

alas, the wall was eighteen feet high, so she couldn't jump, and at the time the palace gate was being guarded, so she would have to find another way out.

One day the soldiers were marching around the palace. The gate guard had turned his back on the gate and was talking to another soldier. Lily Flower saw her chance to escape. She hid behind a tree near the gate and threw a stone in the bush beside the palace. This caught the attention of both soldiers; then quick as a wink, she dashed out the gate before anybody could notice.

Princess Lily Flower was happy! She ran like the wind toward the convent, and slid open the gate. She was overjoyed to see the nuns and the orphan girls, and chatted with them freely. The sisters asked Lily Flower why she had not come there before, and she simply answered that she had not been able to.

One hour passed quickly, and suddenly in the midst of their talking and laughter, a trumpet blasted! The guards were shouting orders and racing about. Mounting their horses, they dashed through the palace gates in search of Princess Lily Flower. Every street, every house, absolutely every place had to be searched, until the princess was found!

Suddenly the convent gate opened with a bang and there, before the nuns, stood three soldiers. "Where is the princess?" cried one of the soldiers, "Someone has kidnapped her!"

Mother Rita was calm, "No one has kidnapped the princess at all! She walked here to visit us and she is inside the convent, visiting with the orphans!"

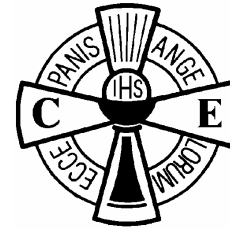
"Visiting with the orphans? She's not allowed to play with anyone but another princess!" and he pushed through the door into the convent. But as he stood in the doorway, his jaw fell open and no word escaped from his mouth. He dropped his sword to the floor and stood there in shock. There before him was the most beautiful "princess" he had ever seen, sitting in between Lily Flower and Blossom. She was about the same age as Lily Flower. Her skin was like the most delicate china and in her hair she wore sparkling, diamond combs. And her kimono was a most beautiful blue which shimmered like the ocean waters. The extraordinary "princess" raised her head, and her voice was gentle and kind, "Good Soldier, I see you have come looking for Princess Lily Flower. Though I am young, I am Princess Lotus Flower. I have been showing Princess Lily Flower and Blossom how to embroider Roses, Lilies and Orange Blossoms."

The soldier bowed low and finally spoke, "As long as you are here Princess Lotus Flower, Princess Lily Flower is welcome to come to this convent any time, and I will bring her to the convent myself." And with that he waited outside the convent gate and sent the other soldiers back to the palace.

That day, Princess Lily Flower, Blossom, the nuns and the orphans, learned that Princess Lotus Flower was actually, the Blessed Virgin Mary herself. Princess Lotus Flower said that every First Saturday of the month in May and October, at 2:00, she would be at the convent. So that is when Princess Lily Flower would go to visit at the convent. And she gradually learned more about the Catholic Faith from Our Lady.

When she was fourteen years old, she became very ill with cancer. Seeing that his daughter did not have much longer to live, her father said he would give her anything she wanted. She begged him to let her become a Catholic before she died. He gave her permission and she died three days later, as the priest was giving her the Last Rites.

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Handmaids of Christ and Children of Mary

Supplement to the Bulletin of the Eucharistic Crusade in Ireland

June 2007
Month of the Sacred Heart

This leaflet is intended for high-school girls. Being part of the Eucharistic Crusade, you will receive the bulletin of the Crusade and pray for the intentions of the Crusade. As girls, Our Lady is your special model. Therefore as well as being Crusaders and Handmaids of Christ, you are also Children of Mary. The purpose of these few pages is to help you in your spiritual life.

From the Chaplain

There will be quite a good number of girls for the camp. Please prepare in advance any play or other activities you would like to do during the camp.

AN EASY WAY TO BECOME A SAINT By Fr Paul O'Sullivan, OP

Chapter 1 - TWO KINDS OF SAINTS

Owing to political troubles, an unfortunate man slew his enemy, a crown official. Denounced by a perfidious friend of his own, he was arrested and condemned to death. He repented sincerely of his crime, but could not pardon his base accuser. The chaplain of the prison used his utmost efforts to induce him to go to Confession. "This I cannot do," he said, "because, though sorry for my crime, I cannot pardon my false friend. Thus my Confession would be bad."

A good Sister of Mercy won his heart by her "infinite" kindness and delicacy. She too tried to induce him to confess. In vain.

On the eve of his execution, she made a last, supreme effort. "Do you know who I am?" she asked him. "Yes, Sister, you are an Angel from Heaven."

"No, I am no Angel from Heaven, but I am the sister of the man whom you killed. I have pardoned you, I have fasted and prayed and done all I could to save your soul." Amazed, the poor man fell on his knees and, in a flood of tears, kissed her feet.

"Yes, yes, Angel of God, for you are, indeed, an Angel. I forgive with all my heart my enemy, oh forgive me you."

