

SAINT PAUL
THE APOSTLE

BOOKS BY MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

A Series of Twenty Books

Stories of the Saints for Young People ages 10 to 100

THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA

And Our Lady's Message to the World

THE CURE OF ARS

The Story of St. John Vianney, Patron Saint of Parish Priests

THE LITTLE FLOWER

The Story of St. Therese of the Child Jesus

PATRON SAINT OF FIRST COMMUNICANTS

The Story of Blessed Imelda Lambertini

THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL

The Story of Our Lady's Appearances to St. Catherine Labouré

ST. LOUIS DE MONTFORT

The Story of Our Lady's Slave, St. Louis Mary Grignon De Montfort

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS

The Story of "The Dumb Ox"

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA

The Story of the Girl Who Saw Saints in the Sky

SAINT HYACINTH OF POLAND

The Story of the Apostle of the North

SAINT MARTIN DE PORRES

The Story of the Little Doctor of Lima, Peru

SAINT ROSE OF LIMA

The Story of the First Canonized Saint of the Americas

PAULINE JARICOT

Foundress of the Living Rosary & The Society for the Propagation of the Faith

SAINT DOMINIC

Preacher of the Hail Mary and Founder of the Dominican Order

SAINT PAUL THE APOSTLE

The Story of the Apostle to the Gentiles

SAINT BENEDICT

The Story of the Father of the Western Monks

KING DAVID AND HIS SONGS

A Story of the Psalms

SAINT MARGARET MARY

And the Promises of the Sacred Heart of Jesus

SAINT JOHN MASIAS

Marvelous Dominican Gatekeeper of Lima, Peru

SAINT FRANCIS SOLANO

Wonder-Worker of the New World and Apostle of Argentina and Peru

BLESSED MARIE OF NEW FRANCE

The Story of the First Missionary Sisters in Canada

SAINT PAUL THE APOSTLE

THE STORY OF THE
APOSTLE TO THE GENTILES

By
Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Illustrated by
Paul A. Grout

TAN Books
Charlotte, North Carolina

tNihil Obstat: Francis J. Reine, S.T.D.
Censor Librorum

Imprimatur: ✠ Paul C. Schulte, D.D.
Archbishop of Indianapolis
Feast of Saints Peter and Paul
June 29, 1949

Copyright © 1949 by Saint Meinrad's Abbey, Inc., St. Meinrad,
Indiana.

Previously published as a Grail Publication under the title *The Man on Fire: The Story of Saint Paul*. *The Man on Fire* first appeared in serial form in the pages of *The Torch*.

The type in this book is the property of TAN Books, and may not be reproduced, in whole or in part, without written permission from the Publisher. (This restriction applies only to reproduction of this *type*, not to quotations from the book.)

ISBN: 978-0-89555-426-0

Library of Congress Catalog Card No.: 93-61076

Printed and bound in the United States of America.

TAN Books
Charlotte, North Carolina
www.TANBooks.com

2012

To His Excellency
The Most Rev. Paul C. Schulte, D.D.,
Archbishop of Indianapolis,
and to all Pauls, in name or in spirit,
who strive to be
Men on Fire
for the Kingdom of Christ.

CONTENTS

1. The Pride of Saul	1
2. The Miracle	6
3. The Desert, Damascus and Escape	12
4. Mistrusted in Jerusalem	18
5. Leaving Jerusalem	25
6. Saul Seeks His Vocation	29
7. Saul in Antioch	35
8. Saul Finds His Vocation	40
9. A Wicked Scheme	47
10. Mistaken for Gods!	52
11. The Search for Paul's Body	59
12. Timothy Grows Older and Wiser	63
13. The Big Question	69
14. Peter's Apology	74
15. Young Timothy "Wakes Up"	81
16. Victory over the Devil	86
17. The Tables Turned	92
18. Rejection in Thessalonica	98
19. In the Beautiful Dead City	104
20. A Letter to the Thessalonians	108
21. Rejection in Jerusalem, Welcome in Antioch . .	114
22. More Victories over the Devil	119

23. Trouble with the Silversmiths	126
24. The Angry Mob	130
25. More Travels	134
26. Warning the Ephesians of Future Temptations	140
27. The Angry Jews	146
28. Paul Before the Sanhedrin	151
29. Flight to Caesarea	158
30. Paul on Trial Again	163
31. Called a Madman	168
32. Adventures at Sea	173
33. Wonders on Malta	181
34. Bad News from Ephesus	186
35. The Mystical Body of Christ	192
36. The Runaway Slave	197
37. Correcting a Mistaken Judgment	202
38. Paul's Secret	207
39. News from Rome	212
40. Letters to Timothy and Titus	217
41. In the Mamertine!	221
42. Peter Arrested	226
43. The Hour of Victory	229

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgment is due the Reverend Placidus Kempf, O.S.B., the Reverend Meinrad Hoffman, O.S.B., and the Reverend Conrad Louis, O.S.B., monks of St. Meinrad's Abbey, for their generous help and encouragement in preparing this story of Saint Paul.

SAINT PAUL
THE APOSTLE



CHAPTER 1

THE PRIDE OF SAUL

IT WAS a well-armed troop of men that marched briskly through the streets of Jerusalem one bright morning in the year A.D. 34. Their destination was the city of Damascus, 150 miles away. Unless something unforeseen occurred, they would reach there within a week's time. Then woe betide the men and women they sought . . . those betrayers of the Law of Moses and the Prophets, who declared that the Messiah had already come in the person of a poor carpenter from Nazareth.

