

robes of purple, orange and green. ***"It's Little Wu's First Communion Feast Day,"*** they told him, ***"The feast is ready!"***

Little Wu dressed in his sky blue robe and the family gathered in a room decorated with red and yellow lanterns. And what a feast they had: soup, roast duck, pork dumplings, shrimp, bamboo shoots and rice. For desert they had: peaches, grapes, honey cakes and sweets.



While eating, Little Wu's father raised a glass of rice wine saying: ***"Big Wang showed his courage today trying to protect the priest. I am proud of him. I pray that he will always***

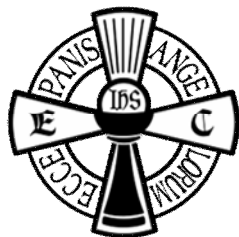
be a true soldier of Christ. But Little Wu did an even grander thing when he stopped terrible things from being done to Jesus in the Host, and who saved both our church and our Catholic people. I drink to the health of Little Wu. May God bless him."

Little Wu felt brimful of happiness. This was the feast of his First Communion and he would remember this day and all that happened for the rest of his life.

Our Lady of China, Pray for Us

The End

Note: This story is condensed from the Australian Crusade magazine—Thank-you.



The Epiphany of Our Lord

THE GUARDIAN OF CRUSADERS
Bulletin of the Eucharistic Crusade for Canada

January 2012 # 221

Jesus and the Children

Dear Crusaders,

During the time after Christmas, let us remember that the Divine Infant Jesus is always ready to grant us many favours.

Here is a beautiful story that happened in Prague, the home town of the miraculous statue of the Infant Jesus. There was a young boy, two years old, who became blind on account of an infection with chicken pox. His mother tried all kind of remedies prescribed by different doctors, but nothing seemed to work. One day, she thought about praying to the Infant Jesus. So, she went to Mass in the Church where is kept the statue of the Infant Jesus. Meanwhile, she left little Johnny at home with some grapes to snack on. While the mother was attending Mass, Johnny's little sister noticed that his eyes were starting to open to the light: as a matter of fact, he was playing with the fruit, dropping all the grapes onto the same spot in a very precise manner. So, when mother came back from Church, the girl told her: "Mother, Johnny is no more blind, he is healed!" Right away, the happy mother went back to the Church to thank the Infant Jesus for that great favour.

Likewise, you may not always realize, but the Infant Jesus is often granting favours, sometimes material, but always spiritual.

Keep a great devotion to the Infant Jesus, and never forget to thank Him for his many favours!

Fr. Dominique Boulet

* On January 8th, a Mass will be said for the intentions of the Eucharistic Crusade in Canada

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and now he will revenge Himself by sending down lightning to kill us!" Then he and the other soldiers rushed from the church.

Full of joy, Little Wu began limping towards the door, but the cramped position had made his leg so painful that he fainted away.

Meanwhile, Fr. Luke having been set free, hurried to the church to thank God that the Red Soldiers had left without burning the church. With him were the rejoicing Catholics, including Big Wang who had been searching for his little brother. So when Little Wu recovered from his faint, he found himself leaning against Fr. Luke who was kneeling beside him, while all the people gathered around.

"What happened," they cried.

Little Wu told them the whole story and then he asked, **"Fr. Luke, did I do right to have my First Communion like that, even though I was not properly prepared for it?"**

"Your Love, Faith and Courage show that you were quite ready to receive Our Lord, Little Wu," replied Fr. Luke. **"You stopped terrible things from being done to the consecrated Host, you saved the church from being burnt and the Catholics from being persecuted."**

"Little Wu is a hero! Little Wu is a hero!" cried the people.

At that moment his father pushed his way through the crowd. Taking his son in his arms he said: **"Little Wu may be a hero, but he is in pain and I am taking him home."**

Little Wu's mother made a fuss over him and gave him some hot soup. His father gave his leg a twist, which hurt, but made it feel better. Then Little Wu was given some medicine so that he could sleep for a while, for he needed a good rest. When he woke up his father, mother, and brother, were dressed in grand



one of the men cried, ***“Why, look, here is the God the Catholics believe in, lying on the ground. We’ll soon put and end to Him!”***

He was just about to step on the Host when another soldier pulled him back, saying: ***“No! I have a better idea. We’ll have a procession of pagans dressed as devils, with the Host enthroned as their king.”***

Then just as he stooped down to pick up the Host, their Captain bellowed from the doorway, ***“What do you mean by leaving the door unguarded? Get back here at once!”***



The three soldiers ran back to the door and Little Wu thought quickly, ***“I will try to save the Host without being seen, even if I am killed in my attempt.*** With a fervent prayer he managed to crawl across the floor while the soldiers were being scolded by their Captain. Picking up the white Host, Little Wu whispered, ***“Dear Lord, forgive me for making my First Communion in such a dreadful way, but I must hide You within my soul,”*** and swallowing the Host he made his way back to the harmonium so he could hide behind it.

