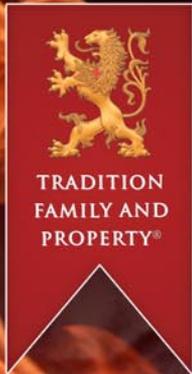


July/August 2020

CRUSADE

MAGAZINE



OUR LADY
OF GOOD HELP
AND THE PESHTIGO

FIRE
MIRACLE

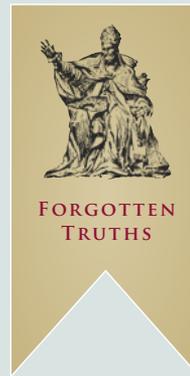
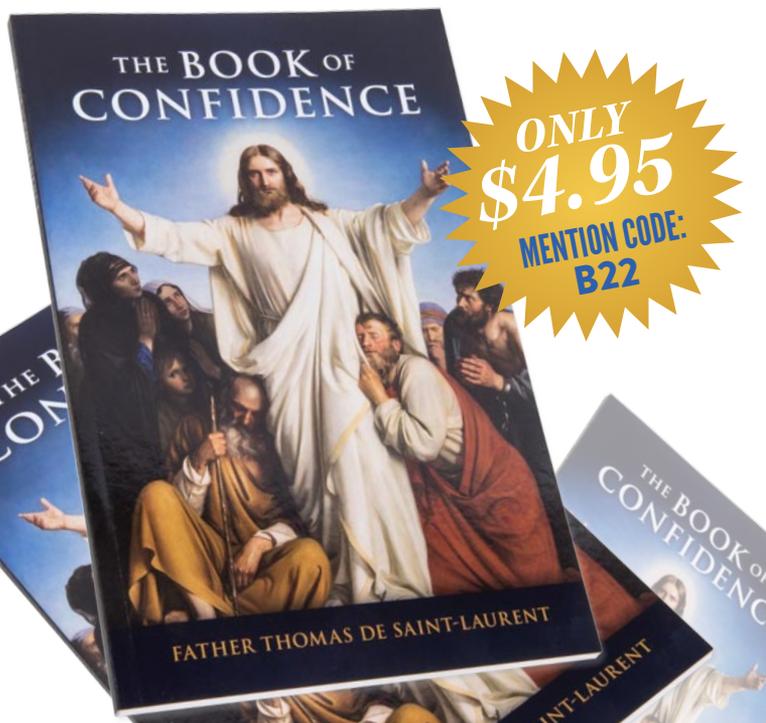
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No Alliance Between Light and Darkness

BY POPE PIUS IX

Though the children of this world be wiser than the children of light, their snares and their violence would undoubtedly have less success if a great number of those who call themselves Catholics did not extend a friendly hand to them.

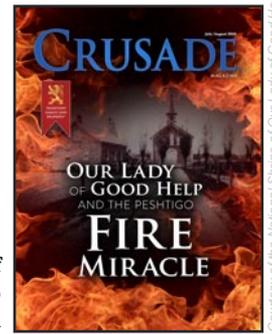
Yes, unfortunately, there are those who seem to want to walk in agreement with our enemies and try to build an alliance between light and darkness, an accord between justice and iniquity, by means of those so-called liberal Catholic doctrines, which, based on the most pernicious principles, adulate the civil power when it invades things spiritual and urge souls to respect or at least tolerate the most iniquitous laws, as if it had not been written absolutely that no one can serve two masters.

They are certainly much more dangerous and more baneful than our declared enemies, not only because they second their efforts, perhaps without realizing it, but also because, by maintaining themselves at the very edge of condemned opinions, they take on an appearance of integrity and irreprehensible doctrine, beguiling the imprudent friends of conciliations and deceiving honest persons, who would revolt against a declared error. In this way, they divide the minds, rend the unity, and weaken the forces that should be assembled against the enemy. ■

Blessed Pope Pius IX, letter to the president and members of the Saint Ambrose Circle of Milan, March 6, 1873, in *I Papi e la Gioventù* (Rome: Editrice A.V.E., 1944).

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Courtesy of the National Shrine of Our Lady of Good Help

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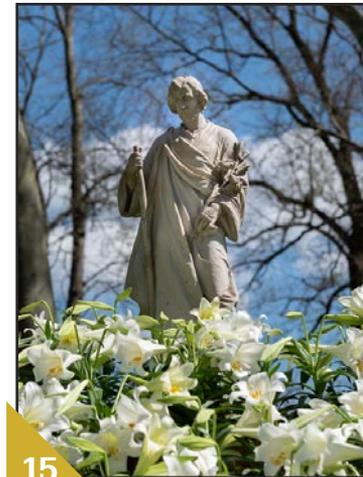
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15 Stunning display of devotion to Saint Joseph



20 As the world trembles in the face of COVID-19, one author finds an opportunity to proclaim, “Jesus is my King.”

CRUSADE

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THE AMERICAN TFP

The American Society for the Defense of Tradition, Family and Property (TFP) is an organization of lay Catholic Americans concerned about the moral crisis shaking the remnants of Christian civilization. Its earliest origins date back to January 1971, when the first TFP members started to group around the publication *Crusade for a Christian Civilization*. It is a civic, cultural and nonpartisan organization which, inspired by the traditional teachings of the Supreme Magisterium of the Roman Catholic Church, works in a legal and peaceful manner in the

realm of ideas to defend and promote the principles of private ownership, family and perennial Christian values with their twofold function: individual and social. The TFP's words and efforts have always been faithfully at the service of Christian civilization. The first TFP was founded in Brazil by the famous intellectual and Catholic leader Prof. Plinio Corrêa de Oliveira in 1960. His work inspired the formation of other autonomous TFP sister organizations across the globe, thus constituting the world's largest anticommunist and antisocialist network of Catholic inspiration.



IN BRIEF

Over 1,300 Super Bowl Complaints

The Federal Communications Commission received over 1,300 complaints from viewers of the hyper-sexually provocative performance that was featured during the halftime show of the recent Super Bowl telecast. According to a CNN report, many viewers who were watching with their children complained that the performance “was extremely explicit and completely unacceptable.” As a result, many of the viewers threatened to boycott Pepsi, the sponsor of the halftime show, as well as the Super Bowl and the National Football League.

The Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation spent more than \$400 million towards the goal of establishing and implementing Common Core, a set of centrally mandated curriculum rules and tests for children in K-12 grade. In a speech that was published on his blog, Gates said that “based on everything we have learned in the past 17 years, we are evolving our education strategy.” He then detailed how U.S. education made little improvement since his foundation closely worked with the Obama administration to implement Common Core. Many Catholic educators described Common Core as nothing more than “a recipe for standardized workforce preparation,” that dramatically diminishes children’s intellectual and spiritual horizons.

Common Core a Failure

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Minnesota Bishops’ Guidelines Regarding True Biological Sex

Catholic schools in Minnesota were instructed by their bishops to ignore prevailing secular gender theories and insist that school children be addressed according to their true biological sex. The guidelines say that sexual identity as it relates to a child’s biological sex is a “gift from God” that cannot change. Dr. Jennifer Roback Morse, founder and president of the Ruth Institute, a coalition to defend the family, told LifeSiteNews that it is of significance the document used the term “sexual identity” and not the term “gender identity.” She said, “I applaud the care with which the Minnesota bishops wrote this document.”

Iowa Voter Video Goes Viral

A voter in the recent Iowa caucus demanded back her voting card when she found out that her preferred candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination was “married” to a man. In an exchange that was recorded live

by filmmaker Annabel Park, the unnamed voter asked Pete Buttigieg caucus precinct captain Nikki van den Heever, “Are you saying that he has a same-sex partner?” When van den Heever replied in the affirmative, the voter replied, “Are you kidding? Then I don’t want anybody like that in the White House.” She then asked if she could have her card back. The video recording of the exchange was posted by Annabel Park on Twitter and has been retweeted 4,000 times and viewed 2.9 million times.

Science Confirms that Unborn Babies Feel Pain

Pre-born children experience pain during an abortion as early as 12 weeks rather than the 24-week limit assumed by many scientists, according to a study published in the *Journal of Medical Ethics* on January 14, 2020. The title of the paper, “Reconsidering Foetal Pain,” was the work of U.S. army physician John C. Bockmann, who is pro-life, and British psychologist Stuart Derbyshire, who considers himself to be pro-abortion. By examining the latest evidence offered in the field of neuroscience, the two scientists came to the shared conclusion that unborn human beings are capable of experiencing painful sensations even when the cerebral cortex and intact thalamocortical tracts are not fully developed, which typically takes place after 24 weeks of gestation. “Overall... a balanced reading of the evidence points towards an immediate and unreflective pain experience mediated by the developing function of the nervous system as early as 12 weeks.” While disagreeing on the ethical implications of the findings, the two scientists agreed that to claim that a fetus cannot feel pain before 24 weeks “flirts with moral recklessness.”



Congressional Commission Calls for Drafting Women into the Military

An eleven-member panel from the National Commission on Military, National and Public Service released a lengthy report to Congress in March 2020 in which it argued that all women between the ages of 18 and 26 should be required to register for future military drafts. The report stated that, “the current disparate treatment of women unacceptably excludes women from a fundamental civic obligation and reinforces gender stereotypes about the role of women, undermining national security.” While women have increasingly been integrated into combat roles in the military, many Americans have voiced their opposition to subjecting women to the draft.



