

To gain the favor of cure or conversion from Mary, the Mother of God, the prayer surrounding her sacred heart on the scapular should be said daily.

This can be said by the person wearing or carrying it, or by a person in favor of another;

**"Immaculate Heart of Mary,
Pray for us now
And at the hour of our death."**



**ROSE SCAPULAR CO.,
5203 WHITECAP ST. OXNARD CA. 93035**

THE GREEN SCAPULAR

>CURES>>CURES>>CONVERSION>>CURES>

TRUE STORY BY A PRIEST:

Let me tell you the story of how I discovered the Green Scapular. This is my only way of trying to spread a true and tender love of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and of paying my debt to Her. Some years ago before penicillin was in use, I was lying in a hospital very ill with pneumonia. I began to hemorrhage and the doctors decided to operate as a last resort.

Then a little nun came into my room.

"Father, have you great faith in the Mother of God, especially in Her Immaculate Heart? If so, you can be cured."

"How Sister?"

"Through the Green Scapular."

"What is that?"

"Four years ago, Father, I was operated on for cancer. I was so filled with it, that they just closed me



up and sent me away to die. Then I prayed to Our Lady of the Green Scapular; grew tired of waiting to die and came back to work. I am cured, Father. Do you want me to give you a Scapular?"

"Please, Sister"

With that she put a scapular on me. A feeling of tremendous confidence poured into me and the bleeding stopped. Two days later, in the X-ray room, they asked me when the hemorrhage had ceased. When I replied that it was a matter of a couple of days, they expressed great surprise.

"You have a wound that is six months healed and there is no other mark." Today even the scars are gone. No wonder I speak of an unpayable debt to her Immaculate Heart. Since then I have done everything possible to foster this devotion. To my great joy and amazement, those to whom I have spoken of the Green Scapular have become more zealous than I. Never have I seen the equal of the faith and confidence of these new apostles of Mary.

During May I asked the rector of St. Patrick's, Toronto, for permission to speak of it at the Wednesday devotions. I had a thousand Green Scapulars on hand, but no one thought that more than thirty would be asked for. The thousand were gone the first morning. The room where we distributed them were so jammed that I feared someone would be

injured. The rest of the day I was besieged on all sides for more. Foolishly, I showed the one I had for myself and it was quickly snatched from my hand.

The Green Scapular is the story of Sister Justine Bisqueyburu. An orphan in early life, she was adopted by a wealthy relative who left her his fortune. Her greatest day of joy was November 27, 1839, when she entered the novitiate of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris.

Her Sisters in religion can tell you much better than I the story of a Sister who inspired love and emulation in everyone who met her. One who was a confidante of Pope Pius IX in the dark days preceding his imprisonment in the Vatican; one who was the admiration of the Mohammedans of North Africa; the recipient of the flattering imitation of the famous Florence Nightingale on the battlefields of the Crimea. They can tell you the great efforts she made to keep her identity unknown; how her secret was revealed.

They will repeat the description of the Mother of God, standing in all her beauty before the young novice, and returning again and again until the Scapular was made and distributed; telling the young Sister that the Scapular could be blessed by any priest, carried or worn on the person, even left in one's room.

The power of this Scapular is that of cures and conversion, to bring Her Son into the hearts of men.

"My mother had a heart attack. On her bedpost was a Green Scapular of Our Lady. My mother made an act of contrition and my brother had time to call a priest. She received the last rites of the Church before her death. She had not been to confession for thirty years."

"My mother raised us Catholics. Over a year ago I gave her a Green Scapular, hoping in the end God would be good to her. He was. My father, after forty years went to confession. My brother who had not been for almost five years likewise went to confession."

* * * * *

"My sister gave me a Green Scapular. I put it under the mattress where my husband slept. He had not gone to Holy Communion since the day we married, thirty-four years ago."

"My husband became very ill and was taken to the hospital. Although they could not pinpoint what was wrong, he was scheduled for surgery. My sister asked me to bring the Green Scapular and requested the nurse to tape it to his ankle. The next day when I went to see him, he had the Green Scapular around his neck. A priest called and asked my husband if he wished to go to confession. He consented and made his peace with God."

* * * * *

"Just a note to say that my friend's father died today. Through the intercession of our Blessed Mother and her Green Scapular, he returned to the Church after fifty-four years. He was eighty-one at the time of his death."

For Green Scapulars
address:

Marian Center
Saint Joseph's Provincial House
Emmitsburg, Maryland 21727

From here...there...everywhere...

(For obvious reasons, names and places are for the most part omitted.)

"I want to tell this story because I am happy to be alive. I am a Staff Sergeant in the United States Marines. I am, I feel, a good Catholic husband and father."

"I was flying in a helicopter on March 15, 1968, at 3:00 p.m. our time, somewhere west of Da Nang, South Vietnam. We were to pick up a hurt Marine on top of a high mountain ridge line. Going down to pick him up, we crashed. We rolled about three hundred feet down the side of the mountain. With God's blessings all five crew members walked away from the wreck with just small cuts here and there."

"I carried my Green Scapular in my right breast pocket. The dear Lord was surely with us that day."

