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THE
LITTLE FLOWER

THE STORY OF SAINT THERESE
OF THE CHILD JESUS

By
Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Illustrated by
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For My Mother

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INTRODUCTION

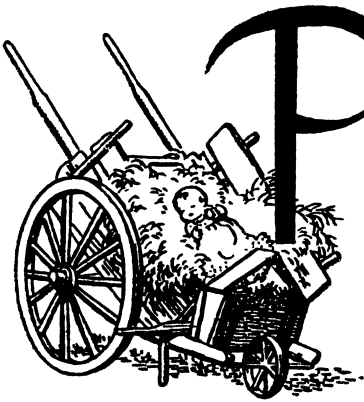
You have heard of me. You have seen my pictures and medals. Perhaps you have even said some prayers in my honor. After all, God has made me known to children as well as to older people. And why? So that I may tell them about the Little Way I followed while on earth, the Little Way that led me to love Him with all my heart. What if I have been dead since September 30, 1897? I still work for God. I still bring Him thousands of souls every day, souls who were afraid of Him at first, afraid of His Will, but now are eager to do everything He asks just because I showed them how to love Him.

I do this work mainly through a book I wrote a short while before I died. This book, *The Story of a Soul*, was written in French, my native language. Today, however, *The Story of a Soul* has been translated into thirty-five other languages, and maybe one of the English copies is in your home or at school. I hope so, for this book tells how I became a saint. It will help you to become a saint, too.

When you are older you will read *The Story of a Soul*. In the meantime, here is another book for you to read. It will tell you about me—a French girl who was called Marie Frances Therese Martin in Baptism and who later received another name: Saint Therese of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face.

CHAPTER 1

THE BABY OF THE MARTIN FAMILY



PAPA was a watchmaker and had a rather long name—Louis Joseph Aloysius Stanislaus Martin. Mama’s was much shorter—Zelie Marie Guerin. They were married on July 13, 1858, in the church of Notre Dame in Alencon, France. Papa was about thirty-five years old at the time, Mama twenty-six. A few people were afraid that the marriage was a mistake. You see, they were remembering those days long ago when Papa thought he had a vocation to be a monk. They also remembered that Mama once tried to enter the religious life, too—as a Sister of Saint Vincent de Paul.

“Louis Martin and Zelie Guerin are far too holy to live in the world,” these people told one another. “Each would be better off in some monastery.”

But this was not so. God did not want Papa or Mama to live in the cloister. He wanted them to live in the world. He wanted them to have many children and to teach these little ones the beauties of the Catholic faith. So it was that they married each other, that thirteenth day of July in the year 1858, and settled down to a quiet life in Alencon.

The first child God sent my parents was a girl. She was called Marie Louise in Baptism, although from the start Papa just called her Marie—which is the French form for Mary.

“We’ll give each of our little ones the first name of Marie,” he said. “Even the boys. In this way they’ll all be consecrated to the Blessed Virgin.”

It was a fine thought, and one with which Mama readily agreed. She had a very high opinion of Papa, and not a day passed that she did not thank God for giving her such a fine husband. How kind he was! And how hard he worked at his watchmaking so that she might have a comfortable home! Truly, there was no better man in Alencon, in all France, than Louis Joseph Aloysius Stanislaus Martin!

As time passed, my parents prayed very hard that God would send them a little boy. They were anxious to have a son to give to the priesthood. But the next three babies were all girls: Marie Pauline, Marie Leonie, Marie Helen. It did seem as though the many prayers for a son, “a little missionary,” would never be answered. Then one fine day Marie Joseph Louis came to gladden the hearts of all.

“Here’s our priest!” said Papa delightedly.

Alas! The new baby lived only five months. Then God called him to Heaven. The same thing happened with Marie Joseph John Baptist—the sixth child to come into our home. This little brother lived to be eight months old. Then he died, too.