Give Your Child the Gift of Devotion to Mary

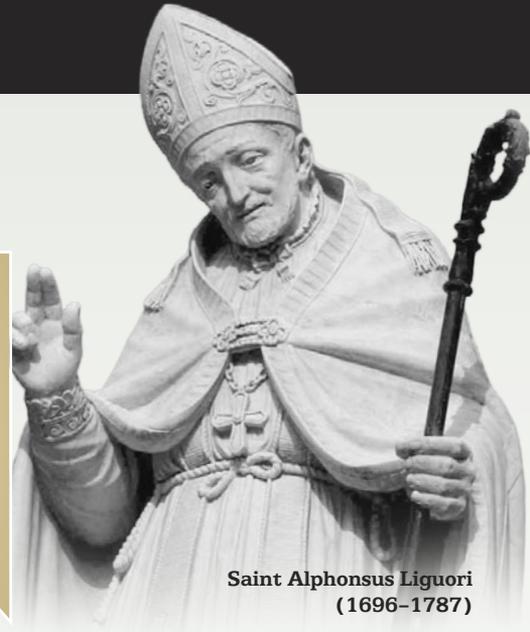
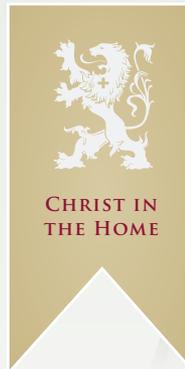
BY FR. FERREOL GIRARDEY, C.S.S.R.

Saint Alphonsus justly maintains that a true servant of Mary cannot be lost. You should, therefore, consider it one of your most important duties to leave no means untried to instill into the hearts of your children, from their very infancy, a deep and tender devotion to Mary, the Mother of Jesus. It would be well if, after the example of many pious parents, you would dedicate your children, even before their birth, or at least from their baptism, to this most holy of virgins, and thus place their innocence and purity under her special protection.

Teach your children to look upon Mary as their loving Mother, to invoke her aid with all fervor and confidence, in all their temptations, in all their trials, in all their wants, and to prepare for her feasts by novenas of prayer and good works, and to receive holy communion on all her principal feasts. Cause them to wear a medal and the scapulars in her honor, and daily to recite the beads.

If you succeed in inspiring them with a true and tender devotion to this purest of virgins, to this most powerful and loving of mothers, you will have secured the preservation of their purity and their eternal salvation, for Mary is, indeed, the Mother of perpetual help and of final perseverance.

Recommend to them also devotion to Mary as Our Lady of Sorrows, and teach them to sympathize with her in her sorrows, especially with the grief and anguish which she endured



Saint Alphonsus Liguori (1696-1787)

at the foot of the cross, when she became our Mother by the last will of her dying Son, Jesus Christ. Mary, says Saint Alphonsus, will extend her special protection in life and death to all who sympathize with her in her sorrows.

To inspire your children with a love for holy purity, and at the same time to secure for them the special protection of the most blessed Virgin Mary in time of temptation, you ought to accustom them to recite every morning and every night the "Hail Mary" three times in honor of the purity of Mary. This pious exercise is recommended by Saint Alphonsus as a sure and infallible means of obtaining that angelic virtue.

That great doctor of the Church maintains that he who remembers having sincerely invoked during temptation the holy names of Jesus and Mary, or even only the name of Mary, may rest assured that he has not yielded to the temptation. By carefully teaching these pious practices to your dear children you will enable them to avoid the abominable vice of impurity, and to lead a chaste and virtuous life. ■

Taken from Popular Instructions to Parents on the Bringing up of Children, by Girardey Ferreol, 1897, pp. 91-92.



Learning how to pray the rosary is a wonderful way for children to draw closer to Mary, their Mother.

The Coronavirus Is a Call to Return to God

BY JOHN HORVAT II



Our reaction to the coronavirus reflects the crisis of our secular, godless society. The problem is not the virus—as potentially lethal as it might be. This outbreak is a biological fact, like so many that have plagued humanity over the ages.

While a virus is apolitical, it can, however, have political consequences. Much more volatile than the coronavirus is the fear of it. A coronaphobia is rattling the globe. In this sense, the reaction to the coronavirus is extremely political and secular. It reflects a society that has turned its back on God. We face the crisis trusting only in ourselves and our devices.

Man All Alone

Indeed, the management of the coronavirus crisis accepts no help from outside. God has no meaning or function inside all the efforts to eradicate it. In God's stead, there are the immense powers of government mobilized to control every aspect of life to prevent its spread. The mighty arm of science scrambles to find a vaccine. The worlds of finance and technology are brought to bear to mitigate the disastrous effects of the crisis.

While all human efforts must be used to solve the problems, they have not produced the desired results. Present attempts have disappointed a frenetically intemperate society addicted to instant, push-button solutions. The world has been forced to shut down with no definite timeline as to when the crisis will end.

For this reason, it is so terrifying. There are few mitigating institutions like the Church to make its treatment humane and bearable. We are left alone to face this great danger. The tiny virus isolates and alienates its victims, taking them out of society. In many cases, it is the individual against the State. Technicians in hazmat suits treat men and



As the modern world is brought to its knees by a tiny virus, officials are taking measures to ensure the health of the body, while the health of souls has been brutally neglected.

women as if they are the virus. In totalitarian China and other places, officials employ brutal violence to force compliance with drastic directives.

No Longer in Need of God

A virus is also a-religious. However, that does not prevent it from having a religious dimension. The coronavirus comes at a time when most in society feel they do not need God. For these, God has long been replaced by bread and circuses. The modern pleasures point to no need for heaven. The post-modern vices proclaim no fear of hell.

And yet the coronavirus has the uncanny ability to turn our material paradises into hells. The cruise ship, the symbol of all earthly delights, became an infected prison for passengers who did everything possible to get out. Those who have made sports their god now find empty stadiums and canceled tournaments. Those who adore money now find decimated portfolios and quarantined workforces. The worshippers of education look at their empty schools and universities. The devotees of consumerism face bare supermarket shelves. The world we worshipped is tumbling down. The things for which we glory are now in ruins.

A small microbe has toppled the idols that were once thought so stable, powerful and enduring. It has brought their worshippers to their knees. And we still insist that we do not need God. We will

Much more volatile than the coronavirus is the fear of it.

spend trillions of dollars in the futile hope of patching our broken idols.

Banishing God

However, one aspect of the coronavirus crisis is still worse. It is bad enough that God is replaced or ignored. We have gone one step further. God is banished from the scene; He is forbidden to act.

Among the draconian measures decreed, government officials are forbidding public worship. In Italy and America, they have banned Masses, stopped communion and confession. The Church and its holy sacraments are considered an occasion of contagion, treated no different than a sports event or music concert.

In their turn, the media mock the Church claiming that even God has been self-quarantined.

A Crisis of Faith

Sadly, some Church officials are only too willing to comply with such measures. They deprive the faithful of the sacraments just when they needed them most. They go beyond what officials ask even to the point of emptying fountains of their holy water and replacing them with sanitizer dispensers. They discourage the giving of the Last Rites.

Not even miracles are allowed. Church officials unilaterally closed the miraculous healing baths at Lourdes, in France! Those miraculous waters have probably cured every disease known to humanity. Is this coronavirus any more lethal?

Such is the state of our Faith in crisis.

The Solution Lies in Reinvigorating Faith

Some might object that taking a non-secular attitude toward the virus requires a leap of faith. However, we must ask which is the greater leap of faith—to confide in Holy Mother Church or the cold hands of a State that had already shown itself incapable of solving society's problems?

We have every reason to confide in God. The problem is that we allow officials to treat the Church as if She knows nothing about healing bodies and souls. They have conveniently forgotten that the Church is a mother. She established the world's first hospitals during the Middle Ages. The foundations of modern medicine are rooted in Her solicitude for the sick. She handled each patient as if Christ Himself. Thus, the Church sent orders of priests, monks and nuns to provide free health care for the poor and sick all over the world. Down through the ages, amid plague and pestilence, we find the Church in their midst, ministering to the infected despite great dangers.

Above all, the Church cared for the souls of the suffering sick. She comforted, consoled and anointed the afflicted. She maintained countless shrines, like Lourdes, where the pilgrims are rewarded for their faith with



Nowhere is our lack of faith in God more painfully evident than the forced closures of churches throughout the world, severing the faithful from the sacraments when they are most needed.

peace of mind, cures and miracles.

In times of plague, the prayers of whole communities might rise to ask God to come to the aid of a sinful society in need of His mercy. History gives testimony that these prayers were often heard.

When the Church acts as she should, she prevents crises like the coronavirus from becoming inhuman and overwhelming. Like a mother, she provides consolation and hope in moments of darkness. She reminds us that we are not alone and should always have recourse to God. It makes no sense to banish God from the fight against the coronavirus.

Turning to God

Indeed, the coronavirus crisis should be a call to reject our godless society.

This crisis threatens to go beyond the health crisis and bring down the American economy. We must, therefore, ask why God is replaced, ignored and banished. It is time to turn to God, who alone can save us from this disaster.

Turning to God does not mean offering up a symbolic prayer or holding a procession in the hopes of returning to lives of sin and intemperate pleasures. Instead, it must consist of sincere prayer, sacrifice and penance like that requested by Our Lady at Fatima in 1917.

Turning to God presupposes an amendment of life in the face of a world that hates God's law and barrels toward its destruction. It means acting as the Church has always done, with commonsense, wisdom, charity, but, above all, faith and confidence. All of these Church remedies, full of comfort and healing, are within the grasp of the faithful.

