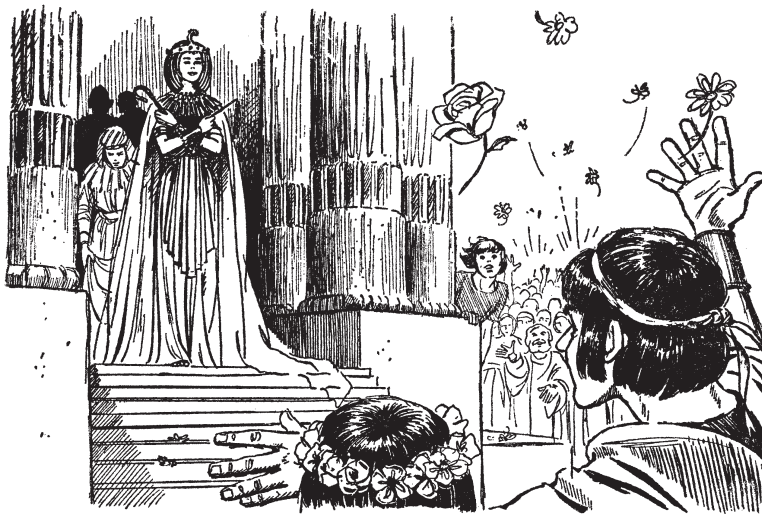


*A Story of Saint Catherine
of Alexandria*

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Neumann Press
Charlotte, North Carolina

Nihil Obstat:

Rev. James O'Halloran, C.S.C.
Censor Deputatus

Cum Permissu:

Brother Donatus Schmitz, C.S.C.
Provincial

Imprimatur:

✠ Most Rev. Leo A. Pursley, D.D.
Bishop of Fort Wayne-South Bend

First Printing 1965

A Story of St. Catherine of Alexandria

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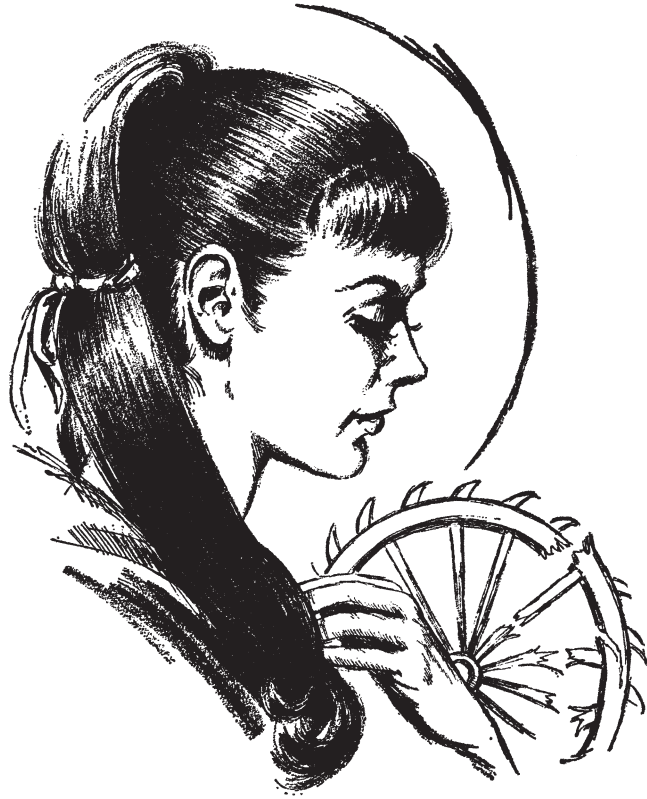
ISBN: 978-0-911845-03-7

Printed and bound in the United States of America.

Neumann Press
Charlotte, North Carolina
www.NeumannPress.com

2013

To Uncle Will and Aunt Celie



A STORY OF SAINT CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA

Children are the same the world over. They love to ask questions. They get into trouble. They cause their mothers, their fathers, their aunts and their uncles much concern by their pranks, and then they win their victims over to their side with a beaming smile and a sparkle in their eyes which say, "I love you."

And such a child was little Catherine, a princess of Egypt, the land of the sphinx and pyramids.

“Father, what are stars made of?” asked six-year-old Princess Catherine one day.

“Why, they are specks of light coming from the villas of the gods,” he said.

“Why did the gods build their houses way up in the sky?”

“So that they could see you better, Catherine,” her father said. “Now run along. It’s time for you to go to bed.”

Just as King Costus spoke these words to his daughter, her nurse came into the room and motioned to the little girl that her bed was ready. Without any trouble, the little princess kissed her father good night and went off with her nurse to dream like all girls of six.

King Costus was happy the little one was out of his sight for a while. She could ask so many questions!



But his thoughts were broken by his wife, the Queen Theodora, who came to suggest that he relax before retiring for the night.

“You have not been outdoors all day,” she said. “Come, let us sit on the terrace.”

“I meant to go riding this afternoon,” he said, “but government affairs are so pressing. The officials in Rome are very demanding and our clerks

must be guided in filling out the forms Rome sends us.”

Soon, however, they were on the terrace where they lost themselves in the very serious discussion of their daughter’s future.

“It is about time Catherine began formal studies away from the palace, Costus,” said his wife.

“I know it will be difficult for me to let her go, but I realize time will not stand still for me. True, I would have Catherine the child stay dependent upon us all her life, but that cannot be,” said her husband in agreement.

And, indeed, in no time at all the childish laughter of Princess Catherine was no longer heard about the palace. She had been sent to the school nestling on the mountain near the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Here she would be instructed