

Third Order meeting Sunday  
at 5 p.m., Dillon Chapel.  
Profession. Sp. blessing.

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A Modern Saint To Love.

If you were in Lisieux today, on the eve of the feast of the Little Flower, you would certainly visit the famous shrine at the Carmelite Convent, and there, behind a tall iron grating you would see the effigy of St. Therese lying on her bed of death in her robe of brown velvet--a golden rose in one hand, in the other the same crucifix she held when she lay at death's door.

As you knelt there you would hear the unearthly office chanted by the nuns, and some of the voices would be those of the Little Flower's own sisters who are still living in that Convent. You would feel very close to Heaven.

Then you would step out to visit the souvenir room close by the chapel, and you would see the dresses the Little Flower wore as a golden-haired girl--a white one with a pink sash for the Corpus Christi procession; the habits, the cloak she wore in Carmel, her chair, her table, her scissors, the flowers that had been placed upon her deathbed, the green palm that was buried with her still fresh and green, the abundant mass of her golden hair.

A few blocks you would walk to the home where young Therese lived before she entered Carmel. "I was charmed," writes St. Therese, "with the house my father had taken. The large upper window from which there was an extensive view, the flower garden in front, and the kitchen garden at the back--this happy home became the scene of many joys and of family gatherings which I can never forget." That house is still charming.

You would observe the kitchen that once tried to hold the happy laughter of the Martin children, the dining room where Therese and her sisters played checkers, where she sat in her father's lap as he rocked her and sang--the "king" and his "little queen."

Upstairs you would go as you approached nearer to the soul of the saint. There the bedroom where Therese had the vision of the statue of Our Lady bowing and smiling; there in an adjoining room are the childhood mementoes of the saint--the dolls and the doll-bed, and the school-books, the jump rope which brings a vision of the Little Flower skipping the rope as her golden curls flew in the wind.

Looking out the back window you would see the kitchen garden just as it was in the days of the young Therese--the bird cage, the little altar she had made, everywhere the flowers she loved so much. All the mementoes, you would reflect, are not museum pieces of a forgotten day. They are the family keepsakes from one whom we saw only yesterday. St. Therese would seem very near to you.

You would probably go back to the Shrine at the Convent. What special favor would you ask there in the presence of the beautiful one who spends her Heaven doing good upon earth? Ask that favor tomorrow in the name of the Little Flower as you offer Mass and Holy Communion in her honor. (Apologies to Hugh Blunt, Ave Maria, Oct. 2, 1937).