Poor Papa! Poor Mama! They were deeply afflicted at the loss of their two little sons. But they loved God in a really honest way, which means that they loved His Will and trusted it more than their own. Therefore, they did not grieve long. Besides, faith told them that they had given new saints to love God in Heaven.

“The boys will pray for us,” Papa said. “Just think! They went to God without one sin on their souls!”

Presently another girl was born in our house—Marie Celine. The next year came one more—Marie Melanie Therese. This little one lived only a short time. Then death came again as God called to Himself the fourth child in our family: five-year-old Marie Helen.

The neighbors were shocked at all the sorrow which came to our house. “Four children dead out of eight!” they said, sadly shaking their heads. “Really, it would be better if these little ones had never been born. Then their parents would have been spared a good deal of pain.”

“No, no!” Mama would protest. “My children are not lost to me. Life is short. We shall meet again in Heaven.”

“And we still have Marie, Pauline, Leonie and Celine to cheer us up,” Papa would put in, comfortingly. “My business is prospering, too. Why should we complain?”

Everyone marveled at the wonderful way in which Papa and Mama accepted these fresh trials. Death had called four times in twelve years, yet the Martin house was still a cheerful place. So was the shop where Papa worked at his trade of watchmaker and jeweler. It was a pleasure to visit either one.

Time passed, and presently it was the year 1873. Marie and Pauline, students at the Visitation convent in Le Mans, were home in Alencon for their Christmas vacation. Late on the night of January 2, Papa went upstairs to the little room where they were sleeping.

“Wake up, children!” he cried excitedly. “I have some news for you!”

The girls sat up with a start, blinking at the light from Papa’s lamp. What had happened? Why was their father standing in the doorway with such a big smile on his face?

“What is it, Papa?” asked Marie anxiously. “Mama’s not sick again?”

A dozen questions were on Pauline’s tongue, but Papa gave her no chance to ask them.

“No, Marie. Mama’s all right. And you have a new sister now—a beautiful little girl!”

Yes—it was January 2, 1873, and God had sent me to earth at last—to the wonderful Christian home of Louis Martin, watchmaker of Alencon!



“PAPA, WHAT’S THE BABY’S NAME?”

Of course Marie and Pauline found it hard to go to sleep after Papa's visit. They asked each other many questions about me. For instance, was I a healthy baby? Would I stay with them or go to Heaven like the other little sisters and brothers? What would Papa and Mama call me? When would I be baptized? Who would be my godmother?

"Marie, I think you'll be chosen," said Pauline suddenly. "After all, you're the oldest—thirteen next month. I'm only eleven."

Marie smiled. To be godmother of the new little sister! That would be wonderful!

"Oh, I hope so," she said softly. "I've never been a godmother in my whole life."

So it came to pass that on January 4, when I was two days old, a little procession set out from our house and made its way through the snowy streets to the church of Notre Dame. Our maid, Louise, carried me in her arms, well wrapped in blankets. Then came Papa, with Marie and Pauline each hanging on an arm. There were also some neighbors and friends.

"Papa, tell us again what the baby is going to be called," said Marie. "I'm so excited about being her godmother that I'm not just sure."

Papa laughed heartily. "Her name is a nice one, child. Marie Frances Therese." Then the happy light died out of his eyes as he gave a quick glance at the wintry sky.

"Dear God, please leave this child with us!" he whispered. "In the Name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ!"

There was good reason for Papa to be anxious about me. In the days following my Baptism, I fell ill and it seemed likely that God soon would take me to Himself in Heaven.

“The only way that this child can be saved is to give her to a good nurse,” said the doctor. “One who lives in the country. Perhaps with proper food and plenty of fresh air and sunshine, the baby will get strength enough to live.”

Poor Mama! She did not want to be parted from me, yet she agreed to do whatever the doctor thought best. There was a farm woman she knew, Rose Taillé, who might take care of me for a few months. She had been very successful in nursing other sick children. Perhaps she could help me, too.

