crying through his tears: "I believe, O God. Help my unbelief."

~ "Wonder Stories of God's People," Imprimatur 1929 ~

THE LITTLE DEVIL WITH THE LONG TAIL

Once upon a time there was a little Devil named Smir. This little Devil was a fast thinker, a fast worker. He never tired. Every day from morning until night, Smir was on the job. His job was to tempt children, to lead boys and girls into sin. Like all little Devils, Smir had a long tongue and a very long tail.

One day Smir hurried along the street. He was looking for work. Well, Smir found work in front of a large white house. It was here that Smir met little Bobby Nelson. Bobby was watching a pair of roller skates which had been left on the porch of the large white house. Bobby wanted those skates. He could have fun with those skates.



Those skates would make him happy. But Bobby was afraid. Bobby was afraid to steal, and the Devil knew it.

“Don’t be afraid!” said the Devil with the long tongue and the very long tail. “Those are mighty fine skates. Why, they’re just your size. Think of the fun you can have with those skates! No one is watching, Bobby. Now is your chance. Get those skates! Get those skates!” The Devil certainly tempted Bobby, and Bobby listened. Bobby decided to take a chance.

But just as Bobby opened the gate, someone stepped on the Devil’s tail. And did that Devil jump? Why, the Devil screamed, and hollered, and cried. What do you think? A Guardian Angel stood at Bobby’s side.

Now, if there was one thing Smir didn’t like, it was a Guardian Angel. So Smir walked away, sat under a tree, and rubbed his tail. Smir was angry. Smir hated that Guardian Angel. He hated the things that the Angel was saying to Bobby Nelson.

“Bobby,” said the Angel, “I came here to help you. Don’t listen to that wicked Devil! That Devil is trying to get you into trouble. He’s trying to lead you into sin. If you steal those skates, Bobby, God will never forgive you until you return the skates.”

While the Angel was talking, the little Devil jumped up and down. He waved his arms. He shook his head. “Don’t you believe it! Don’t you believe it!” cried the Devil at the top of his voice.

But Bobby knew better. Bobby knew that an Angel would never tell a lie. Bobby decided then and there that he would not steal the skates. Of course, that made the Devil very angry. Why, Smir was so angry that he flew off in a rage, while Bobby and the Angel laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

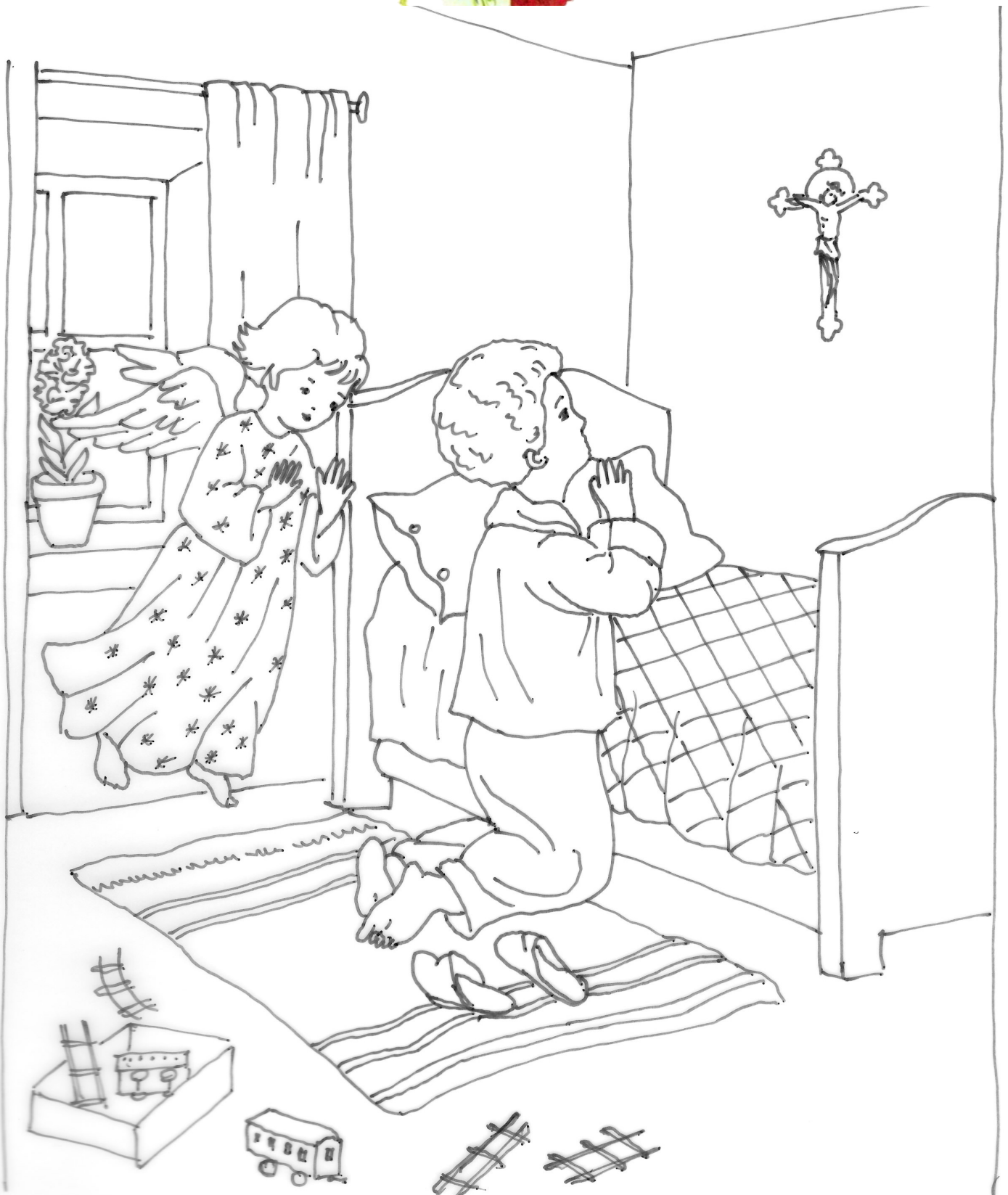
You all know that each one of you has a Guardian Angel, an Angel whom God has sent to watch over you, an Angel who helps you to be good. But what you don’t know is that Satan also sends one of his bad angels, a little Devil who follows you around, a little Devil whose job is to lead you into sin.

