

St. Theresa of the Little Flower

by

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When I lived at home during my school year, there was a picture of a saint, dressed in a brown habit, holding red roses in her hand, plus a crucifix. I didn't know the saint. I happened to turn the picture over and on the back was her name, St. Theresa of the Little Flower. I didn't know her from Adam. I thought to myself; let's look up some information about this nun. To make a long story short, she was a very young nun and also a very sick nun with T.B., who tried to reform all the convents of the Carmelite Order. She did an excellent job!! More than half were reformed!

After graduation from high school, I didn't know for sure what to do with my life! I don't remember why it happened way back 40 years ago, but I joined an order of religious priests and brothers who wore the brown habit. Guess what? It was the Carmelite Order. I could not believe it. I get the chills. Maybe St. Theresa was trying to tell me something after all these years.

St. Theresa is with me always. I pray/talk to her 24-7 when no one is around me. She knows the thoughts of my heart. Thank you, St. Theresa of the Little Flower, for being with me these 40 years and putting up with me and my ups and downs of life.

St. Theresa, Pray for me.

Do you want to know where the picture of St. Theresa is today? Her picture is hanging on my own bedroom wall after 40 years. She looks at me and I look at her. I tell St. Theresa to keep those red roses falling from heaven on God's children here on earth.

Amen, God Bless.