



THE *International*  
**FATIMA**  
*Rosary Crusade*  
**NEWSLETTER**

Volume 4 - Issue 12 - October 2001

HELP OUR LADY REACH OUT TO MILLIONS OF FAITHFUL SOULS

## The Story of Michael

### Background

**W**

hat follows is a copy of a letter that was written by a young Marine to his mother while he was hospitalized after being wounded on a Korean battlefield in 1950. It came into the hands of a Navy Chaplain, who read the letter before 5,000 Marines at

a San Diego Naval Base in 1951.

The Navy Chaplain had talked to the boy, to the boy's mother and to the Sergeant in charge of the patrol. This Navy Chaplain, Father Walter Muldy, would always assure anyone who asked that this is a true story.

We present the letter and let it stand on its own merits.



ways told me to pray to St. Michael the Archangel. You even named me after him. Well I always have.

When I got to Korea, I prayed even harder.

Remember the prayer that you taught me?

"Michael, Michael of the morning fresh corp of Heaven adorning," you know the rest of it. Well I said it every day. Sometimes when I was marching or sometimes resting. But always before I went to sleep. I even got some of the other fellas to say it.

Well, one day I was with an advance detail way up over the front lines. We were scouting for the Commies. I was plodding along in the bitter cold, my breath was like cigar smoke.

I thought I knew every guy in the patrol, when along side of me comes another Marine I never met before. He was bigger than any other Marine I'd ever seen. He must have been 6'4" and built in proportion. It gave me a feeling of security to have such a body near.

Anyway, there we were trudging along. The rest of the patrol spread out. Just to start a conversation I said, "Cold ain't it." And then I laughed. Here I was with a good chance of getting killed any minute and I am talking about the weather.

My companion seemed to understand. I heard him laugh softly.

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I looked at him, "I have never seen you before, I thought I knew every man in the outfit."

"I just joined at the last minute", he replied. "The name is Michael."

"Is that so," I said surprised. "That is my name too."

"I know," he said and then went on, "Michael, Michael of the morning ..."

I was too amazed to say anything for a minute. How did he know my name, and a prayer that you had taught me? Then I smiled to myself, every guy in the outfit knew about me. Hadn't I taught the prayer to anybody who would listen. Why now and then, they even referred to me as St. Michael.

Neither of us spoke for a time and then he broke the silence. "We are going to have some trouble up ahead."

He must have been in fine physical shape or he was breathing so lightly I couldn't see his breath. Mine poured out in great clouds. There was no smile on his face now. Trouble ahead, I thought to myself, well with the Commies all around us, that is no great revelation.

Snow began to fall in great thick globs. In a brief moment the whole countryside was blotted out. And I was marching in a white fog of wet sticky particles. My companion disappeared.

"Michael," I shouted in sudden alarm.

I felt his hand on my arm, his voice was rich and strong, "This will stop shortly."

His prophecy proved to be correct. In a few minutes the snow stopped as abruptly as it had begun. The sun was a hard shining disc.

I looked back for the rest of the patrol, there was no one in sight. We lost them in that heavy fall of snow. I looked ahead as we came over a little rise.

Mom, my heart stopped. There were seven of them. Seven Commies in their padded pants and jackets and their funny hats. Only there wasn't anything funny about them now. Seven rifles were aimed at us.

"Down Michael," I screamed and hit the frozen earth.

I heard those rifles fire almost as one. I heard the bullets. There was Michael still standing.

Mom, those guys couldn't have missed, not at that range. I expected to see him literally blown to bits.

But there he stood, making no effort to fire himself. He was paralyzed with fear. It happens sometimes, Mom, even to the bravest. He was like a bird fascinated by a snake.

At least, that was what I thought then. I jumped up to pull him down and that was when I got mine. I felt a sudden flame in my chest. I often wondered what it felt

like to be hit, now I know.

I remember feeling strong arms about me, arms that laid me ever so gently on a pillow of snow. I opened my eyes, for one last look. I was dying. Maybe I was even dead, I remember thinking well, this is not so bad.

Maybe I was looking into the sun. Maybe I was in shock. But it seemed I saw Michael standing erect again only this time his face was shining with a terrible splendor.

