

The Tinsmith Targets the Children



On July 23, 1917, ten days after the three seers of Fatima had seen a vision of hell during the third apparition of Our Lady in the Cova, *O Seculo*, the masonic liberal daily of

Lisbon, headlined its first article on Fatima. It included descriptions of events that were totally made up, intended to lampoon the ignorance of the peasants of Portugal.

The headline of the *O Seculo* article declared the masonic cynicism of that era in Portugal. It flatly accused the Church of deception in the apparitions at the Cova da Iria, using the time-worn tactic of suggesting that the Church was only engaged in grabbing more money from the gullible poor. "An ambassador from Heaven — commercial speculation?", read the accusatory headline.

Father Ferriera read in his paper:

"The children intoned a funeral chant, made epileptic gestures and fell into ecstasy!"

"But that is not true, Father!" cried an eyewitness in the room with the priest. "I was there. Very close to them."

In Maria Rosa's house, Lucy's oldest brother reads on:

"The event made such an impression that on the said day, one could no longer find in Torres Novas a single car to rent, when that town, as everyone knows, possesses carriages and taxis in superabundance. Even many stores were closed.

"In the evening the pilgrims returning home passed through villages singing hymns and praises in honor of the Virgin Mary."


Father Ferriera continued reading:

"The case seems ridiculous to the highest degree

The
International
FATIMA
Rosary Crusade
NEWSLETTER

HELP OUR LADY REACH OUT TO MILLIONS OF FAITHFUL SOULS

Volume 6 - Issue 18 - August, 2003



and we would not have taken it seriously if the eyewitness questioned did not deserve all our confidence. And if his declarations had not been confirmed by other people who tell the same thing."



Jacinta, Lucy and Francisco were kidnapped and placed in jail by the Masonic mayor of Ourem (known as "the Tinsmith") for reporting what Our Lady of Fatima said to the three seers in 1917.

— from a photo appearing in *The Devil's Final Battle*.

The 'authorities' were represented by one man: Arturo de Oliveira Santos, nicknamed "the Tinsmith", the Mayor of Ourem, Portugal. In the Town Hall of Vila Nova, Oliveira Santos paces the floor. He had been nicknamed "the Tinsmith" because he managed the *Tinsmith Progress*

Continued on page 2

In This Issue:

The Tinsmith Targets the Children.....	1
Under Angel Wings.....	2
IFRC Mail Box.....	4

Under Angel Wings

Our Guardian Angels are always with us, acting as protectors and guides, observing our every action. Though we cannot see them or hear them, we should remain confident in their presence. We have as a testament of the existence of Guardian Angels, the accounts of a few privileged souls who were blessed with a more intimate relationship with their Angels, sensing their actual presence and in some miraculous way, seeing and hearing them. One such favored person was a Brazilian girl named Cecy Cony, who later became Sister Maria Antonia. Since her early childhood, this simple and pious girl saw and heard her Guardian Angel, whom she called her "New Friend". Cecy's Angel kept her from lying, stealing, revenge, immodesty and other sins, and guarded her from many dangers. The constant guidance of her Angel helped Cecy to grow in virtue and holiness. In the following account, taken from her autobiography, Sister Maria Antonia describes an instance in which her beloved Angel led her to do God's will and overcome her pride:

"In the year 1913 we were preparing for our annual school picnic on October 25 in honor of the feast day of Mother Raphael. This annual excursion into the country was enjoyed by all the students. Each student was fortified with the indispensable basket of sandwiches. Acacia (the servant)

Continued on page 3

THE TINSMITH TARGETS THE CHILDREN

Continued from page 1

newspaper, which he had inherited from his father. He was antiroyalist and very anticlerical.

After the revolution of 1910 in Portugal, Oliveira Santos became the man of power in a region overwhelmingly royalist and Catholic. He was the president-founder of the masonic lodge in the village of Ourem. It took little provocation for him to arrest any priest who crossed his path. He forbade all acts of worship outside the churches or after sunset, and at one time he stopped the ringing of church bells. Such was the man now looking with a cold, unfeeling eye on the family of Lucy dos Santos.

