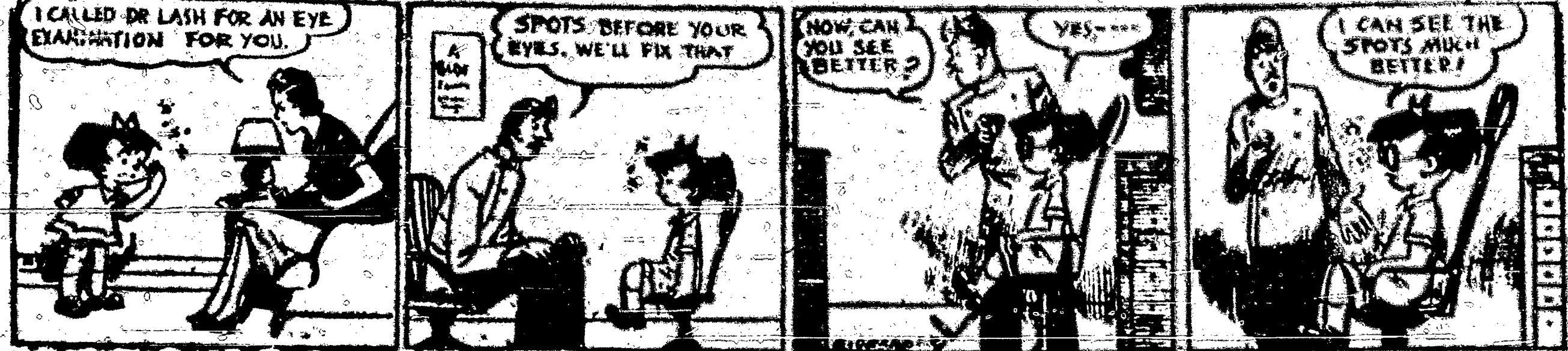


The Courier Journal

Youth Section

THE and JUDY

By Walsh



Our Lady of Guadalupe

By Sister M. Marcelline, O. S. U.

LONG, long ago in a little Mexican village there lived a poor Indian named Cuatlicotzin. He is known and remembered by his Spanish name, Juan Diego. This Spanish name was given to him when he was baptized three years after the Spaniards came to Mexico.

Juan Diego's wife had been baptized—*Maria Lucia*. Together they had walked 15 miles over the hills to Mass on Sundays and feast days. They were happy together, though they were very poor.

After *Maria Lucia* died Juan Diego was very lonely, but he kept his faith, going alone early in the morning over the hills to worship God and show his devotion to the Queen of Heaven.

AS THE GOOD Indian grew older it was more difficult for him to make the journey, although he had moved to the village of *Tolpetlac* and did not have so far to go. He had moved to be near his uncle, Juan Bernardino, who was like a father to him. But Juan never stopped missing *Maria Lucia*.

He was thinking of her as he went painfully over the hills to Mass one Saturday in early December. The stones on the path pierced his sandals and hurt his feet. The cold wind seemed to blow right through him. Although he wrapped his tilma around him closely, Juan Diego was shivering when he reached the bleak and barren summit of the hill.

Suddenly the Indian stopped in astonishment. Lovely music sounded in his ears. The darkness was flooded with light. A gentle voice called him tenderly by name. There at the top of the hill, Juan Diego saw a Lady. Her garments were shining like the sun. The cliff on which she stood glittered with glory like precious stones, lighting the earth like a rainbow.

THE LADY SPOKE to Juan Diego. She told him who she was, and that she wanted a temple built at that place in her honor. She sent Juan Diego to the Bishop of Mexico City to tell him what she, the Queen of Heaven, wished.

The Indian bowed and said, "Lady I go to do your bidding. As your humble servant I take leave of you." And he started on his way at once.

Juan Diego had never been so far from home before. The size and splendor of Mexico City, the Bishop's stately palace, the servants who looked at him so scornfully, the Bishop himself, all frightened him. Nevertheless Juan Diego knelt at the Bishop's feet and told his story. The Bishop listened kindly and said he would consider the matter, but the Indian knew he had not been believed. He turned sadly homeward.

THE LOVELY LADY was waiting in the same place, as before,

Juan Diego flung himself down before her.

"*Maria Lucia*, he greeted her respectfully. "My Lady and my Child, I want where you sent me and obeyed your orders. I was not believed. I beg of you to send someone of importance to give your message."

He poured out the whole story. He told the Queen of Heaven of his sorrow over his failure. But *Mary* comforted him and ordered Juan to go again next day and repeat her request.

Strength and courage came into the Indian's heart. He promised to return at sunset next day to report on his second journey to the Bishop.