"Death to every one of them!" muttered the leader of the troop, Saul—a small, wiry man in his early thirties, whose dark eyes flashed vengefully. Yes, death to all who followed the Nazarene. And before death—imprisonment, torture, starvation . . .

"Look, sir!" cried a young soldier suddenly, pressing forward on Saul's right as the group passed through the Damascus Gate at the north end of the city. "Over there, by the side of the road!"

Saul shaded his eyes from the brilliant sunshine, and for an instant a satisfied smile played about his mouth. Plainly visible in the open countryside was a freshly turned mound of earth. At this place a few days ago a raging mob had stoned to death a young man who persisted in declaring that the Nazarene, Jesus Christ of Nazareth, was the Promised One of Israel.

"One fool less, isn't it, sir?"

Saul's eyes were grim. "There are still plenty left, especially in Damascus."

The young soldier smiled confidently. "But we'll stone them, too, sir. And bury them all in a common grave. Then our troubles will be over."

Saul laughed harshly and pointed to a black leather lash curled like a snake about his arm. "You make it too easy. The ones we take prisoner at Damascus must have a slower death than stoning. They must be flogged before friends and neighbors, then marched in chains to Jerusalem for sentence."

"*In chains, sir?*"

"Yes."

"Men and women alike?"

"Men and women alike."

In spite of himself the young soldier fell back a few paces, looking with awe at the young leader. What a man of iron Saul was! Although in one sense he was a foreigner, a Roman citizen born in Tarsus, in Cilicia, he was as filled with zeal for the Law and the Prophets as the most learned rabbi at the Temple. He seemed to have only one purpose in life—to destroy the followers of the Nazarene. No wonder the Sanhedrin (the Great Council in Jerusalem) had given him full powers to arrest and punish traitors to the Jewish religion. It would be hard to find a more loyal and devoted son of Israel anywhere.

There was no one in the company who did not share these sentiments. Yet as they journeyed on, doubts arose whether Saul's methods in dealing with the Damascus Nazarenes would be successful. If the wretches were to be flogged, then chained together and made to walk, under a hot sun, the 150 miles to the council chambers of the Sanhedrin in Jerusalem . . .

"The majority will drop in their tracks after the first day," was the general opinion. "Particularly the women."

"Yes, we'll have only a handful of prisoners to show for our efforts when we reach Jerusalem."

"Why not save the floggings until later?"

"That's right. And then our trip won't have been for nothing."

Saul paid little attention to such talk. Why should he? Elsewhere his treatment of the Nazarenes had been thoroughly successful. No other man could equal his record for rooting out the traitors and bringing them before the authorities for speedy judgment.

"It will be the same this time," he assured himself. "In spite of what we do to them, there'll be plenty of traitors to bring to Jerusalem."

At the thought of the role he was playing in ridding the country of those who would defy the Law of Moses, Saul's heart glowed with a righteous pride. A conscientious Pharisee, he himself would rather die than disobey even one of the ancient teachings. Since childhood, when he had been made to memorize the hundreds of "do's" and "don'ts" of the Law, there had been no other rule of life for him. And now the Nazarenes declared that the Old Law had served its purpose! That it was supplanted by a New Law, taught by a common laborer from Nazareth!

"The fools!" he muttered savagely. "The ignorant,

blaspheming fools!”

Day after day, as he and his companions moved steadily northwards toward Damascus, Saul’s fury against his intended victims mounted. Oh, what he would do to the stupid wretches, the vile traitors, once they were in his hands! How they would cry out for mercy under the lash! And how quickly they would cast aside their miserable new beliefs when that mercy was not forthcoming!

Very soon, however, there was no need for colorful imaginings. At noon of the eighth day out of Jerusalem, Saul’s eager eyes glimpsed the city of Damascus—white and shimmering under the rays of the Syrian sun. Half consciously he uncoiled the leather whip about his arm.

“Traitors!” he shouted. “In just a little while now . . . an hour . . . two hours . . .”

Suddenly a flash of light cut through the sky, a light so intense that every man stumbled and fell to the ground. And then, as Saul lay sprawled among the others, dazed and helpless with shock, a voice spoke in his ears:

“Saul, Saul, why do you persecute Me?”

Saul lay as though in a trance. “Who are You, Lord?” he gasped.

Swift and clear came the reply: “I am Jesus, whom you persecute. It is hard for you to kick against the goad.”

Dazed and trembling, Saul roused himself to speak again:

“Lord, what will You have me do?”

“Rise up, and go into the city,” was the answer. “There you shall be told what you must do.”

Slowly Saul came to himself, struggling to regain his feet. But as he raised himself painfully to his knees,

fear clutched his heart. Everything was dark!

"I'm blind!" he cried, stretching out his hands in terror.

Confused and shaken, his companions hastened to assist him. All had seen the flash of light and been thrown to the ground; all had heard the voice; but not one of them had understood what was said.

"What was it, sir?" the men asked fearfully. "What happened?"

But Saul could explain nothing. His strength and pride were gone. He, the terror of the Nazarenes, was now as helpless as a little child. He could scarcely stand.

"Come, sir, we'd better lead you into the city," urged his terrified followers. "Just give us your hands . . ."

Silently Saul stretched out his hands. And as he did so, an aching numbness fell upon him. *The Messiah had already come! And he, Saul, had been persecuting His followers!*