Do you know the first Saturdays in Honor of the Rosary?

Our Lady of the Rosary (during an apparition) at Fatima, Portugal on June 13, 1917 made this agreement:

"I promise at the hour of death, to help, with the graces needed for their salvation, whoever on the first Saturday of five consecutive months, shall confess and receive Holy Communion, recite five decades of the Rosary, and keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary with the intention of making reparation to me."

The devotion of the First Saturdays: The conditions of the first Saturday devotion, gathered from this and other apparitions include: five decades of the Rosary, a Communion of Reparation, reparatory prayer, and some sacrifice made for the same intention.

The devotion of the Five First Saturdays includes the conditions listed for the First Saturdays above, and adds confession and a fifteen minute meditation on the Mysteries of the Rosary. Confession may be in the eight days preceding or following the Saturday; and the intention, if forgotten, may be made at confession on the first opportunity. The meditation may include one or all of the mysteries.

A plenary indulgence has been granted to those who make either of these devotions on each Saturday it is made.

PRAYERS. Deceased: Nephew of Fr. Philip Moore, C.S.C. Ill: Father of Pat Kane of Fisher; mother of Jim Goethals, Off-campus; father of John Bischoff of Farley; friend of John Heenan, '32; sister of Jim Kenny of Cavanaugh and Bob Kenny of St. Ed's; father of Wiley Rice of Walsh; great-grandmother of John and Jerry Donlon of Lyons; cousin of Pat Hee of Morrissey.

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BETWEEN wooing a winner home in the Derby and wooing a lady-fair, keep in mind that exams are just around the corner....
God Speaks

I congratulate myself on having made night.

Days are islets and isles
That pierce and rend the sea,
But they have to rest in the deep sea,
They are compelled to do so.
Thus, you, days, are compelled,
You have to rest in the deep night,
And you, night, are the deep sea
In which Saint Paul sailed, no longer that little
lake of Tiberias.

All those days are never anything but limbs
Dismembered. It is the days that emerge, but they
have to be fixed in deep water,
In deep night.

CHARLES PÉGUY