Then the Captain said, ***“You can set the church on fire. See that it is burnt***

to the ground. But first I will take the Host. It’s a good idea to make fun of it in a pagan procession. But where is the Host?”

Little Wu was afraid that now the soldiers would know that someone had removed the Host and that they would search for him and kill him. Or else they would set fire to the church and he would be burnt alive. ***“Jesus, please help me to die bravely,”*** he prayed.

Suddenly one of the soldiers cried, ***“It’s gone! It’s gone! It’s magic! It was the Christian God after all. He must have gone up to Heaven***

LITTLE WU SAVES the CONSECRATED HOST



It was Friday, and Big Wang and Little Wu had been fishing all afternoon. After catching five fish they tied up the raft. The two boys walked home through the village. All the villagers worked together but a few were Catholics and all the rest were pagans who believed in false gods. Big Wang was an altar boy and Little Wu admired him. Little Wu wanted to receive his

First Communion but Fr. Luke had told him: ***“You must know your Catechism a little better first.”***

As the boys neared their home, Big Wang said: ***“It’s wonderful to be a Catholic. Wonderful to know there is nothing to fear and wonderful to know that God is with us, no matter what happens.”***

Now at that time there were soldiers called ***“Reds”***, going about the country ill-treating the Catholics and destroying their churches.

“I would be scared of the Reds if they came here,” said Little Wu.

“If they came here, I’d show them that a soldier of Christ is not afraid of them, and so would you,” declared Big Wang.

Little Wu made no answer. He hoped he would be brave, but the very thought of the cruel Red Soldiers terrified him. Before long they reached their little house and went in; they would have fish for supper.

On Saturday morning Little Wu went to the church for Catechism class. In the afternoon Big Wang played for St. Joseph’s in the soccer

match against the pagan village team, while Little Wu went to his kite-fighting competition. In this competition, a person must try to cut as many kites loose as possible with a cutting powder on the string of his own kite. Little Wu was thrilled because he came in second, having cut the strings of four kites. When the two boys got home their mother was delighted to hear of their successes. But when their father got home, he only asked Big Wang how the soccer game went.

"St. Joseph's won and I scored two goals," the boy replied happily.

"Good," replied his father with a smile. **"With your soccer, wrestling, boxing, swimming and running, you're a real sportsman."**

Little Wu was hoping his father would ask about his kite fighting, but he only said, **"Well, wife, I'm ready for supper and then we must be off."** He told his sons, **"Grandpa thinks he is dying and has sent a message begging us to spend the night with him. Your mother and I will be back tomorrow morning, but probably not in time for Mass."**

The boys were used to their Grandpa sending such messages so they stayed at home by themselves and on Sunday morning they set off together for Mass at St. Joseph's. It was a simple wooden church with only a few benches and no proper floor. There were brightly painted carved wooden statues of Mary and Joseph and other saints. And there was a scarlet altar cloth and beautiful hangings on the wall.

While Big Wang served the Mass, Little Wu watched every motion and listened to every word. And when Fr. Luke placed the little white Host on people's tongues, Little Wu wished he were one of them. Suddenly everyone heard heavy footsteps coming towards the church.

(Continued on page 9)



(...Continued from Page 4)

"Red Soldiers!" they murmured in fear, as Fr. Luke tried quickly to finish giving Holy Communion. Suddenly the church door burst open and a troop of fierce looking Red Soldiers rushed in.

"All of you! Get out! Get out!" they shouted, waving their swords.

The frightened people pushed and jostled each other and began to pour out into the street. Fr. Luke, who had distributed all the Hosts except one, was grabbed by the soldiers and dragged towards the door, with big Wang and others trying to prevent them.



Little Wu gazed for a while and then he caught his lame leg against the harmonium, used for playing hymns. The terrible pain had caused him to faint and fall to the ground. When he came to, he found that he was alone in the church except for soldiers talking by the

open door.