Rose Taillé wasn't sure about this. The day Mama brought her into Alençon to have a look at me, the good-natured woman gave a great sigh. She had never seen such a poor little scrap of humanity. Why, I was nothing but skin and bones! And so pale!

“I'll do my best,” she told Mama. “But I can promise you nothing, Madame. Ah, what a sickly little mite we have here! Only prayers will save her, I'm thinking.”

Mama nodded. There would be plenty of prayers—to Saint Joseph, to the Blessed Virgin, to all the Saints. Oh, how she would pray for me! And Papa, too.

So Rose took me out into the country, pausing frequently on the journey to see if I was still alive. She was a little worried about this new responsibility. She

had four children of her own to care for, and it was necessary to help her husband with the farm work, too. Perhaps she shouldn't have taken me with her. If I died, people might blame her.

But I did not die. God heard the fervent prayers which Papa and Mama offered for my recovery, and at Rose's house I became a totally different child. This was not because the good woman had any luxuries to give me. On the contrary, she had very little time to spend on my care. Because there was no proper carriage, she would put me in a wheelbarrow filled with hay and take me out to where she and her husband were working. Sometimes I was left alone under a tree. At others, Rose put the wheelbarrow in the sun.

"The little one is too pale," she said. "Maybe the sunshine will help her to grow strong."

I did grow strong and brown. In a few months there was no longer any danger that I would die. Rose was very proud, and one May day she took me home to show Mama how I had grown. Why, I weighed fourteen pounds!

"Therese is going to be all right, Madame," she said thankfully. "And I think I can leave her with you, now that she's nearly five months old."

Mama was so happy. "Rose, how can I thank you?" she cried. "You saved my little girl's life!"

Rose smiled shyly as she put me into Mama's arms. "I have to go to the market now," she said. "It's the day for selling butter, and I'm late."

Of course I could not understand what Rose was saying, but it did not take long for me to realize that she had left me in a stranger's arms. At once I started to cry. Nothing could make me stop. As time passed Mama became frightened. She tried to comfort me, to sing little songs, to rock me to sleep. I wasn't interested. I wanted Rose, no one else. Finally Mama called the maid.

"Louise, what am I going to do? Therese will make herself sick with all this crying!"

Louise peered down at me. I was screaming at the top of my lungs, and my face was a deep and angry red.

"Do you really want my opinion, Madame?"

"In Heaven's name, yes! None of my other children ever acted like this."

Louise smiled. "It's simple, Madame. The child wants Rose. She won't stop crying unless we take her to her."

"But Rose is selling butter at the market!"

"She could still look after the baby, Madame. And she'd be pleased if we told her how the little one misses her."

Poor Mama! She didn't want to let go of me but there was nothing else to do. "All right," she said sadly. "Take Therese down to the market, Louise. But if she still keeps on crying, what shall we do then?"

There was no need for Mama to worry about this. As soon as Louise and I arrived at the market, where

women from the farms outside Alencon were selling their butter, I began to smile. Then I laughed and laughed, for my eyes had caught sight of Rose. I stretched out my arms happily. This was what I had wanted all the time—*my mother!*

I stayed at the market until noon, happy and contented as Rose and her friends sold their butter. A few people asked questions about me as I lay quietly in my good friend's arms.

"Rose, I didn't know you had such a little girl as this one," they remarked. "And she has fair hair. I thought all your children were dark."

Rose laughed. "Oh, the child isn't mine," she said.

"Then whose is she?"

"She belongs to the Martin family, Lord bless her! And good as gold she is, too — at least when I'm looking after her!"

The Little Flower

Student Workbook

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The Little Flower

Student Workbook

a comprehensive companion to the book by
Mary Fabyan Windeatt



TAN BOOKS

Key Terms

These are important people, places, and things you should remember from this chapter.