Turning to God does not mean we deny the role of government in handling public health emergencies. However, Faith must be a major component of any solution. God is with us. We should confide in the Blessed Sacrament, the Real Presence of God in the world and the God Who created us. We should have recourse to the Mother of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, Health of the Sick, and Mother of Mercy. ■

“I am the Angel of Portugal”

BY GUSTAVO A. SOLIMEO AND LUIS S. SOLIMEO



During 1916, an angel appeared three times to Lucia, Jacinta and Francisco. The goal of those manifestations appears to have been to pave the way for the more portentous events they would witness a year later: the apparitions of Our Lady. The heavenly messenger introduced the three innocent children to the supernatural realm, making them familiar with these phenomena and thus apt to better understand and transmit the message they would be entrusted with spreading. That psychological preparation was followed by a spiritual one, as the angel taught them prayers and gave them pious exercises, whose faithful practice prepared them for the unparalleled privilege of seeing the Mother of God.

The Three Apparitions of 1915

Lucia, who later played a salient role in spreading the message of Fatima, received a special preparation through angelic visits in which the other seers did not participate.

Thus, in 1915* an angel appeared three times to Lucia and her companions, Maria Justino and her sisters, Teresa Matias and Maria Rosa Matias.

They were watching their flocks on a hill called “Cabeço” and had barely begun to say the rosary, after lunch, when they saw, “suspended in the air upon the trees, a figure like a statue of snow which the rays of the sun turned into something transparent,” as Lucia describes. They continued to pray and as soon as they were done, the vision disappeared.

Lucia had decided to say nothing to anyone, but when they got home, the other girls told their families what had happened. The news spread and one day Lucia was questioned by her mother about what she had seen. The girl—who at the time was only seven—was unable to explain herself and ended up saying she had seen something that “appeared to be a person wrapped in a bed sheet,” as she could make out neither her eyes nor hands. Her mother shrugged it off: “Children’s foolishness!”

The same girls twice again had that same vision, in the same place. As in the first time, Lucia kept quiet, but the other girls told everything when they got home and were much ridiculed as a result. That caused Lucia great suffering.

The 1916 Apparitions

One year later, the angel again manifested himself, no longer to Lucia’s little friends but only to her and her little cousins, Francisco and Jacinta, future confidants of the Virgin.

First Apparition: The Angel of Peace

The first such manifestation took place in the spring of 1916. The three had taken their sheep to graze in a property belonging to Lucia’s parents called Chousa Velha, slightly to the West of Aljustrel. “Around mid-morning a fine rain began to fall, just

Illustrations by Dias Tavares

a bit more than dew,” Lucia tells. They sought refuge in a grotto farther up the slope, known as Loca do Cabeço. They stayed there even after the rain had ended; and they began their lunch, said the rosary and started playing, throwing little stones.

It was a calm day. Suddenly, a strong wind shook the trees. Raising their eyes to see what was happening, the children saw upon the olive grove a luminous figure (already known to Lucia) walking toward them. As it drew nearer, they could make out its traits: It was a young man 14 or 15 years old “whiter than snow whom the sun made as transparent as crystal,” Lucia describes. Surprised and a bit stunned, the little shepherds kept quiet.

“Fear not! I am the Angel of Peace. Pray with me.”

And kneeling down, the angel bowed his head all the way to the ground and made them repeat three times these words:

“My God! I believe, I adore, I hope and I love Thee. I ask Thee forgiveness for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not hope and do not love Thee.”

Then, rising, he said:

“Pray like this. The Hearts of Jesus and Mary are attentive to the voice of your supplications.”

And he disappeared.

After the apparition, the three felt weak and stunned. Little by little they recovered and began to gather the flock, as it was getting late. On their way back to Aljustrel, none of them felt like speaking. They walked in pensive silence. There was no need to agree to say nothing at home.

The angel’s words were so impressed on the children’s minds that they never forgot them. And after that they would often prostrate and repeat them until they got tired. (Francisco, who was only able to see but could hear nothing, learned the prayer from Lucia and Jacinta.)

Second Apparition: The Angel of Portugal

The second apparition took place “at the height of summer” next to the well in Lucia’s backyard. The children had gone to spend the warmest hours of the day in the shade of trees and were playing next to the well when, all of a sudden, they saw the same figure right next to them.

“What are you doing? Pray, pray a lot. The Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary have designs of mercy upon you. Constantly offer prayers and sacrifices to the Most High.”

“How must we sacrifice?” Lucia asked.

“In all that you can, offer God a sacrifice in reparation for the sins with which He is offended and in supplication for the conversion of sinners. You will thus attract peace upon your country. I am the guardian Angel of Portugal. Above all, accept and bear with submission the suffering that the Lord sends you.”

And he disappeared.

The children then had a mystical experience which, as Lucia narrates, “made us understand who God is, how much He loves us and wishes to be loved, the value of sacrifice and how it pleases God, and how He converts sinners.”

Third Apparition: The Angel of the Eucharist

Around the end of September or beginning of October, they

received a third visit from the heavenly messenger, again at the grotto of Cabeço.

Lucia unpretentiously recounts:

“As soon as we arrived there, we began to say the angel’s prayer on our knees, with our faces to the ground. ‘My God, I believe, I adore, I hope, and I love Thee....’ I do not know how many times we had said this prayer when we saw an unknown light shining over our heads. We rose to see what was happening, and we saw the angel bearing a chalice in his left hand. Drops of blood fell into the chalice from a Host suspended over it. Leaving the chalice and the Host suspended in the air, the angel prostrated himself on the ground beside us and said the following prayer three times:

“Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I adore Thee profoundly and offer Thee the most precious Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity of Jesus Christ, present in all the tabernacles of the earth, in reparation for the insults, sacrileges, and indifference with which He is offended. And through the infinite merits of His Most Sacred Heart and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I beg Thee for the conversion of poor sinners.”

“After this, rising up, he again took the chalice and the Host in his hand; he gave the Host to me and the contents of the chalice to Jacinta and Francisco to drink, saying:

‘Eat and drink the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, who is horribly insulted by ungrateful men. Make reparation for their crimes and console your God.’

“He again prostrated himself on the ground and repeated with us the same prayer three more times. ‘Most Holy Trinity....’ Then he disappeared.

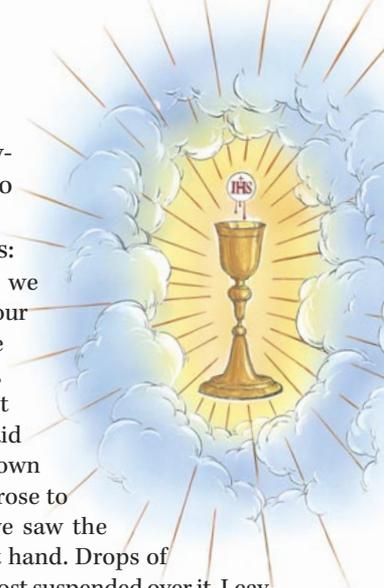
The sensation of God’s presence on this occasion was far more intense and left them so exhausted that, a few days later, Francisco commented:

“I like very much to see the angel, but the bad part is that afterwards we are unable to do anything. I couldn’t even walk!”

That all happened when Lucia was nine, Francisco eight, and Jacinta six years old. None of them told anything about the angel’s apparition at home or anywhere else. Only in 1937, in her Second Memoir, Lucia incidentally refers to the manifestations of the angel for the first time.

In memory of these apparitions of the angel to the three little shepherds, on June 10th, Portuguese children gather at Fátima on an annual pilgrimage to celebrate the Angel of Portugal, who is also a messenger of the God of Peace. ■

In her later report, Sister Lucia was unable to determine the precise dates of those manifestations, as she was very small at the time; but by her recollections of the weather, she figured it was between April and October of that year. Cf. “Fourth Memoir,” in *Memórias da Irmã Lúcia, Vice-Postulação, Fátima*, 7.^a edição, 1997: vol. I, p. 155. Here we follow two reports by Lucia contained in this volume, in the “Second Memoir” (pp. 59-64) and in the “Fourth Memoir” (pp. 155-157) respectively.



Our Lady of Good Help and the PESHTIGO FIRE MIRACLE

BY REX TEODOSIO



Spiritual wildfires have been raging in America in recent years. The moral depravity of homosexual “marriage,” pornography, transgenderism and a rise in Satanism, among others, leaves our cultural landscape desolate. Hundreds of thousands of souls have suffered. These “fires” have engulfed families and social structures. Many have lost hope in fleeing from the flames.