"Everything went well," he heard them say. **"After the priest has been beaten he will be put in prison. Then we will burn the church and that will be the end of the Christian God in this village!"**

Little Wu knew that at any moment they might see him lying near the altar, half hidden from their view by the harmonium and the wall. In spite of the pain in his leg he managed to crawl on his knees into the narrow space between the harmonium and the wall. It was just then that he saw to his horror, lying on the ground, a white **Host**.

"Jesus is lying on the ground. What can I do!" said Little Wu.

Then he heard a soldier, **"It's dull keeping guard here at the door. Lets look at the painted statues before we burn the church."** Then

C	B	Q	Z	X	C	O	M	M	U	N	I	O	N
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T	G	M	A	R	Y	Q	G	R	A	N	D	P	A
E	W	Q	C	Z	X	Q	Z	A	D	X	J	A	R
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S	M	O	C	Q	Z	X	Q	Y	O	E	S	S	I
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F	R	L	U	K	E	L	I	T	T	L	E	W	U
P	E	R	S	E	C	U	T	E	D	L	O	V	E

HARMONIUM
COMMUNION
PERSECUTED
CATECHISM
LITTLE WU
CATHOLIC
BIG WANG
COURAGE
GRANDPA
FR LUKE

BRAVELY
SWORDS
CHURCH
SUNDAY
PAGANS
SOCCER
DEVILS
FAITH
BLESS
LOVE

MARY
JESUS
ROBE
MASS
HOST
REDS
KITE
IDOL
GOD
SIN

Chromatius, Governor of Rome, heard about the miracles which St. Sebastian had performed. He was suffering from an incurable disease. So he sent for Sebastian, and asked him through what power he performed these miracles.

St. Sebastian replied: ***“Through the power of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God.”***

“Jesus Christ must cure me, also,” said Chromatius.

“Then it is necessary for you to give up your false gods and to believe in Jesus Christ,” answered Sebastian.

“I believe in Jesus Christ,” said the Governor.

“You must destroy your idols,” replied St. Sebastian.

“I am going to do so,” promised Chromatius.

Sebastian left, but the Governor grew worse than before. Sending again for Sebastian, he addressed him angrily: ***“Is this the health you promised me if I would destroy my idols?”***

Sebastian asked: ***“Did you destroy all of them?”***

“Yes,” answered Chromatius, ***“all except one tiny golden one. My heart is set on this one because it has been worshiped in my house for such a long time.”***

“And if it were as dear to you as your eye,” exclaimed Sebastian, ***“you must give it up; otherwise you cannot be cured!”***

Chromatius obeyed and was cured.

Many a sinner has a favourite little idol, (his favourite sin), to which he is very attached, and which he does not want to give up. But as long as he does not give up his favourite sin, he cannot regain the health of his soul.

Remember, even venial sin makes us sick, in the eyes of God. If we do not try to overcome our anger, or if we do not try to be humble instead of bragging about the things we can do, or if we are lazy and do not do what our parents ask us to do, right away, then we are not trying to give up our favourite sin.

It is possible for us to stop doing the sins we like most, because Jesus said: ***“Become perfect like your Heavenly Father.”*** Jesus doesn’t ask us to become perfect in a month or a year. He wants us to try to become a little more perfect each day. When we fall into a sin again, we should tell Jesus we are sorry and try harder; that is what He likes to see. Ask Jesus and Mary for the grace to do better every day.

INTENTION FOR THE MONTH OF January 2012



St. Francis Xavier

Daily offering

(To be recited every morning when you wake up)

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

October 2011 Treasure Sheets										
	Daily Off.	Mass	Sacr. Com.	Spir. Com.	Sacrif.	Dec. Ros.	Visit Bl. S.	15 Min.	Good Example	Quantity
NB & NS	7	3	3	4	50	85			35	2
QC										
ON	1037	530	422	622	1711	5019	334	294	1267	39
MB	62	10	9	33	47	186	4	12	59	2
SK	90	21	17	486	5195	451	36	17	241	5
AB	284	91	92	221	379	1483	114	283	388	10
BC	377	118	81	124	286	1044	84	2	101	15
Total	1850	770	621	1486	7618	8183	572	302	2056	71

TREASURE CHART FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY 2012

Day	Daily Offering	Mass	Sacr. Com.	Spir. Com.	Sacrifices	Decades of Rosary	Visits Bl. Sacr.	15 Minutes Silence	Good Example
1									
2									
3									
4									
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29									
30									
31									
Total									

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January 2012

Total of the Month									
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To be sent to the secretariat of the Eucharistic Crusade, 1395 Rue Notre-Dame, St-Césaire, QC, J0L 1T0, or e-mail: EucharisticCrusadeCDN@gmail.com