Alençon the city in France where the Martin family lived

Louis Joseph Aloysius Stanislaus Martin Therese's father

Zelie Marie Guerin Therese's mother

Rose Taillé the woman who took care of baby Therese and who the baby mistook for her mother

Watchmaker the profession of Therese's father

Vocabulary

*Read the sentences below, and note the use of the word in **bold**. Write a definition or synonym for this word by considering its context.*

1. "My business is **prospering**, too. Why should we complain?"
2. "What is it, Papa?" Marie asked **anxiously**.
3. She had never seen such a poor little scrap of **humanity**.
4. They were deeply **afflicted** at the loss of their two sons.

Comprehension Questions

To better understand this chapter, ask yourself these questions, and write down your answers using complete sentences.

1. Why did people think the marriage of Louis Martin and Marie Guerin was a mistake?

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.....
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2. How many children were born into the Martin family?

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3. What was the first name of all the Martin children? Why did their parents name them this?

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.....
.....

4. Where was Therese sent as a baby to improve her health?

.....
.....
.....

5. When Therese was nearly five months old, she was healthy enough to return home. What happened when she was brought back to the Martin family?

.....
.....
.....

Activity

The following is an optional activity used to help your comprehension of the text. Answer the questions and locate the answers in the Word Search.

1. the city in France where the Martin family lived at the time
2. the seventh child born to the Martin family, Marie _____
3. The babies who died were likely with _____ in heaven.
4. The fourth child was Marie _____ who died at five years old.
5. The second son born to the Martin family was Marie _____.
6. The first son born to the Martin family was Marie _____.
7. The third daughter born to the Martin family was Marie _____.
8. the name of Therese's father
9. the oldest child in the Martin family who was the only who went by her first name
10. The eighth child born to the Martin family, who died as a baby, was named Marie _____.
11. the second child born to the Martin family, Marie _____
12. the woman who took care of Therese as a baby
13. the child born on January 2, 1873
14. the name of Therese's mother

Using your answers to the questions from the opposite page as your word bank, locate the answers within the Word Search.

E C R L L P W K H J D G L J Q
 Q N F K V O N Q O A L D L O B
 E Z I F A T Y S J Q O B U S S
 F R D L K D E C S G H S U E O
 K R G I U P W M R X X E K P M
 G K C K H A R S U W V E X H L
 I H A J M P P O Z G S E L L H
 P Q O A E E J J C E R S O O G
 U H R E I L E Z R E E O U U H
 N I T N N O T E P N L R I I G
 E O C T A W H C S N E I S S R
 L S R E L T I Z D C Z L N A J
 N O C N E L A L E O N I E E N
 M O Z I M L T I X Z K Q F H S
 T G T G A C G T T O G W Z I D

Note: Some words may appear backwards.

The Little Flower

Teacher's Manual

a comprehensive companion to the book by
Mary Fabyan Windeatt



TAN·BOOKS

Dear Parents,

Mary Fabyan Windeatt was known as “the storyteller of the saints.” In the 1950’s and 60’s she wrote over twenty historical fiction novels on the saints, bringing to life these holy men and women for young readers across the world. Her unparalleled work strengthened the Catholic Church during and after her own life, and will continue to do so in succeeding generations.



TAN Books now offers these companion workbooks meant to test your student’s reading comprehension, instruct them on matters of the Catholic Faith, and bring them closer to each of these great saints. Through engaging and fun activities like crossword puzzles and word searches, as well as through essays and challenging multiple choice questions, they will come to better know the content and sanctity found in each story.

Following this letter you will find information to help guide you through the steps of introducing this workbook to your students. It is our hope and prayer that these books and workbooks will nourish both the minds and souls of your children.

In Christ,
TAN Books

Contents and Suggested Schedule

Chapter Reviews: The workbook is comprised of a quick review following each chapter intended to help the student comprehend the text (shorter chapters will be bunched together). Within this review are key terms to know, vocabulary and comprehension questions, and an optional activity. It is recommended that the student pause after each chapter (or group of chapters) and complete the review. While the chapter reviews are not meant to be graded, most of the quiz questions will come directly from these reviews.