AFTER MASS the next morning Juan Diego went again to Mexico City. This time he was kept waiting for hours until the Bishop finally consented to see him. This time the Indian wept and pleaded with the Bishop to believe his story. At last the Bishop told Juan to return again, and to bring a sign from the Queen of Heaven that he spoke the truth. When he reported to the beautiful Lady, the Indian was told by her to come back next day for the sign the Bishop wanted.

Juan Diego intended to do as the Lady asked. But that same night the old man became very ill. Juan Diego wanted to go at the first sign of dawn to bring a priest to the sick man. He knew if he went to the top of the hill the Lady might detain him. In his simple way the Indian decided to go around another way.

But the Lady saw him! She came down the hill into his path. She promised to take care of his uncle. Then she sent Juan up the hill to pick flowers there to take as a sign to the Bishop.

IN THAT COLD, barren, rocky place, Juan Diego found beautiful roses growing. He gathered a great many. The Queen of Heaven herself arranged the roses in the Indian's tilma.

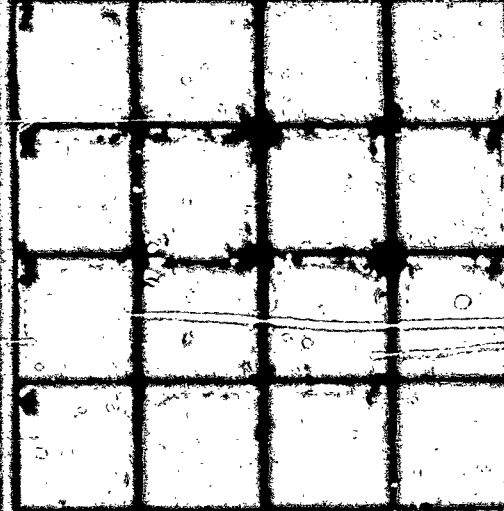
Again Juan Diego was kept waiting a long time, but finally he knelt again before the Bishop. To prove his story the Indian opened his cloak, and the lovely roses spilled out.

The Bishop rose from his throne in astonishment, then fell on his knees. He was not looking at the flowers! For there, on the rough material of the Indian's tilma, was painted in glorious colors, the image of the Blessed Virgin, exactly as she had appeared to Juan Diego.

THE BISHOP kept the Indian as his guest that night, and went with him next day to the place

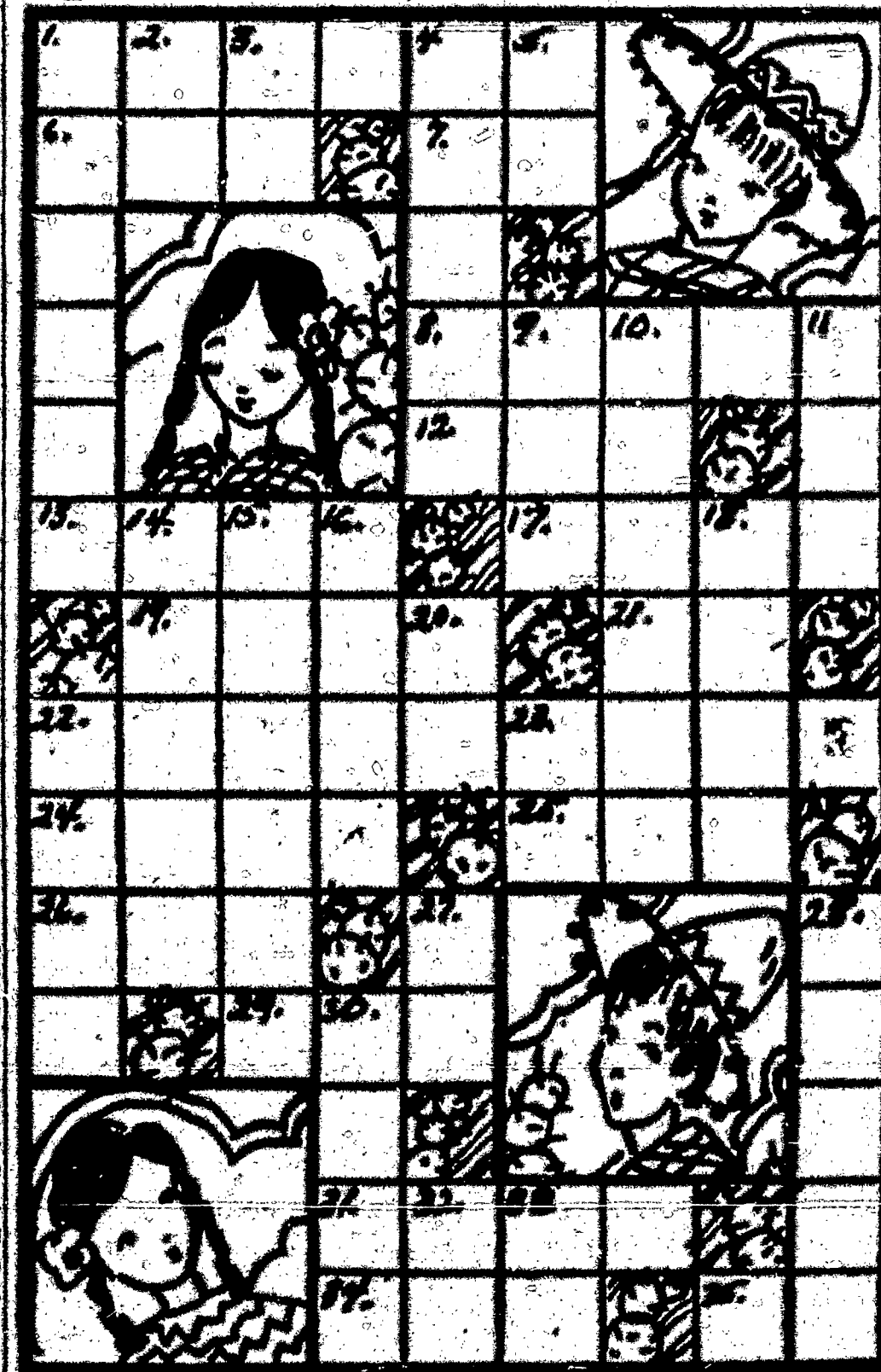
where the Church was to be built. When Juan Diego received permission to leave for home, he hurried to his uncle only to find the old man much better and with a wonderful story to tell of how the Queen of Heaven had visited him and cured him. She told Juan Bernardino the whole story, and to him gave the name she wanted her shrine to bear—*Santa Maria de Guadalupe*. And so it is known to this day. Perhaps you yourself will travel to Mexico some day to see the shrine and the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Word Square