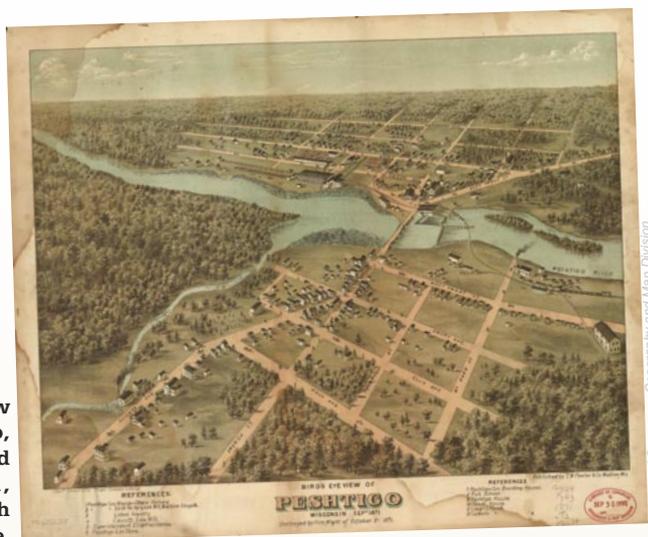
But our Catholic Faith offers us another solution. Our Lady’s offer, to make her Immaculate Heart our “refuge and the path that will lead [us] to God,” provides a shelter for all who seek it. This lesson can be learned from the great Peshtigo Fire of 1871, throughout which a group of faithful Catholics relied upon Our Lady of Good Help’s intervention. The miracle that followed was evidence of Her power to protect.

ing community due to a logging company and other enterprises including a factory producing tubs and buckets. The population of Peshtigo was about 2,000 souls. In addition to this population, the work attracted numerous temporary workers.

On October 7, 1871, the day before the fire, Father Pernin was scheduled to go to Cedar River by steamboat, which was roughly 25 miles north of Marinette along the shore. It never came. In fact, the steamboat did pass by the wharf, but, owing to the dense smoke about the dock area, the captain decided it was too dangerous to make the stop. Father was forced to return to Peshtigo that evening. It was the first sign of divine intervention since, had Father Pernin boarded that boat, he would have been stranded in Cedar River and perished in the fire with the entire city the following day.

The day the fire began was a Sunday, and Father Pernin was intent on proceeding to Marinette by horseback to celebrate the Mass as was customary.

The Catholics in Peshtigo argued forcefully that it was too dangerous, so he conceded to stay. Much smoke and the sound of crackling continued to be seen and heard from a distance.



Bird’s eye view of Peshtigo, Wisconsin, created September 1871, just one month before the fire.

Library of Congress, Geography and Map Division

Premonition of the Calamity

Up until the early evening of the 8th, Father Pernin did not feel compelled to prepare for a calamity. There was danger in the air, and everyone sensed it. Lookouts were assigned to watch over the region for signs of forest fire. They were entrusted to warn the city of any impending danger. Since no warning had come, Father Pernin thought that everyone’s feelings of dread, including his, were irrational.

He sensed his first premonition of great danger at around eight o’clock in the evening. He was walking with his neighbor on her land when suddenly he “perceived some old trunks of trees blaze out though without seeing about them any tokens of cinder or spark, just as if the wind had been a breath of fire, capable of kindling them into a flame by its mere contact.”² The wind had been faltering until then, blowing at one moment, abating on the next, then suddenly gusting. Off to the west, they saw “a dense cloud of smoke over-hanging the earth, a vivid red

Below is a summation of key events from Reverend Peter Pernin’s narrative entitled, *The Great Peshtigo Fire: An Eyewitness Account*.¹

It All Began with Father Peter Pernin

Father Peter Pernin was the parish priest of the cities of Peshtigo and Marinette, both in Wisconsin, and also of Cedar River, Michigan. In the late nineteenth century, Peshtigo was a small but grow-

reflection of immense extent, and then suddenly [what] struck on [his] ear, strangely audible in the preternatural silence reigning around, [was] a distant roaring, yet muffled sound, announcing that the elements were in commotion somewhere.”³

Father Pernin made up his mind. A great calamity, indeed, was coming. It was time to prepare for the worst. Little did he know how providential that decision was.

Preparation for the Calamity

At about half past eight, he freed his horse, judging that it was the best he could do for him. He then dug a six-foot-deep trench and buried his chest, the church’s books and precious belongings in it. His neighbor, Mrs. Tyler, who was hosting a party, approached him and asked, “Father, do you think there is any danger?” “I do not know,” he replied, “but I have unpleasant presentiments, and feel myself impelled to prepare for trouble.” “But, if a fire breaks out, Father, what are we to do?” “In that case, Madam, seek the river at once.”⁴

Mrs. Tyler and her family later followed the priest’s instruction and were saved. All of Mrs. Tyler’s party guests, except two, perished.

The Tabernacle

Father Pernin then turned his attention to saving the Blessed Sacrament. It was shortly past nine o’clock, and the wind had picked up. The redness in the sky deepened. The roaring sound seemed to be almost upon him. Even when surrounded by grave danger, the Blessed Sacrament completely occupied his thoughts. “Object of all objects,” Father Pernin wrote, “precious, priceless, especially in the eyes of a priest.”⁵ The calamity seemed about to fall on him. In his haste, he dropped the key to the tabernacle, so he decided to transport the tabernacle on his handcart. He exited the church, and, immediately, a strong gust of wind began blowing with the strength of a hurricane, clearing away the gate, the planks and fencing from his path. All he had to do now was to make it to the river.

The Struggle to Make It to Safety

The wind was so strong it pushed him against the building across the street. He struggled to stay on his feet. He tripped several times on his way to the river. Once, it was over a mother and a daughter who had succumbed to the fire. Another time, he lost his balance due to the wind. When trying to get back on his feet, he felt a horse nuzzle his shoulder. It was his own horse,

trembling from fear. Despite his efforts, he never persuaded his horse to budge. It stayed frozen in its spot only to be found some days later devoured by the fire.

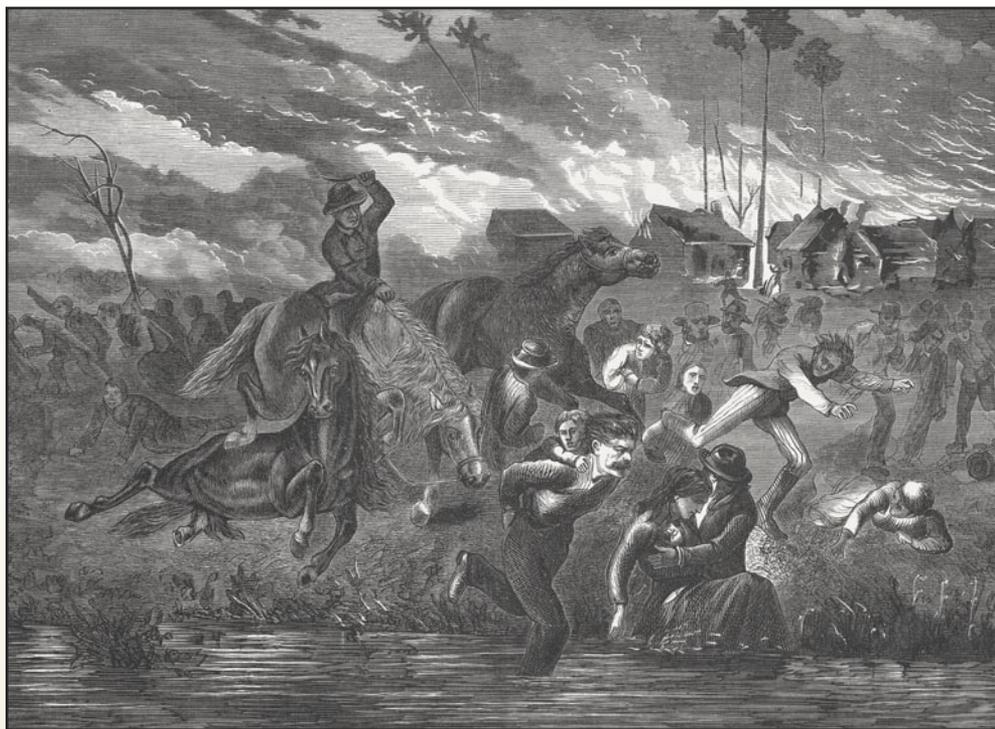
He was still a few blocks away from the bridge. “The air was no longer fit to breathe, full as it was of sand, dust, ashes, cinders, sparks, smoke and fire.”⁶ The bridge was a confusion of people fleeing. Those from the east side thought it was safer on the west. Those from the west thought it safe on the east. Each side pushed through the other. There were “a thousand discordant deafening noises” around him: “the neighing of horses, falling of chimneys, crashing of uprooted trees, roaring and whistling of the wind, [and the] crackling of fire as it ran with lightning-like rapidity from house to house.”⁷

Father Pernin observed that all matter of sounds could be heard with the exception of the human voice. “People seemed stricken dumb by terror,” he wrote. “They jostled each other without exchanging look, word, or counsel. The silence of the tomb reigned among the living; nature alone lifted up its voice and spoke.”⁸ And spoke it did in a spectacular fashion.

Father Pernin pushed the wagon containing the tabernacle into the river as much as he dared. It was made of wood and at high risk of catching fire. It was not watertight. To submerge it entirely would mean also submerging the Blessed Sacrament. It was the best he could do.

He moved upstream where he awaited his fate. People lined both banks of the river as far as the

The Peshtigo Fire on October 8, 1871, was the largest forest fire in the history of the United States of America with more than 1,500 deaths.



© ZU_09 | iStock.com

eye could see. They survived the night by being partially immersed in the water and constantly splashing water over their heads.