When you obey, when you are honest, when you speak the truth, when you say your prayers in the morning and at night, when you receive Our Lord in Holy Communion, when you do anything that is good, then you are listened to your Guardian Angel.

Now, when you disobey your parents or your teachers, when you steal or cheat, when you tell lies, when you don’t pray every day, when you don’t receive Holy Communion often, when you do anything that is bad, then you are listening to your little Devil.

Boys and girls, it’s up to you. If you want to save your soul, and I know you do, then listen to your Guardian Angel! Your Guardian Angel always speaks the truth. Your Guardian Angel will keep you from sin. If you listen to your little Devil and his lies, you will fall into sin.

Take my advice: LISTEN TO YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL, AND WATCH OUT FOR THAT LITTLE DEVIL WITH THE LONG TONGUE AND THE VERY LONG TAIL!





Answers to Unscramble the Saints Names

1. B, 2. D, 3. A, 4. F, 5. G, 6. C, 7. E, 8. H, 9. J, 10. I

ANSWERS TO CATHOLIC QUIZ ON THE MASS

1. It is the unbloody renewal of the Sacrifice of Our Lord upon the Cross.
 2. The Missal is the Mass book containing all the prayers said by the priest during the Holy sacrifice.
 3. (a) In low Mass, the priest reads or recites all the prayers, (b) In high Mass, the priest sings the Mass, (c) In solemn high Mass, the celebrant is assisted by a deacon and subdeacon.
 4. At the consecration of the bread, "For this is My body." At the consecration of the wine, "For this is the chalice of my blood of the new and eternal testament; the mystery of faith; which for you and for many shall be shed unto the remission of sins.
 5. It is a selection read at Mass after the Collects and is often taken from one of the letters, or Epistles, of the Apostles.
 6. "Et Verbum caro factum est et in nobis." (And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us.)
 7. The cup in which the wine is consecrated in the Mass.
 8. A piece of white linen used for cleaning the chalice and wiping the lips and fingers of the celebrant of a Mass.
 9. The vessel in which the Sacred Hosts are kept for distribution at Communion.
 10. The plate on which the priest puts the Host which he offers and consecrates in the Mass.
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This is a series of Catholic Gazettes for children. We are trying to put a little information in each gazette for all ages. We pray that it will help all to know and love their Faith better. It is put together by the students of St. Catherine's Academy as part of their Language, Religion, Art and Typing Courses. A.M.D.G. We hope you enjoy it. If you have any suggestions, ideas or comments please let us know at : <jwillson61@charter.net>

God Bless all of you!

Tim, the father of this clan, Timmy, Mary, Sarah, Katie, Patrick, Elizabeth and the teacher, Julie. God is good!!

~ ALL ARTICLES ARE MEANT TO BE IN KEEPING WITH THE SOUND TEACHINGS OF THE HOLY ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, WHICH IS THE SAME CHURCH FOUNDED BY OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND WILL LAST UNTIL THE END OF TIME.~