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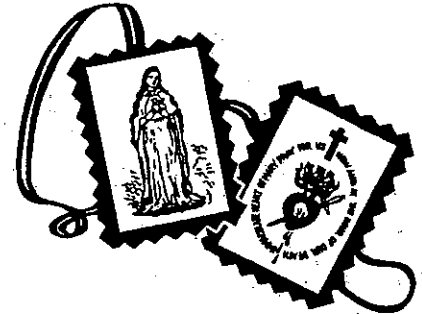
"I am writing to tell you that through Our Lady and her Green Scapular my son-in-law was saved from being killed. Four weeks ago I sent Green Scapulars to my daughter, son-in-law and their children. My daughter placed the Green Scapular in her husband's car for he traveled ten miles to and ten miles from work each day."

"One week after the Green Scapular had been placed in his car, my son-in-law was returning from work. He was in the wrong lane of traffic. As he pulled out of that lane a big trailer-truck was coming at full speed. My son-in-law's motor stalled. He could not escape the oncoming trailer-truck. All he remembered was a flash. The trailer-truck passed over the Volkswagen. The impact threw my son-in-law from the car. His skull was fractured. After one week in the hospital and one week at home, he is now back at work as healthy as ever, thanks to our Blessed Mother and the Green Scapular."

What

others

say about



The Green Scapular

"First off I would like to thank you for your generosity and time in sending me the Green Scapular. . . . I want to tell you that your Green Scapular means a lot to me. I know I can't live forever. I may not even get to the states again, but I know I am fighting for something good and if I die it would be for someone's good."

"I would like one favor. It would mean a great deal to me if you could send a Green Scapular to my mother. . . . She prays hard for me and I thank God I have such a thoughtful mother."

* * * * *

"About three months ago I had a friend who would not see a priest. She was ninety-two years old. We arranged to send her a Green Scapular. Out of a clear blue sky she asked for the priest and received the Sacraments. She lived three months and received Holy Communion every day. We put it down to the power of Mary and her Green Scapular."

* * * * *

"When my husband died in 1959, he was until then a member of no religion. The children were attending the Catholic school and the first grade nun sent me a Green Scapular for my husband who was plagued with a moral problem. He accepted the Green Scapular and life seemed to go on as usual. The last six months before he died became very pleasant. I prayed whenever I thought of it."

"On January 2, 1959, my husband arranged for Catholic instructions and died that day. Over the years I have at times wondered what prompted his conversion on the day of his death. Now, nine years later while sorting old papers, I found the Green Scapular circular. I know it was the love of Mary. No one else on this earth could have been responsible."

I must insist that the peculiar power of this Scapular is that of conversion. To bring her Son into the hearts of men. To give Him a new birth there. Although there are many cures like my own, I repeat, her greatest desire is to give her Son birth in the cradle of your soul.

The Green Scapular is the story of Sister Justine Bisqueyburn. An orphan in early life, she was adopted by a wealthy relative who left her his fortune. Her greatest day of joy was November 27, 1839, when she entered the novitiate of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris. Her Sisters in religion are stationed in Maryland. Address: Sisters of Charity, Provincial House, Emmitsburg, Maryland.

They can tell you much better than I the story of a Sister who inspired love and emulation in everyone who met her. One who was a confidante of Pope Pius IX in the dark days preceding his imprisonment in the Vatican; one who was the admiration of the Mohammedans of North Africa; the recipient of the flattering imitation of the famous Florence Nightingale on the battlefields of the Crimea. They can tell you the great efforts she made to keep her identity unknown; how her secret was revealed. How the Green Scapular found its way to the desk of Pope Pius XI. They will repeat the description of the Mother of God, standing in all her beauty before the young novice, and returning again and again until the Scapular was made and distributed. Telling the young Sister that the Scapular could be blessed by any priest, carried or worn on the person, even left in one's room.

The prayer, and this can be said in favor of another, is:

"Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us now and at the hour of our death."

Nihil Obstat: E. A. Garry, S.S., S.T.D.
 Censor Librorum
 Imprimatur: Lawrence Cardinal Shehan, D.D.,
 Archbishop of Baltimore
 September 18, 1962

The Green Scapular

Ten years after the manifestation of the Miraculous Medal to Sister Catherine Labouré in 1830, the Blessed Mother entrusted the Green Scapular of the Immaculate Heart to Sister Justine Bisqueyburn, likewise a Daughter of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

The manner of using the Scapular was indicated by the Blessed Virgin. Since it is not the badge of a confraternity but simply a double image attached to a single piece of cloth and suspended from a cord, investiture is not required. It suffices that it be blessed by a priest and worn by the one for whom it is intended. It may be placed in the clothing, on the bed, or simply in the room.

The only prayer is the inscription surrounding the heart on the reverse of the Scapular: *"Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us now and at the hour of our death."* Although wonderful graces are obtained, they are proportionate to the confidence with which it is given.

The Green Scapular was twice approved: by Pope Pius IX, in 1863, and again in 1870, when he said: "Write to these good Sisters that I authorize them to make and distribute it."

Reports of conversions and cures attributed to the Green Scapular should be sent with details of time, place and persons to the Daughters of Charity, Marian Center, address below.