Sister Lucy sadly relates in her memoirs:

"It was a Friday, the 10th day of August. Manuel Marto and my father Antonio dos Santos received the order to appear with the children at the town hall of Vila Nova, the next day at noon. Manuel Marto decided he would not bring the children. He would go there alone."

"I am going there myself and I will answer for them," he said bravely. In the house of Antonio and Maria Rosa dos Santos things were quite different.

"My father thought differently," Sister Lucy wrote simply.

"My daughter, I will bring her; there she will get along with them, it is for her to answer, for I understand nothing of those matters," said Antonio.

That morning, later in the town hall office, the Tinsmith paced the floor cajoling, threatening,

smiling, frowning at Lucy while Manuel Marto and Antonio dos Santos watched in the background.

"The administrator wanted, at any price, for me to reveal the Secret and to promise him never more to return to the Cova da Iria", wrote Sister Lucy.

"In order to obtain that, he did not spare promises and, at the end, threats. Seeing he could do nothing, he sent me away, protesting that he would get what he wanted anyway, even if it were to take my life."

That afternoon Manuel and Antonio entered the dos Santos house. Lucy stood outside looking blankly, sadly, at the door.

"What made me suffer most was the indifference my parents showed me, and all this appeared all the more clearly to me when I saw the tenderness with which my uncle and aunt treated their children."

Lucy began to run down toward the well.

"But patience!" I said in the deepest recesses of my heart, "for thus I have the good fortune to suffer for Your Love, O my God, and for the conversion of sinners."

Francisco and Jacinta were weeping alongside the well. They looked up with surprise at Lucy's approach.

"Here you are then!" cried Jacinta.

Francisco told her, "Your sister came to get water and told us they had already killed you!"

They had been praying and weeping all day for Lucy.

The intense opposition to Our Lady and Her Secret took center stage at Vila Nova. Three months later, 70,000 people witnessed the Miracle of the Sun. †

prepared my basket with a variety of good things to eat, especially with those that she knew I liked. At the appointed hour of midday I set out joyfully for the school.

"I was walking alone. In one hand I carried the basket; in the other I held a canvas bag filled with apples and bananas. I was passing by a corner a short distance from the school when I saw seated on the pavement an old woman, begging. Stretching out her hand, she said to me: 'Little girl, give an alms to a poor old woman who has not had a cup of coffee yet today.'" I happened to have in my apron pocket the change left over from buying fruit. My mother had allowed me to keep this change, which was not very much. I gave it to the old woman, who received it gratefully, saying: 'May our Lord bless you!'"

"I continued on my way happily, but I had not gone ten steps when I stopped in surprise. My New Friend had gently placed his holy hand on my shoulder. I understood that he wished something. I sought his holy face, and it was sad but not severe. At the same instant I thought of the old woman sitting at the corner. I looked back and she was still there. Then I thought: 'How can that poor woman obtain enough food for today and tomorrow with the little money I gave her? I should give her everything that I have brought with me for the picnic. Only in this way can I take away the sadness from the holy face of my New Friend.'

"I returned to the beggar, and with unaccustomed haste I emptied into her lap everything that I had in the basket and in the bag, while I said to her: 'I had brought all this food for our picnic, but I want to give it all to you, since you did not have breakfast yet.' I do not know what the poor old woman answered; I noticed only her gesture of great surprise. Then I began to run toward the school, as if I feared I should not have the necessary will power to do

faithfully what my New Friend desired. Arriving at the corner of the school, I stopped, and once again I sought the holy face of my New Friend. It was not sad anymore; it possessed that 'sweetness' which told me that Our Lord and my New Friend were happy with their little friend. I opened the basket and put the empty canvas bag into it. Then I thought: 'How can I go to the school and on the picnic with an empty basket?'

"I made up my mind to return home and ask Acacia to fill my basket a second time. I knew that she would do this for me. I was about to run home when again I felt the most

sweet hand of my New Friend hindering me. He did not wish me to return but to continue on to the school. I obeyed him, although my mind was confused and undecided, thinking of what I should say to the other students when they saw my empty basket. I knew that they would make fun of me. This was the great fear which vexed my soul, but the sweet expression on the holy face of my New Friend drove my fears away. I entered the school as happy as if my basket were still full of the good things I liked so well.