As I say, maybe it was the sun in my eyes, but he seemed to change as I watched him. He grew bigger, his arms stretched out wide, maybe it was the snow falling again, but there was a brightness around him like the wings of an angel. In his hand was a sword. A sword that flashed with a million lights.

Well, that is the last thing I remember until the rest of the fellas came up and found me. I do not know how much time had passed. Now and then I had but a moment's rest from the pain and fever. I remember telling them of the enemy just ahead.

"Where is Michael?", I asked.

I saw them look at one another. "Where's who?" asked one.

"Michael, Michael that big Marine I was walking with just before the snow squall hit us."

"Kid," said the sergeant, "you weren't walking with anyone. I had my eyes on you the whole time. You were getting too far out. I was just going to call you in when you disappeared in the snow."

He looked at me, curiously. "How did you do it kid?"

"How'd I do what?" I asked half angry despite my wound. "This marine named Michael and I were just ..."

"Son," said the sergeant kindly, "I picked this outfit myself and there just ain't another Michael in it. You are the only Mike in it."

He paused for a minute, "Just how did you do it kid? We heard shots. There hasn't been a shot fired from your rifle. And there isn't a bit of lead in them seven bodies over the hill there."

I didn't say anything, what could I say. I could only look open-mouthed with amazement.

It was then the sergeant spoke again, "Kid," he said gently, "every one of those seven Commies was killed by a sword stroke."

That is all I can tell you Mom. As I say, it may have been the sun in my eyes, it may have been the cold or the pain. But that is what happened.

Love,  
*Michael*



# Apostolate Updates

## One-to-One meetings with Ecclesiastics

In May, Father Gruner traveled to Rome to meet with as many Cardinals from around the world and Italian bishops individually, on a one-to-one personal basis, as possible: to establish a positive, friendly contact with the Cardinals and bishops; to promote the Consecration of Russia; and to explain to them why the consecration is urgently needed.

The world's Cardinals were assembled in Rome, at the time of Father's visit, to attend an Extraordinary Consistory of Cardinals held at the Vatican on May 21-24.

Despite difficulties in securing appointments with the Cardinals and bishops, Father did get the opportunity to speak about the Message of Fatima and the urgency of doing the Consecration of Russia to several ecclesiastics (Cardinals, Archbishops, bishops, and priests) as well as to several Italian journalists. One ecclesiastic inspired Father Gruner to write a very important article for Issue 67 of *The Fatima Crusader* by telling Father that he should "write it down", referring to Father's perspective on what we have learned about the content of the Third Secret since 1960 and how the Third Secret relates to the current state of affairs in the Catholic Church.

Only time will tell how successful this trip has been and only God knows which seeds will germinate to eventually obtain for us the Consecration of Russia and the triumph of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The steps to victory are not always the visible, grandiose ones, but rather those small steps taken "behind the scenes" — patiently and persistently pursued.

## Volunteers promoting Fatima information

Our Volunteer Department is busy organizing our Volunteers to promote Fatima-related information on local community bulletin boards, newspapers, television, radio and events in their area.

*Fatima*: "The Moment Has Come" will be played in a

prime spot on 3 Monday evenings for one hour in the Rockland County area of NYC which also has exposure in two towns in New Jersey. There will also be half-hour spots in October, November and December, all in prime time slots. If you would like more information on the dates and times, please contact us at the address on page 4 of this Newsletter.



## Anniversary of Father Gruner's Ordination

Wednesday, August 22, 2001 marked the beginning of a week of celebration for our very own "Fatima Priest", Father Nicholas Gruner who celebrated his 25th Anniversary of ordination to the Holy Priesthood. We began with a procession at 6:00 p.m. around the grounds of the Fatima Center, joined by 80 or more of Father's friends, supporters, and employees of Our Lady's Apostolate. Some came from as far away as Quebec City, Pennsylvania and Connecticut to join us on this special occasion.

Following the procession was Mass at the Center celebrated by Father Gruner. There were men, women, and children here to celebrate, sing and pray. After Mass, cake, coffee, and juice were served as some watched the "Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima" movie and others chatted with Father Gruner, congratulating him and receiving his blessings.