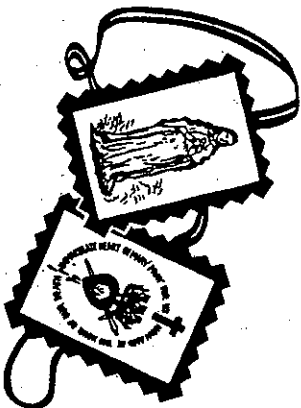
Green Scapulars with leaders
 7c each; 16 for \$1.00; 100 for \$6.50
 Among Mary's Gifts, leaders only
 85c per 100; \$7.00 per 1,000

Address
 Marian Center
 Saint Joseph's Provincial House
 Emmitsburg, Maryland 21727

Among

Mary's

Gifts



The Green Scapular

The Green Scapular

By Robert A. Macdonald, C.Ss.R.

It is my conviction, that despite all the wars, the threats and the horror of Communism, we are living in the happiest of centuries. Never since the days that she taught the Infant Jesus to pray has the Mother of God been closer to the earth. We are living in the Age of Mary. Countless signs show us that she has come down from the Galilean hills of heaven to give us a new Bethlehem, a reborn Christ in the hearts of men. Germany, Italy, Portugal and France have been singularly blessed by her gentle presence. From all sides witnesses spring up to attest with wondrous proofs, her presence among us. She is walking on the earth!

However, there is a dark side to the picture today, the darkness of the beast. He prowls to trample and destroy. Never has he been so apparent. His time is growing short. No one knows better than he. He has never forgotten the prophecy in the garden: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman . . . she shall crush thy head" (Gen. 3:15).

He realizes well what the coming of Mary means to him and his empire. God alone knows the furious activity of hell, the rage with which it strives to make this world a madhouse of hate. How he must hate the tender Virgin as she journeys from country to country. His power has been so great that he thought God had abandoned the world because of its unbelief. He was hopeful of finally conquering the world, of snatching souls from the multi-scarred Hands of Christ. Then came Lourdes, then Fatima and, today, the Mother of God sitting at the bedside of a sick world.

For years he has succeeded in hiding the beautiful devotion of her Immaculate Heart in the Green Scapular. I am sure that most of

you have heard of this matchless devotion only lately. Yet the good Sister to whom it was revealed died over forty years ago. This is not surprising. See how well the evil spirit hid the marvels of Fatima although Our Lady's power flamed in the heavens before fifty thousand men and women.

Let me tell you the story of how I discovered the Green Scapular. This is my only way of trying to spread a true and tender love to her Immaculate Heart and of paying my debt to her. Seven years ago, before penicillin was in use, I was lying in a hospital very ill with pneumonia. I began to hemorrhage and the doctors decided to operate as a last resource. Then a little nun came into my room.

"Father, have you great faith in the Mother of God, especially in her Immaculate Heart? If so, you can be cured."

"How, Sister?"

"Through the Green Scapular."

"What is that?"

"Four years ago, Father, I was operated on for cancer. I was so filled with it, that they just closed me up and sent me away to die. Then I prayed to Our Lady of the Green Scapular; grew tired of waiting to die and came back to work. I am cured, Father. Do you want me to give you a Scapular?"

"Please, Sister."

With that she put one over my head. A feeling of tremendous confidence poured into me and the bleeding stopped. Two days later, in the X-ray room, they asked me when the hemorrhage had ceased. When I replied that it was a matter of a couple of days, they expressed great surprise.

"You have a wound that is six months healed and there is no other mark." Today even the scars are gone. No wonder I speak of an un-payable debt to her Immaculate Heart. Since then I have done everything possible to foster this devotion. To my great joy and amazement, those to whom I have spoken of the

Green Scapular have become more zealous than I. Never have I seen the equal of the faith and confidence of these new apostles of Mary. The tremendous fervor of the crusades must have been like it.

During May I asked the rector of St. Patrick's, Toronto, for permission to speak of it at the Wednesday devotions. I had a thousand Green Scapulars on hand, but no one thought that more than thirty would be asked for. The thousand were gone the first morning. The room where we distributed them was so jammed that I feared someone would be injured. The rest of the day I was besieged on all sides for more. Foolishly, I showed the one I had for myself and it was quickly snatched from my hand.

The spirit in Toronto today is beyond belief. Ten thousand more have been too few. Over twenty-five priests have come to our monastery begging for scapulars. I have been stopped on the streets and accosted on trains by total strangers asking where these Scapulars could be obtained. Montreal has since shown a like fervor.

I am stunned at the response. I have no explanation for it. Certainly it was not due to the simple little sermon that I preached. I believe the explanation of it was given by a priest with all the simplicity of the priesthood: "She wants her Heart loved."

Those who doubted in the beginning are today the most devoted to the Green Scapular. It has become something priceless. They love to say the beautiful prayer which we learned from Mary's lips:

"Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us now and at the hour of our death."

Toronto today is feeling the warmth of that Heart. A man, who had refused for years to see a priest, remained adamant on his deathbed. One of the family brought the Scapular into his room, said the prayer twice and, suddenly out of a clear sky, he begged for a priest.