The Intensity of the Fire

The river where Father Pernin waded was about 400 feet wide. The air was full of flames that darted back and forth across the span of the river all night long. Clothing and quilts, used as coverings, would burst into flames if the people neglected to splash water over them. “The river was bright,” he wrote, “brighter than by day.”⁹ It was painful to expose head or hand above the water. He “saw nothing but flames; houses, trees, and the air itself [were] on fire . . . above [his] head, as far as the eye could reach into space . . . [Everything was] [t]oo brilliantly lighted[;] [he] saw nothing but immense volumes of flames covering the firmament.”¹⁰

Were one to describe the firestorm of hell, Father Pernin’s description must necessarily be a point of reference. No adjective best defines this scene other than “infernal.” At one point, a woman nearby asked him, “Father, do you not think this is the end of the world?” “I do not think so,” he replied, “but if other countries are burned as ours seems to have been, the end of the world, at least

of the fire was such that not only did it burn trees to the ground, but it also burned the stump of the trees. And, most unbelievable, it burned the very root system of the trees. When he placed his hand in one of these holes, his hand came away with nothing but ashes.

The temperature of a burning forest floor can reach temperatures anywhere from 1,472 to 2,192 degrees Fahrenheit depending on flame height.¹² The fire plus cyclic hurricane-strength winds must have created the perfect condition to reach these temperatures at least if not more. Consider that in about twenty-four hours, it burned 1.4 million acres of forest to the ground.

Miracle #1:

The Miracle of the Tabernacle

Days later, when the good priest recovered his sight and was well enough to walk around, he returned to Peshtigo to administer to the injured, the dying and the dead. A parishioner approached him and asked, “Father, do you know what has happened to your tabernacle?” “No, what is it?” “Come quickly then, and see. Oh! Father, it is a great miracle!”¹³

At the spot where Father Pernin had left the tabernacle, he saw the wagon had fallen to its side. Doubtless it was blown over by the storm. The tabernacle, remarkably, stood on one of the logs floating in the water.

“Everything in the vicinity of this spot had been blackened or charred by the flames: logs, trunks, boxes, nothing had escaped, yet, strange to say, there rose the tabernacle, intact in its snowy whiteness, presenting a wonderful contrast to the grimy blackness of the surrounding objects.”¹⁴

Father Pernin left the tabernacle there for several days for all to see. It was a testimony to the power of the Blessed Sacrament. Exposed to heat that could melt metal, this wooden tabernacle stood untouched by the infernal flames, preserved in its immaculate whiteness. Numbers came and saw. “The Catholics generally regarded the fact as a miracle, and it was spoken of near and far, attracting great attention,”¹⁵ he wrote.

The tabernacle can be found today either at St. Mary’s Church or in the Fire Museum in Peshtigo.



© Peerapong Peattayakul | Dreamstime.com

The Peshtigo Fire burned 1.4 million acres of forest to the ground.

for us, must be at hand.”¹¹

They stood in the cold waters of the river for about five and a half hours.

The aftermath gave more indication of the intensity of the conflagration. Many buildings, including the church, were burned to the ground. When the priest retrieved his vestments, they appeared to have been preserved by the fire. He cleared the dirt around them and tried to lift them up; they came undone; the cloth had been reduced to ash.

Father Pernin himself wrote that the intensity

Miracle #2: The Miracle of the Shrine of Our Lady of Good Help

Weeks after the fire, Father Pernin heard an incredible account of a shrine which had been preserved from the fire. He had seen what devastation the fire had wrought in Peshtigo. It seemed improbable that a chapel, a schoolhouse, and the property found in the middle of the forest could survive such a firestorm. He decided to visit and see it with his own

The Fire Museum, located on the site where St. Mary's Catholic Church stood before the fire.



eyes. This eyewitness account was written in his other book entitled, *The Finger of God Is There!*¹⁶

In 1859, Our Lady appeared to a young girl, Adele Brise (pronounced like "ice"). Her confessor counseled her to heed the apparition's request, which was to catechize children, so they will know their faith and avoid punishment. There was also a call to conversion for sinners.

The girl grew to become a nun. Sister Adele suffered much persecution, but she obeyed Our Lady's request and opened a chapel and schoolhouse on a six-acre piece of land donated for this purpose. It was the very site of Our Lady's apparition. Twelve years later, the Peshtigo Fire threatened this small parcel of land dedicated to Our Lady. Surely, the inhabitants saw the same red glow Father Pernin described in his account. Surely, they heard the same noise that seemed like the roar of a thousand angry dragons. Surely, they sensed the same premonition and

made the same decision to prepare for the worst. Indeed they did. Many families took what belongings they could carry, what livestock they could drive, and went to the shrine.

It seems irrational to seek refuge from a forest fire in a wooden chapel. It seems more rational to flee, as the survivors in Peshtigo had done, to the closest body of water. After all, the waters of the bay were only 3.5 miles away. Perhaps it wasn't physical safety they sought, but supernatural. There the faithful were on the late evening of October 8, 1871, pressing upon three simple nuns the duty to protect them from the impending calamity.

The nuns placed their trust in Our Lady. They put a statue of Our Lady on a carrier and processed around the property praying the rosary out loud. They did not stay in the chapel but prayed outside to confront the very danger where it threatened them. When the fire, heat and smoke became so oppressive on one side of the property, they moved to another. Despite the danger and their fear, they refused to stop praying the rosary. After hours of praying, as they confronted the conflagration, suddenly a downpour of rain came and doused the fire. Thus ended the great Peshtigo Fire, the deadliest fire in American history.

This happened on the morning of October 9th, the very anniversary of Our Lady's third apparition to Sister Adele Brise.

Father Pernin wrote in *The Finger of God Is There!*:

"Morning's light revealed the deplorable ravages wrought by the conflagration. All the houses and fences in the neighborhood had been burned, with the exception of the school, the chapel and fence surrounding the six acres of land consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. This paling had been



Left: Sr. Adele Brise, born in Belgium in 1831; together with her parents, she immigrated to Wisconsin in 1855. In early October 1859, Our Lady gave her the mission to "gather the children in this wild country and teach them what they should know for salvation." **Right:** Photograph of the wooden chapel that was miraculously saved from the fires of Peshtigo.



© Dan Van Den Broeke | Dreamstime.com

Left: Statue of Our Lady of Good Help in the church in Champion, Wisconsin.
Below: The Shrine of Our Lady of Good Help.



Courtesy of the National Shrine of Our Lady of Good Help

charred in several places, but the fire, as if it had been a sentient being, whilst consuming everything in the vicinity, the winding path surrounding the enclosure being only eight or ten feet wide, had respected this spot, sanctified by the visible presence of the Mother of God, and, it now shone cut, like an emerald island in a sea of ashes.¹⁷

With this retelling, the words of Bishop Ricken in pronouncing the authenticity of the apparitions of Our Lady of Good Help may gain new significance to many. He said: “Our Lady has lessened or relieved the burdens of the People of God, whether about financial, familial, relationship or employment matters or even through *diminishing inclement and tempestuous weather* (emphasis mine). This holy place was preserved from the infamous Peshtigo Fire of 1871, when many of the faithful gathered here with Adele and prayed through the intercession of Our Lady of Good Help, with the result that the fire that devastated everything in its wake in this entire area *stopped when it reached the parameters of the Shrine*” (emphasis mine).¹⁸

A Lesson for Our Times

The events that unfolded in Champion, Wisconsin, so many years ago are almost a prefigure of our times. The “fires” of impurity and godlessness rage all around the People of God. Human efforts alone,

though at times even heroic, are not sufficient to quell the flames. We need recourse to Our Lady.

At Fatima, she told little Lucia, “My Immaculate Heart will be your refuge and the path that will lead you to God.” These very words reverberate into and beyond 2020. If we stop and listen, we can hear Her say them to each and every one of Her children. Our Heavenly Mother beckons us to gather in confidence around Her, praying Her Most Holy Rosary, just as Sr. Adele and the faithful did in 1871.

It is no small coincidence that the town once called “Robinsonville” has been renamed “Champion.” For it was on this precious ground, right here in our United States, that Our Lady chose to answer the pleas of Her children, thereby showing all the world that She would happily become our Champion, if we only would turn to Her in confidence and love. ■

Notes:

1. Reverend Peter Pernin, “The Great Peshtigo Fire: An Eyewitness Account from the Wisconsin Magazine of History 1971.” Wisconsin Electronic Reader. (Madison: State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1971), <http://digicoll.library.wisc.edu/WIReader/WER2002-0.html>
2. Ibid., 2.
3. Ibid.

4. Ibid., 3.
5. Ibid.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid.
8. Ibid.
9. Ibid., 4.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid.
12. The Natural History Museum at the University of Utah, *Wildfires:*

Interesting Facts and F.A.Q., <https://nhmu.utah.edu/sites/default/files/attachments/Wildfire%0FAQs.pdf>
13. Pernin, “The Great Peshtigo Fire,” 7.
14. Ibid.
15. Ibid.
16. P.D. Perrin, *The Finger of God is There!*, or, *Thrilling Episode of a Strange Event Related by an Eye-Witness* (Montreal: John Lovell, 1874).