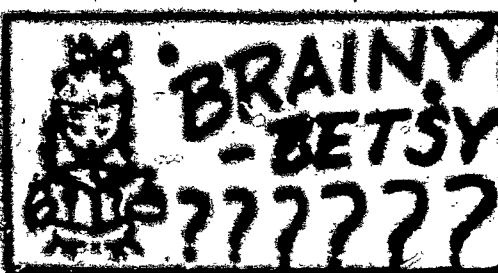
- Name of Indian Our Lady appeared to
- Coast
- Periods of time
- Bird's home

MEXICAN CROSSWORD PUZZLE



- Across
- Extraordinary and astonishing
 - Finish
 - Contraction of mamma
 - Decorates
 - Source of light and heat
 - Belonging to us
 - Opposite of sad
 - Mashed fabrics
 - Same as No. 2 down
 - Agreeing
 - Opposite of last
 - A short song
 - Prefix meaning through
 - Lower and raise quickly
 - Kind of person Juan Diego saw
 - Finish
 - United States (Abbr.)

- Article used before words beginning with vowels
- Road (Abbr.)
- Gives forth
- Sixth note of diatonic scale
- Floor covering
- Decorated by insertion of wood or metal
- Opposite of glad
- Mother's brother
- Register or enroll
- Pack
- Mother of Our Lady
- Senior (Abbr.)
- Vipers
- To perform
- Opposite of down
- Flowers Mary told Juan Diego to pick
- Not working
- Same as No. 2 Down
- Doctor of Divinity (Abbr.)



Here is a rhyme made up of queer old sayings. Do you know them? Can you fill in the missing words?

- AS FIRM AS AN ANVIL,
As ugly as
As flat as a pancake,
As neat as a
AS BRAVE AS A LION,
As shy as a
As fat as a porpoise,
As strong as an
AS DEAD AS A DOORNAIL,
As empty as
As proud as a peacock,
As cross as a
AS FINE AS A FEDE,
As clear as a
As stiff as a poker,
As deep as a
AS FAIR AS A LILY,
As white as a
As bright as a sixpence,
As red as a
- (If you can't get most of them!)

WORD LADDER

The words HARM and LUCK do not have any letter in common. Can you climb down the word ladder, changing one letter at each step, to get from one to the other?

HARM

LUCK

Many and wonderful things have been revealed to us by God, truths which we cannot understand with our little minds, but which we believe because God has told us they are true.

Answers

1. HARM
2. HARM
3. HARM
4. HARM
5. HARM
6. HARM
7. HARM
8. HARM
9. HARM
10. HARM
11. HARM
12. HARM
13. HARM
14. HARM
15. HARM
16. HARM
17. HARM
18. HARM
19. HARM
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25. HARM
26. HARM
27. HARM
28. HARM
29. HARM
30. HARM
31. HARM
32. HARM
33. HARM
34. HARM
35. HARM