Not all chapters will contain an activity. Most activities will not be covered in the Teacher’s Manual because they often do not require a concrete answer (i.e. – writing a prayer, saying the Rosary, etc.)

Quizzes: There will be three quizzes that break up the lesson reviews following each third of the book. The student should pause to take the assigned quiz for the specified chapters.

Point scale is provided on each individual quiz (100 Point Total). Points assigned to vocabulary, multiple choice, matching, and narration exercises will vary based on how many there are in each quiz.

Essay: At the completion of the novel and all the quizzes, each student should write a final essay detailing the virtues the saint displayed and how they might emulate those virtues in their own lives.

Essay is in the student workbook and should be graded at the parent’s discretion.

Vocabulary

Your student should have defined the word in **bold** in a similar way to the italicized definition.

1. “My business is **prospering**, too. Why should we complain?”

Become successful

2. “What is it, Papa?” Marie asked **anxiously**.

Worried

3. She had never seen such a poor little scrap of **humanity**.

Mankind

4. They were deeply **afflicted** at the loss of their two sons.

Distressed

Comprehension Questions

Note the suggested response and ensure your student’s answer either matches exactly or closely resembles it.

1. Why did people think the marriage of Louis Martin and Marie Guerin was a mistake?

They believed Louis Martin might have the vocation to become a monk and Zelie Guerin might have a vocation to be a Sister of Saint Vincent de Paul.

2. How many children were born into the Martin family.

The Martin family had nine children.

3. What was the first name of all the Martin children? Why did their parents name them this?

All of the Martin children, boys and girls, were given the first name, Marie. Their parents did this to consecrate them all to the Blessed Virgin.

4. Where was Therese sent as a baby to improve her health?

Baby Therese was sent to the country with a farmwoman, Rose Taillé, who took care of her for a few months.

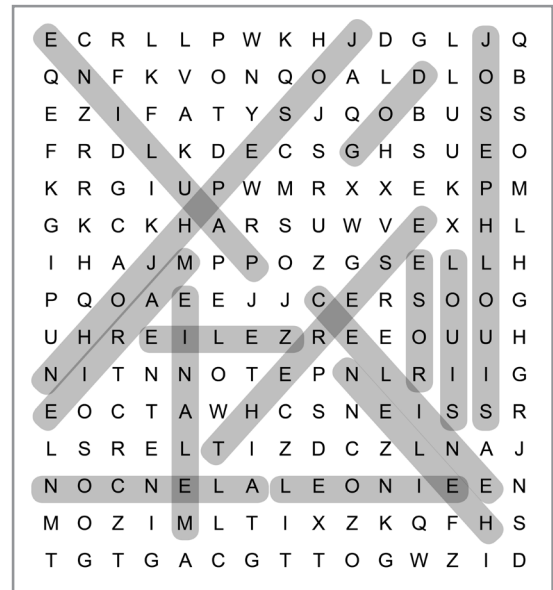
- When Therese was nearly five months old she was healthy enough to return home. What happened when she was brought back to the Martin family?

Therese was very upset and wanted to go back to Rose, who she believed was her mother.

Activity

The following is an optional activity used to help the student's comprehension of the text. Answers to the questions are written below, with the location of those words in the Word Search.

- The city in France where the Martin family lived at the time. Alencon
- The seventh child born to the Martin family, Marie Celine.
- The babies who died were likely with God in Heaven.
- The fourth child was Marie Helen who died at five years old.
- The second son born to the Martin family was Marie Joseph John.
- The first son born to the Martin family was Marie Joseph Louis.



- The third daughter born to the Martin family was Marie Leonie.
- The name of Therese's father. Louis
- The oldest child in the Martin family who was the only who went by her first name. Marie
- The eighth child born to the Martin family, who died as a baby, was named Marie Melanie.
- The second child born to the Martin family, Marie Pauline.
- The woman who took care of Therese as a baby. Rose
- The child born on January 2nd, 1873. Therese
- The name of Therese's mother. Zelie