

SAINT PIUS X PRIORY
SINGAPORE

WEEKLY BULLETIN
& MASS SCHEDULE

26 NOVEMBER 2017
LAST SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

SUN 26 Nov	Last Sunday after Pentecost <i>2nd Class, green</i>	7.30 – Rosary 8.00 – Low Mass 9.30 – Rosary 10.00 – Sung Mass
MON 27 Nov	Feria <i>4th Class, green</i> (Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal)	18.30 – Rosary 19.00 – Low Mass
TUE 28 Nov	Feria <i>4th Class, green</i>	11.30 – Low Mass
WED 29 Nov	Feria <i>4th Class, green</i> St. Saturninus, <i>Martyr (Comm.)</i>	07.15 – Low Mass
THU 30 Nov	Saint Andrew <i>Apostle, 2nd Class, red</i>	18.20 – Rosary & Benediction 19.00 – Low Mass
 FRI 1 Dec (1st Friday)	Feria <i>4th Class, green</i>	19:00 – Low Mass & first Rosary & Benediction 21.30 – Second Rosary 22.30 – Stations of the Cross 23.30 – Third Rosary & All night Adoration
SAT 2 Dec (1st Saturday)	Saint Bibiana <i>Virgin, Martyr, 3rd Class, red</i>	6.30 – Rosary & Benediction 7.25 – Low Mass 15.30 – Wedding Mass
SUN 3 Dec	1st Sunday of Advent <i>1st Class, violet</i>	7.30 – Rosary 8.00 – Low Mass 9.30 – Rosary 10.00 – Sung Mass

Confessions: 30 min before
Sunday Masses; on demand
every day.

**Children's Catechism on
Saturday:**

First Communion 14:00-14:45

Post First Communion 14:45-
15:30

Older Group (13-18 years) 14:45
-15:30

Mass Stipends:

One Mass: \$25

Novena: \$250

Gregorian Masses: \$1,000

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Saturday 2 December. Wedding of Mr. Donaldson TAN and Miss Clare YEO.

Next Sunday (3 December). Second collection for SSPX schools.

Sunday 10 December. Mini-fair (for MI) after the 10am Mass in conjunction with the feasts of the Immaculate Conception and Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Christmas cards. 6 types of Christmas cards beautifully drawn by Dominican Sisters are now ready for sale. Some of these cards can be used for any occasion, e.g. birthday, get-well, thank you, etc.

All proceeds go towards the Dominican Sisters, Tynong.

Marian Hymn. During Advent, we shall sing the *Alma Redemptoris Mater* after Sunday Mass. Start learning it!

Priests on duty. Fr. Wailliez will return to Singapore on December 4. This week, Father Laisney is on duty.

SOCIETY OF SAINT PIUS X - DISTRICT OF ASIA

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Rev. Fr. K. Stehlin (District Superior), Fr. B. Wailliez (Prior & District Assistant), Fr. F. Laisney (District Bursar)

Donations to SSPX by cheque: make it payable to "Friends of the International Priestly Society of St. Pius X"





MIRACLES

of the Miraculous Medal



UNDER COMMUNIST YOKE

By Milan Beres, MD

I received my first Miraculous Medal in the 1950s, in what was then Czechoslovakia, ruled by the Communist party. The goal of the government was to eradicate religion, and it started by suppressing any public expression of religious activity. Teachers, and all employees in higher positions, had to formally cancel their membership to their parishes under threat of losing their jobs. The government put many bishops and priests in prison on trumped-up charges of espionage, hoarding weapons and similar baseless accusations. In these circumstances, some seminarians and priests went underground.

A certain young man befriended a group of us teenagers, and we often went hiking together. At a safe distance from any prying eyes and ears, he often turned the conversation to moral and religious matters. He did it naturally, without acting like some kind of pushy proselyte. After some time, he gave each of us a Miraculous Medal, and told us the story behind it. He asked us to pray for each other every day at noon: one Hail Mary, and the short prayer, “O Mother, immaculately conceived...”

We found out only after many years that he was one of the underground seminarians, and later a priest.

The next summer, after receiving the Medal, I, and many other students, worked as a helper in the construction of apartment buildings. The technology was quite primitive there. To bring materials to the upper floors, they used a sort of elevator built next to the scaffolding. It had no traces of automatic controls, no “buttons!” The

engine was on the ground next to the base of this elevator, with all the gears, wheels, and belts exposed. There was just one lever to control the clutch, and a brake that made the cage go up or down, and stop at the desired floor.

We worked dressed usually in just t-shirts and shorts. Hardhats were never used at that time. I wore my Medal on my neck, on a fine silver chain. One day the supervisor pointed to my Medal, and told me not to wear it. It was not a stern order; it sounded to me like a suggestion. Was he concerned that I might get in trouble by being accused of “religious fanaticism?” This was a charge commonly used to harass believers. I will never know. Of course, there was no issue of safety. As I said, the chain was very thin. So, I did not take it off.

The next day, as I was walking close to this elevator’s engine, a sudden loud noise from a nearby cement mixer distracted me for just a brief moment, and I stumbled and fell in that mess of the moving gears and belts. My coworkers immediately pulled me out, and laid me gently on the ground, expecting possibly a serious injury. I was somewhat shaken, but I did not feel any pain. Other than a tiny bruise on my left shoulder, there were no signs of injury. I stood up, and found my broken chain tangled in my t-shirt with the Medal still attached. I put the Medal in my pocket, and went back to work.

I believe Mary was with me that day, and I am glad I wore my Medal. I still have that Medal, but I lost touch with the priest who gave it to me.

I have lived in Connecticut with my wife and our two sons since 1968, the year we came to the US as refugees from the communists.