"The schoolyard was already filled with children, and each one was carrying a small basket. I spent some fearful moments wondering what I should do at the picnic spot when the children divided up into groups to eat their lunch.

"Shortly, we set out on our picnic. I was with my group of seven or eight children. During the walk each one told the others what she had brought for her lunch, while I remained silent and embarrassed. We finally arrived at the spot for the picnic. Then it was soon time for lunch. All the children spread out in groups over the grass. I stood still, undecided whether or not I should join my group. I sought the holy face of my New Friend, seeking help and guidance from him. The holy 'sweetness' which filled my soul with such

Continued on page 4



THE
International
FATIMA
Rosary Crusade
Readers' Mail



Dear Father Gruner:

Please accept my apology for my tardiness in answering your letter and please accept my heartfelt gratitude for the beautiful Miraculous Medal.

Father, I know a lot about Our Lady of Fatima and I am anxious to learn a lot more. I was a pupil of the Sacred Heart Convent School from kindergarten to grade 12. After graduation from university, I taught my first year in that very school.

There is so much I want to tell you Father. For example, in 1952 Our Blessed Lady answered my prayers and granted me a miracle which saved my husband's life (he was a patient in an infirmary at the time). The miracle was witnessed by several doctors, a bishop, a Monsignor and several others. Since that day, I have worn a gold chain and medal of Our Blessed Lady around my neck to show my devotion and appreciation.

Will you please remember me in your prayers? The warmest wish of my heart is that you will always be happy, be loved and be blessed.

Sincerely and respectfully,
Elizabeth W., Nova Scotia.

Dear Father Gruner:

Through your magazine, *The Fatima Crusader*, I have been able to know about your ordeal.

I am certain that your sufferings are of immense spiritual value for the Fatima apostolate that you guide.

Through you I learned about Fatima in its entirety. I try to live the message and make it known.

My prayers are with you always.
Mrs. Yolanda H., Texas

To reach us:

Call or write us at

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

or E-mail us at: info@fatima.org

UNDER ANGEL WINGS
Continued from page 3

great joy put my indecision to flight. (I realize now what I did not recognize then, namely, that my fear came from my dislike of being humiliated by my companions.) I went toward the members of my group, who were calling me. My New Friend wished this. All of them had their baskets opened and were already eating. One of them took hold of my basket to see what it contained. What was her surprise and my annoyance! Everyone saw that the basket was empty, containing only the empty canvas bag. All began to laugh loudly, while I could hardly keep back the tears and sobs. I wanted to ask them not to laugh at me. A thousand questions came at me from all sides, accompanied by stinging remarks:

"Did you hide your lunch in a hole in the ground in case we should ask you for something?"

"She ate her own lunch and now she wants to share ours."

"I thought there was something peculiar about the way she swung the basket back in the schoolyard."

"Did you have no food at home to bring on the picnic?"

"I could not stand any more. I would tell everything to Mother Raphael. The girls were very unkind to me. But the holy hand of my New Friend prevented me from leaving and speaking to Mother Raphael. How I wished that I could at least leave this group and join another! My New Friend did not want me to do that; so I remained with my own group.

"Overcoming my will with a tremendous effort, I seated myself once again. One of the girls offered me a big piece of jellied fruit on a slice of cheese. Immediately the thought arose in my mind: 'I will not accept it; I do not need her food.' But before I had time to say one word, I felt resting on my shoulder that holy hand so well known to me. I understood that my New Friend wished me to accept the offered food. Within me there was a battle between my will and my self-love. My will conquered. I accepted what was offered to me. I accepted also what the other girls offered me. Whenever I took a mouthful of food, I did not taste the sweetness of those good things because of the violent repugnance I felt within me. However, the 'sweetness' of the holy face of my New Friend overcame everything. The picnic came to an end, and no one knew what had happened; neither my father, nor my mother, nor Mother Raphael, nor Acacia, nor anyone at all." (138-143) †