17. Ibid., 100.
18. Most Reverend David Laurin Ricken, D.D., J.C.L., *Decree on the Authenticity of the Apparitions of 1859 at the Shrine of Our Lady of Good Help Diocese of Green Bay*, https://s3.amazonaws.com/anf2018/07Jul/Articles/Our%20Lady%20of%20Good%20Help/decree_Shrine-of-Our-Lady-of-Good-Help-SIGNED.pdf



AMERICA NEEDS FATIMA[®]

JULY/AUGUST 2020

PROGRESS REPORT

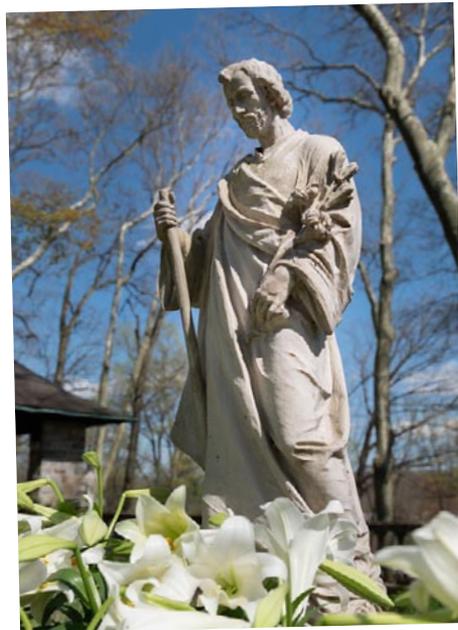
A Unique Way to Honor Saint Joseph

Saint Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church, holds a special place in the hearts of Marian devotees everywhere. In recognition of his feast day on March 19, America Needs Fatima, through an on-line campaign, offered friends and supporters an opportunity to express this devotion in a singular way.

Often Saint Joseph is pictured holding a pure white lily as a sign of the chaste relationship he maintained with Mary, ever virgin. In honor of his manly purity, email list subscribers were given the opportunity to have a lily placed around the magnificent statue of Saint Joseph in our headquarters in Spring Grove, Pennsylvania.

The response was overwhelming! Just when America was swept into the chaos of the coronavirus, thousands of people reached out to Saint Joseph offering him a token of their affection and their trust. In a time of confusion and fear, they remembered that Saint Joseph, the protector of Our Lady and Jesus, will be our protector, too, and we should turn to him in times of uncertainty. ■

Saint Joseph, patron of the Universal Church and terror of demons, pray for us!
Pray for America!



At America Needs Fatima's headquarters in Spring Grove, Pennsylvania, many beautiful white lilies blanketed the special garden dedicated to Saint Joseph.



Our Readers Write

Public Square Rosary Rallies

“Thank you for asking me to be a Rosary Rally Captain. I have felt so much closer to Jesus and Our Lady ever since. I really like performing this duty for Our Lord and Our Lady. Another couple of Rally Captains have started in our area as well. So we’re excited to have more prayers going up in our area! God bless you for all the work you have done. I can see God’s hand in all that you have been able to accomplish.”

C. M., Pittsfield, Massachusetts

“Yes, Robert, I will be a Rosary Captain again in 2020! I appreciate being of service to a godly, wonderful, inspiring organization for God. I am honored to be included in such a worthwhile activity! We need good things for the world to help all of us stay faithful to the Truth. Thank you for letting me help with this cause.”

M. D., Green Valley, Arizona

“Thank you for the special recognition of being Rosary Captain for the rally, and for mentioning the line that ‘the Blessed Mother is smiling on me.’ She certainly is! I cannot begin to tell you the special happenings in my life these past few months, and I know Our Blessed Lady had a hand in it! I will be a Rosary Captain again next year, of course!”

P. H., Henderson, Nevada

Immaculate Heart of Mary Rosary

“God bless you for your great devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary—in these troubling times, the rosary offers us the only solution for peace.”

G. C., Farmington, Michigan

“The extra gift is to say thank you for the rosary you sent me. And I thank you every day for the book *True Devotion to Mary!* I am a new Catholic and our parish never told me about Mary much at all. I read it over and over so I can become a true child of Mary someday.”

J. N., Birmingham, Alabama

“They are saving people’s lives. These rosaries are a blessing, saving people’s faith. My mother is giving them to the nurses that are helping her. It’s her ‘thank you’ for their good care. It’s truly saving them.”

F. F., Sacramento, California

“Thank you all for sending me the beautiful, inspirational information to pray the Holy Rosary every day, which I can do on the rosary you sent me. Thank you too, for the continued subscription to your magazine which motivates me to do such heavenly activities to serve God. Really appreciate these activities from you as an instrument used by our Creator to be able to activate the fruits of the Holy Ghost dwelling within me every single minute of the day in my life. To God be the glory! I love you all.”

L. L., Las Vegas, Nevada



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To request information, contact Rosie at (888) 317-5571.

Rosie, or one of her colleagues at America Needs Fatima, is here to help and you’re not under any obligation whatsoever.



Thank you for your very special support of Our Lady for many years to come. May God bless you!



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CUSTODIAN'S CORNER

A Modern-day Miracle in Maine

BY KENNETH MURPHY

One of the finest blessings of being a Custodian for Our Lady is to hear firsthand of the way she works miracles, even in the twenty-first century.

The one that I would most like to share with you is about a lady named June. Sadly, June left her Catholic Faith when she was just a teenager. Shortly after, she traveled to Staceyville, Maine, which remains her home to this day.

Many decades passed and she lived her life like the majority of people. She had children and eventually grandchildren. Then June heard some very sad news; her granddaughter Annie* had become addicted to heroin. For many years, June took care of Annie, becoming worn down and disheartened as she watched her beloved granddaughter remain a slave to the drug.

Then one day, June told her neighbor Pam* all about her difficulties with her granddaughter. Pam, a devout Catholic, went home and began to pray to Saint Jacinta right away. At this time, Jacinta had just been declared blessed by the Church. Pam's prayer was simple: "Please, Blessed Jacinta, please bring my neighbor, June, back to her Catholic Faith and into the care of the Most Blessed Mother, Mary."

Jacinta heard her prayer. The very next day, Pam received a call from June. June sounded elated as she said, "You know, the strangest thing happened last night. I woke up wondering where I had put my rosary..." After a search through attic boxes, June found her childhood rosary and began praying on it daily.

A few months after this, June and Pam were having a neighborly discussion about the Blessed Sacrament. The neighbors had become more like sisters, spending a great deal of time talking about the Catholic Faith and its many treasures. On this particular day, June grew hungry to learn more about the Blessed Sacrament and adoration. Following Pam's advice, she made an appointment with the local priest to ask



Fatima Custodian Kenneth Murphy relates a rosary miracle story that occurred in Staceyville, Maine.

him some questions. After leaving that meeting, June was determined to rejoin the Church of her youth and return fully to the Catholic Faith. First miracle accomplished!

You may be wondering at this point—as I was—"What about Annie, the granddaughter addicted to heroin?"

Well, sadly, Annie overdosed on heroin in the winter of 2019. She was rushed to the hospital and, thanks be to Our Lady, her life was saved. After this near-death experience, June and Pam re-doubled their prayers. I am happy to report that as of this printing of *Crusade*, Annie has broken free from the chains of the drug and remains free to this day.

With another miracle well under way, I am confident that the prayers of June and Pam (and perhaps your prayers as well, dear reader) will be a font of grace for young Annie and many others like her. ■

*Names changed.

I was blessed to have a statue of Our Lady of Fatima visit my home with your Custodians several years ago. Since then, I have been sharing the statue of Our Lady of Fatima with different homes here in Texas, with their pledge to pray the Holy Rosary daily.
—A. A., Pearland, Texas

To schedule a Fatima visit in your home, call (888) 460-7371.



Two Americas React to the COVID-19 Crisis

BY JOSEPH GENSENS

The morning of March 21 should have been like any other Saturday morning in York, Pennsylvania. It wasn't. The outbreak of the coronavirus has changed so many aspects of our daily life, not the least of which is the closure of many stores and businesses. Like other faithful Catholics in our nation, we suffer from the most difficult of adjustments due to the closure of all our churches and the loss of access to Mass and the sacraments.

Despite all these drastic changes, the American Society for the Defense of Tradition, Family and Property ("TFP") is still in the trenches fighting the battle for moral values. On this particular March morning, coronavirus notwithstanding, the TFP was holding hundreds of rosary rallies in defense of traditional marriage all across the United States, while maintaining recommended protocols for social distancing.

A Long Lineup at the Local Marijuana Dispensary

Our group of TFP members headed to the town of York, Pennsylvania, to join some local Catholics for a Traditional Marriage Rosary Rally. In route to our destination, we passed Rise, a marijuana dispensing facility. We were surprised to see that the marijuana store was not closed like most other "non-essential" stores in the state because of the coronavirus.

Not only was the store open, but business was booming. As we passed the drug-hub, we observed a line of at least 20 people extending out the door and into the parking lot. It appears, ironically, that cannabis facilities do fall under our state government's "life-sustaining" category—while churches do not.

Braving COVID-19 to Defend Traditional Marriage

Upon our arrival at the rally location, we unfurled our banner proclaiming, "God's Marriage = 1 man + 1 woman." We joined local Catholics to pray the rosary, offering up our prayers to God in reparation for same-sex unions that are contrary to Church teaching and natural law.

Throughout our Rosary Rally for Traditional Marriage in downtown York, passersby were surprisingly supportive. Many people gave enthusiastic thumbs up. Cars burst into loud honks of approval.



The pandemic didn't deter thousands of Catholics from holding rosary rallies throughout the country in support of moral values.

A Eucharistic Procession

After our rosary rally, we learned that, only a few hours earlier, the parish right next door to the rally held a Eucharistic procession.

In response to the coronavirus threat, the priest at the local St. Patrick's Catholic Church led a procession around the church parking lot to implore God's mercy. Faithful Catholics gathered around—some standing, others kneeling—in devout adoration.

The awe-inspiring display of piety on the part of this dedicated pastor and his flock served as the perfect prelude to our rally. Both events strengthened our resolve to fight for the family and faith.