It was a beautiful night and although the forecast predicted rain and thunderstorms, the sky stayed clear and the rain held out for those who wished to enjoy the outdoors. This will be a wonderful memory for Father Nicholas Gruner and one we will all cherish... ▼

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## Prayer

God, the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, we call upon Thy Holy Name, and as suppliants we implore Thy clemency, that by the intercession of Mary, ever Virgin Immaculate and our Mother, and of the glorious Archangel St. Michael, Thou wouldst deign to help us against satan and all other unclean spirits, who wander about the world for the injury of the human race and the ruin of souls. *Amen*

## St. Michael Prayer

Our Lady's workers have spent many hours trying to find the prayer mentioned in "The Story of Michael" which starts with "Michael, Michael of the morning fresh corp of Heaven adorning".

If you know this prayer or know where we might find it, please let us know by contacting us at the address on page 4 of this Newsletter.



THE  
*International*  
**FATIMA**  
*Rosary Crusade*  
**Readers' Mail**



Dear Father Gruner,

I thoroughly enjoyed my afternoon Rosary Rally in N.H. ... Your talk was most interesting and informative.

I admire your courage and dedication to continue spreading the Fatima Message. Will our Cardinals ever tell us the truth?

I received the Brown Scapular and have pledged to Our Lady that I would wear it daily.

Please continue to help our Blessed Mother in saving souls.

Sincerely,

*P. Fauteux, New Hampshire*

P.S. You are in my daily prayers

Dear Father Gruner,

I received one of the most powerful fact-filled *Crusaders* ever, it is very interesting and teaches a lot ...

Father, I thank you so much on how you map out your time to help spread the urgent Fatima Message of Our Lady. I am praying for you and all of Our Lady's workers in these difficult and dangerous times, asking God to help and protect His blessed Mother's Fatima Apostolate against evil. Thank you so much for all your effort to me and others.

Yours,

*Chiti Ukwuije, Imo State, Nigeria*

Dear Father Gruner,

Father, all I have to say is that I was very encouraged by your letter. It's nice to know that prayers do get answered. After praying for you, finally, there is a light at the end of the tunnel. Keep well Father, and God bless you in our Mother Mary's work.

Most Sincerely,

*P. Smith, Watervliet, New York*

## Lest We Forget

**I**n the Church's 2000-year-history the example set by Christ on the Cross has been imitated by men and women on every continent in the world. The Church's enemies, in their blind hatred, have failed to take note of one undeniable fact: *martyrdom* does not weaken the resolve of the faithful.

In eclipsing in number martyrs at Pope Pius IX's 19<sup>th</sup> Century beatification ceremony (of 206 Japanese), John Paul II beatified 233 Spanish martyrs.

There were 30,000 in attendance at St. Peter's Square, on March 11, 2001 when His Holiness stated the victims of Spain's persecution in the Civil War of 1936-1939 "were men and women of all ages and conditions ... before dying, all of them forgave their executioners. They were not involved in political or ideological struggles. They died for religious reasons."

War takes its toll on the innocent. All too often the Church, protector of the innocent, has come under fire as a target for destruction by the combatants. Being "in the wrong place, at the wrong time," is a trite excuse for attempts to exterminate physical evidence of the Church's presence whether it be religious, lay people, architecture or art. Even those fighting "in God's name" have proven the contrary.

In reminding us of the atrocities of the Spanish Civil War, the Holy Father is also reaffirming the truth of Our Lady's prophetic words "Russia will spread her errors throughout the world, causing wars and persecution of the Church. The good will be martyred."

As soldiers of Mary, we have a duty to make Her Fatima Message known. We also have the duty to pray the Rosary; pray for the Holy Father; and encourage our bishops to inform Pope John Paul II of their willingness to consecrate Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary together with him.

Our Blessed Mother has promised us peace. Our Lord has given this command to His ministers to obey so the promise can be fulfilled. Then, and only then, will the world know true and lasting peace. ▼

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### To reach us:

Attention

**International Fatima**

**Rosary Crusade Newsletter,**

In U.S.A. - 17000 State Route 30,

Constable, NY 12926

In CANADA - 452 Kraft Road, Fort Erie,

ON L2A 4M7

Or call us toll-free at: 1-800-263-8160 or fax us at:

1-905-871-3646

Visit Our Lady on the World Wide Web at: [www.fatima.org](http://www.fatima.org) or

E-mail us at: [info@fatima.org](mailto:info@fatima.org)