Hers, indeed, was heroic forgiveness. A single act, as we have said, reveals at times heroic sanctity.

The widow's alms won Our Lord's high approbation. "She has given more," He said, "than all the rest." She had given only a mite, but she gave it with all her heart. The Good Thief's plea for mercy on the cross obtained plenary pardon for all his crimes. The Publican's short prayer: "O God, have mercy on me, a sinner" made his soul as white as snow.

(Continues next month)

Instruction upon meditation

Meditation, or mental prayer, is a devout and fruitful consideration of Divine things, and of all that is conducive to the acquirement of virtue and of eternal salvation.

We have seen all the different parts of the meditation.

Let us now look at some questions that will be very useful for our meditation:

1. *What practical conclusion should I draw from the mystery or truth contained in this point?*
2. *What motives have I to apply this truth to myself? Is the conclusion right and just, necessary or useful for me in my daily conduct?*
3. *What has been my conduct hitherto?*
4. *What shall I do for the future?*
5. *What obstacles are to be removed? What means must I employ, in order to carry out my good resolutions?*

7th Meditation – On Hell - 2

In Hell, every sense will be exquisitely tormented. The sight, by the presence of devils; the ears, by shrieks and howlings, by curses and blasphemies; the smell, by insupportable stench and rottenness; the taste, by raging hunger and thirst, nor will the damned obtain a drop of water; the touch, by glowing fire that will search their inmost parts, and penetrate them throughout. It is said of the joys of heaven that "neither eye hath seen nor ear heard what things God hath prepared for those who love Him" (1 Cor. II, 9). May not the same words be applied to the justice of God.

Lily Flower And Lotus Flower

The nuns were all excited – Mother Rita, Sr. Agnes and Sr. Anne were leaving for Japan. Their convent was on the coast of California and they had only to go to the nearby dock, to take the boat to the waiting ship. They were Franciscan Missionary Nuns and they were going to set up a convent in the land of flowers.

It took three weeks to cross the ocean and the sisters were blessed with good weather for the whole length of their trip. When they arrived, some friends were waiting for them at the dock – Mr. and Mrs. Yao and their three children. Mr. Yao had a bus waiting for the three nuns and their luggage, so the sisters and the Yao family all piled into the bus and they were off to the convent. The children wanted to hold the hands of the nuns and they chatted freely with the nuns. They giggled when the nuns made errors in the Japanese language, but the sisters didn't mind.



About an hour later, Mr. Yao arrived at the convent. It wasn't like the convent in California, but it was home to the nuns. The convent was a plain white, eight room building, with a pagoda style roof. Everything was in order, as Mr. Yao and the other parishioners had prepared this convent over the past year. The nuns were pleased and when their suitcases were carried in, they bid the Yao's goodbye and knelt down to thank God for His blessings.

The next day the sisters set about arranging their convent and buying food. They bought rice, fish, vegetables and fruit. They planned to take in orphans and raise them in the Catholic Faith – and God willing some of these little Japanese girls would later become nuns. The sisters planned to support themselves and the orphans by washing clothes for people. The next day, Sr. Anne hung out a Japanese sign which read, "LAUNDRY WASHED HERE! GOOD PRICES!" That same day they had their first customer and then another, and yet another! The week went well and Mr. Yao informed the nuns that he had five orphans, ready to be taken in. When the orphans arrived the next day, they were shy at first, but before long they were happy in their new surroundings. The nuns taught the orphans to pray, and taught them the Catechism, and in time they taught them to sew and embroider.

One of the most talented of the orphans was a girl named, Blossom. She was twelve years old and very handy with a needle and thread. Her mother had taught her to embroider when she was very young, but a hurricane had killed both of her parents. She had no living relatives, so that is how she ended up at the orphanage.

Near the convent was a palace, and there were high walls all around the palace. You could hear the soldiers walking about, and you could hear a girl and her pet nightingale, singing at different times. The girl was actually a Japanese Princess, and her name was Lily Flower. She was a lonely princess. She had no sisters or brothers, and no friends to play with. Her parents said that a princess can only play with another princess, and there was none to be found.

One day when Lily Flower was twelve, she was taking a stroll through the flower gardens. The flowers danced in the breeze and she could see the gold fish swimming to and fro in the little pond. Lily Flower wondered what was on the other side of the wall, but since there was no princess for her to play with, her father had never allowed her to go beyond the palace walls.

The princess had only seen the other side of the wall through the palace windows, but the view was blocked by tall, bushy trees. Now she wanted to see the other side of the wall, up close; she wanted to go there.

One of the soldiers was repairing a crack in the palace wall and he had gone to get some more cement. He had left his ladder leaning against the garden wall. Quick as a flash, Lily Flower was up the ladder and peered over the edge of the wall. There she saw the Franciscan Missionary Nuns in their white habits and all the little orphan girls, which they were caring for. The girl's heart went out to them; she wanted to go and visit them, at once. But