Two Americas, Two Mentalities, Two Faiths

Returning from the rally, we could not help but think about the interesting contrast between the "procession" of the people at the marijuana dispensary and the group of faithful Catholics who took part in the Eucharistic procession and the later rally.

In the face of the pandemic, one America is reacting by turning to its "sacraments" of drugs and technology. They hope to find comfort in them; however, they are deceived by these false idols. The other America is responding by turning to God, the Blessed Sacrament and His law.

As this infectious virus spreads, we must choose a part of America that remains faithful by consistently turning to God. Together we must beseech His forgiveness for the grave sins of our nation and hope in His grace and mercy. ■

DRAGging Down Texas A&M

BY ZECHARIAH LONG

Texas is a God-fearing state that cherishes moral values. That is precisely why dozens of students at Texas A&M University organized a peaceful protest against the first drag queen show hosted on campus called “DRAGgieland.” This exhibit of moral depravity was opposed by a coalition of Catholic students and volunteers of TFP–Texas.

While students prayed the rosary, pro-homosexual advocates yelled, cursed and screamed blasphemies against God.

Opposing “DRAGgieland” Drag Show

The university’s flaunting of the drag queen lifestyle directly contrasts with its core values of “respect,” “integrity,” and “excellence.”¹ Thankfully, a group of brave “Aggie” students organized a petition drive asking the president of Texas A&M to disallow the drag show on campus property. The response to the group’s effort was mostly supportive, but those who disagreed with its pro-family message attacked and harassed its members verbally in the classroom and on social media. In other words, the opposition showed none of the tolerance it claims to promote and practice. In spite of the hate, the students persevered in collecting over 1,500 signatures.

Protest and Reparation

On February 19, 2020, TFP–Texas led a Rosary Rally of protest and reparation against “DRAGgieland” at 7:00 p.m., the time the show itself was taking place. The first group of rally participants arrived and formed in the plaza outside the Rudder Theatre Complex. TFP bagpiper Evan Olwell played the song Immaculate Mary. As the notes of the Marian hymn resounded, more Catholics streamed in from the four corners of the plaza answering the call of the bagpipes.

Fifty Catholics stood shoulder to



Dozens of courageous “Aggie” students pray the rosary and hold signs protesting the morally-depraved drag show on their campus.

shoulder, rosaries in hand, holding signs conveying clear messages: “A Moral Wrong Can Never Be a Civil Right,” “Mary, save us from the sexual revolution,” and “Drag Show Is Not a Texas Value.”

Taking a Principled, Not a Personal Stand

Some eighty counter-protesters gathered across the square. Their signs, such as “Love Is a Human Right” or “Get Your Hate Out of My State,” contradicted their own behavior. Over a loud megaphone, rainbow-waving students screamed obscenities. At one point, two men walked in front of the Catholic group to commit indecent acts. Loud rap music was also blared through the megaphone in an attempt to block out the prayers of the rosary. All this blatantly revealed that the homosexual movement despises prayer.

But God blesses those who defend His holy law. It was inspiring to see joy on the faces of those who prayed. One pro-family rally participant enthusiastically said, “Wow! It really feels good to be out here doing what’s right!”

Adrian, a college student who traveled from Houston to College Station in order to join the protest, commented: “I was very impressed with the calm and confident demeanor of the Catholics versus the screaming hateful attitude of the LGBT advocates across the square.”



Caesar Franco of TFP-Texas, (far right) collects one of over 1,500 signatures asking the president of Texas A&M to disallow the drag show.

The full rosary was prayed along with Catholic hymns and other prayers of reparation. Slogans were recited between each decade as follows:

Leader: “Keep America’s honor true!”

Response: “Restore the moral fabric of the Red, White, and Blue!”

Leader: “A moral wrong!”

Response: “Can never be a civil right!”

With these slogans still reverberating in their hearts, the prayer warriors wrapped up the peaceful protest after spending nearly two hours in the public square for the greater glory of God.

Going Forward

As God’s law is challenged at Texas A&M and elsewhere, young Catholic Aggies are not about to give up and remain silent. On the contrary, the need to proclaim the truth and promote moral values is all the more important and pressing. God-loving Americans will not be silent.

The spiritual battlefield can only belong to one of two sides: the side of God or the side of the devil. This TFP–Texas rally demonstrated that a new generation of Catholic students are firmly on God’s side where victory is certain. Despite the current crisis undermining Christian Civilization, God has already won. As Our Lord Jesus Christ promised over 2,000 years ago, “In the world you shall have distress: but have confidence, I have overcome the world.”² ■

Notes:

1. “Texas A&M University Purpose Statement,” Texas A&M University, <https://www.tamu.edu/about/coreValues.htm> 2.Jn 16:33



COMMENTARY

In the Face of Coronaphobia, “Jesus is My King”

BY NORMAN FULKERSON

The fear of the coronavirus, or “coronaphobia,” has created a climate of frenetic intemperance that is causing much anxiety and agitation. In times of crisis like these, calm is a very important virtue.

I witnessed this need for calm during a recent trip to Walmart. I was not there to buy anything, since I simply wanted to see how the public was reacting to the crisis. One elderly man stood out from the rest as a paladin of calm, and thus provided what I call a *Return to Order* moment.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in York, Pennsylvania. I had heard that the shelves of the supermarkets were empty. I went to see for myself by visiting several grocery stores and eventually, Walmart, “Where America Shops.”

There were, in fact, some bare shelves. At the time of this experience—who knows what tomorrow will bring—bread, bottled water, milk and toilet paper were the hot commodities. When I asked an employee what was going on, he said, “They think it is Armageddon.”

Indeed, I noticed a certain frenzy among shoppers. People were still civil with one another, but there seemed to be a razor-thin line that prevented things from quickly spiraling out of control. I noticed an employee pulling a cart with paper towels and toilet paper and quickly snapped a photo. He seemed surprised but continued his trek to fill the empty shelves. As he went, customers came out of

the woodwork, following him like the pied piper. It reminded me of Black Friday after Thanksgiving.

As I was leaving the store, I noticed a calm gentleman, different from the frenzied crowd. He was pushing a cart with just one item inside—a box of cereal. I was intrigued by the message on his hat that said, “Jesus is My Boss.”

“Excuse me, sir,” I said. “I like your hat. He is also my boss.” I then quickly added, “I went to the Holy Land last year.” Curiously enough, this did not get the response I was expecting, so I added with great emphasis, “I walked on the same ground Jesus did!” This caught his attention. By his calmness, I sensed he was someone who had beaten coronaphobia.

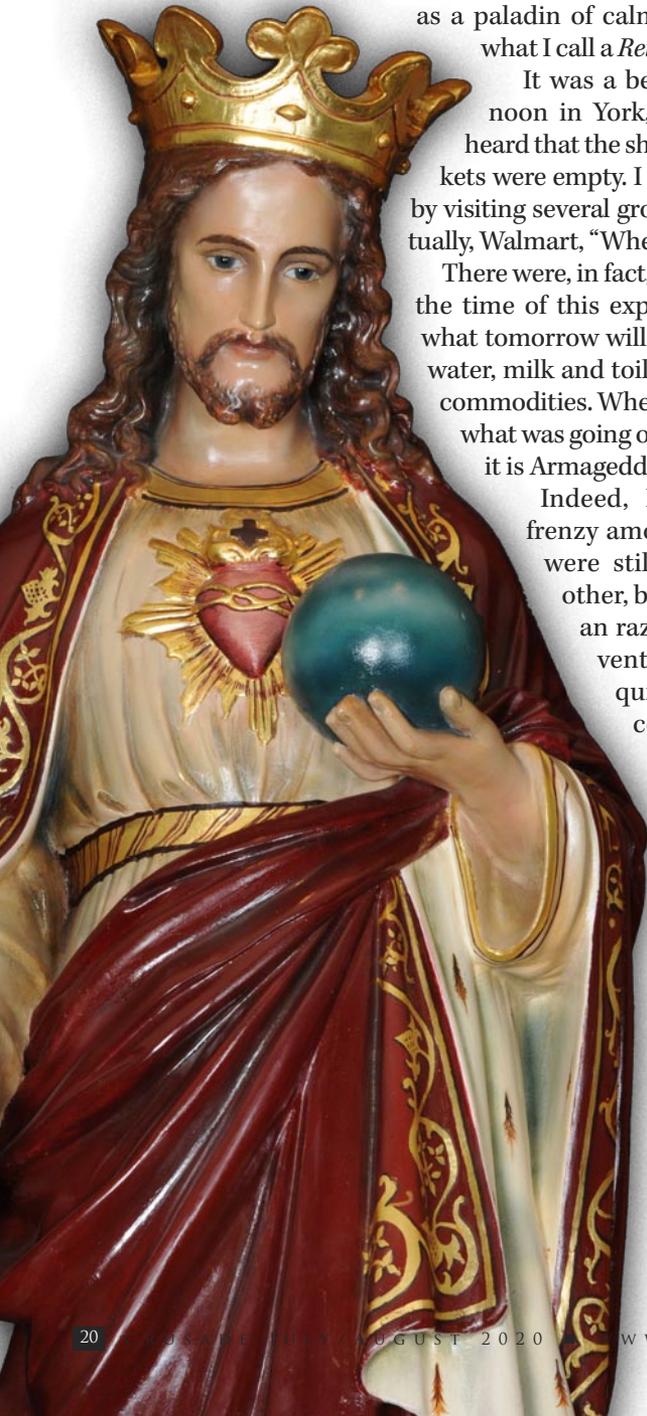
“What is going on here?” I asked, pointing to the frenzied masses. With great certainty and total calm, he said, “It’s the end of the world.” While we face a serious situation that requires precautions, I assured the man that it is not the end of the world, but could be a prefigure of it.

We then chatted a bit about the need for faith in God in these difficult times. Although we profess different religions, I felt we had something profoundly in common. We cannot let this crisis allow us to forget that we are children of a forgiving God. Like the father of the prodigal son, He is ready to receive us with open arms. The only thing we need to do is repent and return to our Father’s house.

In his book, *Return to Order*, author John Horvat compares our modern society to a “cruise ship.” This cruise ship has come to a screeching halt. Now is the time to reacquire the lost virtue of calm like the gentleman in Walmart. We must recognize that materialistic solutions alone will not get us out of our mess. It is time that our secularistic world recognize God’s authority and obey His laws.

While I liked my Walmart friend’s hat, I would put it in different terms. Referring to the Savior of the world as a “boss” transforms Him into a type of big CEO. He is much more. He is truly King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Therefore, it is time for us all to accept Jesus as our King. ■

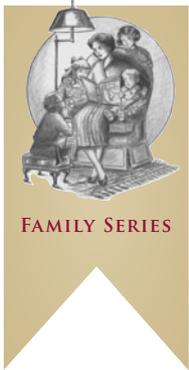
Acknowledging Christ as our King will remove any fears we may have, knowing He is both merciful and all-powerful.



The Legend of *the Locket*

Illustrations by Andrea F. Phillips

BY FATHER FRANCIS FINN



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

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

looking child who stood at the threshold.

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

Her face was very pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiancy about her hair seemed to glow in some weird yet indescribable fashion upon her every feature. These details I had not fairly taken in when she addressed me.

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

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

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

“Your mother’s name, my child?”

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

“Where does she live?”

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

A few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, or



rather I was tramping, for the child beside me moved with so light and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snowflakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed under the airy fall of her fairy feet.

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

How beautiful she looked!

More like a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God than one who walked in the valley of sin, sorrow, trouble and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a golden locket fashioned in a heart shape.

She noticed my glance, and with a quick movement of her fingers released the locket and handed it to me.

“It’s a heart,” I said.

“Read what’s on it, Father.”

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

“Just let me hold it for you, Father. Now look.”

How this child contrived, I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend:

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

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

We went on for a time in silence. I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and, young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate the fact. Whenever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes seemed, in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His sacramental veil the Master of Life and of Death.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Shall I bring you that box?” I asked.

She nodded assent.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

‘Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.’

“She died a year ago.”

Then the mother’s face grew very sweet and very radiant.

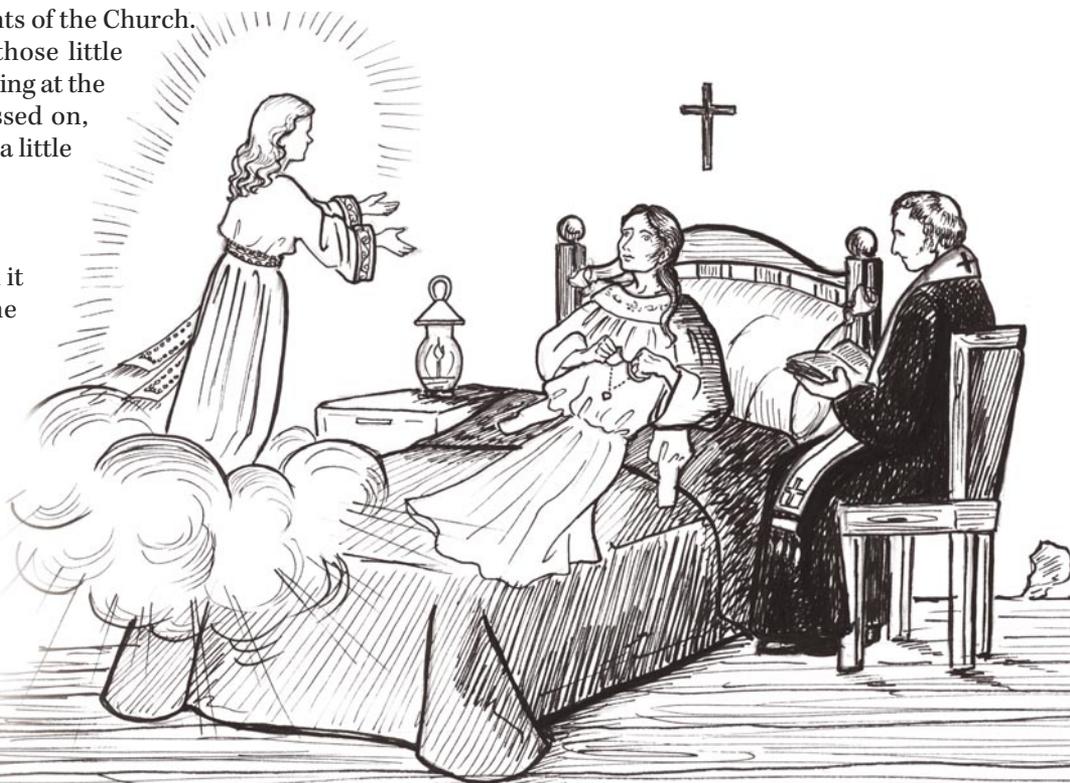
Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her.

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

Her voice faded with the last syllable into silence.

She and Edith were again united. ■

From Fr. Finn’s *Mostly Boys* (New York: 1896), 90-95.



CONTINUED FROM BACK COVER...

In an epoch where the winds of baseness sweep over everything and even try to drag the priesthood into mediocrity—extolling a disparaged, demotic and secularized clergy to the taste of the reigning demagogy—the noble figure of Cardinal Merry del Val presents an admirable model of supernatural dignity that well illustrates the ineffable dignity of the priest in the Church of God. That dignity can shine not only in a prelate like Rafael Merry del Val, but also in the most modest town vicar.

Christian pride is not the opposite of humility, but rather its harmonious complement.

The Secretary of State of Saint Pius X was a profoundly humble soul, and from him came one of the most beautiful writings on Christian humility (see prayer below).

In this section, where we usually compare two contrasting pictures, today we compare a photograph with a prayer.

Our readers will thus see how a most elevated dignity coexists with a most profound humility in a genuine, supernaturally Catholic heart, in imitation of that Sacred Heart that the Church tells us is at the same time meek, humble and infinitely majestic. ■



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LITANY OF HUMILITY

O Jesus, meek and humble of heart, hear me.
From the desire of being esteemed, * deliver me, Jesus.
From the desire of being loved, *
From the desire of being extolled, *
From the desire of being honored, *
From the desire of being praised, *
From the desire of being preferred, *
From the desire of being consulted, *
From the desire of being approved, *
From the fear of being humiliated, *
From the fear of being despised, *
From the fear of suffering rebukes, *
From the fear of being calumniated, *
From the fear of being forgotten, *
From the fear of being ridiculed, *
From the fear of being wronged, *
From the fear of being suspected, *
That others may be more loved than I, ** Jesus, grant me the grace to desire it.
That others may be esteemed more than I, **
That in the opinion of the world others may increase and I may decrease, **
That others may be chosen and I set aside, **
That others may be praised and I unnoticed, **
That others may be preferred to me in everything, **
That others may become holier than I, provided that I may become as holy as I should,
Jesus, grant me the grace to desire it.

This article was originally published in the magazine *Catolicismo*, Issue #44, August 1954. It has been translated and adapted for publication without the author's revision. -Ed.



*Dignified Pride
Is the Harmonious
Complement of*

HUMILITY

BY PLINIO CORRÊA DE OLIVEIRA

A manly figure, whose strength is replete with harmony and proportion and whose bodily vigor seems penetrated by and imbued with the strong and luminous presence of a great soul. His facial features are very defined and also well proportioned.

Handsome? Without a doubt. But there is almost no time to analyze his physical beauty because his profound gaze—at once serious, serene, pensive, grave and gentle—so captivates the attention that one hardly notices anything else.

It is the gaze of a thinker and a man of action—a thinker who sees things from the highest summits of philosophy and theology, yet a man of action whose sights are well fixed in reality, who can see deeply into people, things and events. There is a note of melancholy in the gaze, one of firmness and energy in the lips, and a noble, lofty attitude in his whole being. The hands seem made to command.

Everything about this extraordinary man shows us a fighter who has no illusions about the world, who takes a definite stand in face of it, and who is ready for all the battles that life presents. All this is seemingly illuminated by a subtlety of expression and an aristocratic affability that allows us to glimpse the noble and diplomatic character of this man.

Such was the rich personality of he who in this life was called Rafael Cardinal Merry del Val, titular Archbishop of Nicea, who went down in history as the Secretary of State of Saint Pius X.

Descended from an aristocratic line, he was the son of Marquess Merry del Val and the Countess of Zulueta, and in his veins ran illustrious blood from various countries of Europe: Spain, England and Holland. He consecrated himself to the service of the Church, taking Holy Orders and receiving the fullness of the priesthood. In this, he lost nothing of his natural talents. Rather, he elevated them, for the special quality of grace is not to destroy nature, but to elevate and sanctify it. His profound wisdom sprouted from an ardent faith and an admirable piety. His strength was an expression of a supernatural temperance. His dignity was the fruit of a keen consciousness of the respect that he owed himself for so many natural, and principally supernatural, reasons.

continued on page 23...