



CATHOLIC STORY COLORING BOOKS

(Titles in this series)

OUR LADY OF FATIMA
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THE ROSARY
THE BROWN SCAPULAR

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Saint Frances Cabrini



SAINT FRANCES CABRINI

Catholic Story Coloring Book

This is her story, written by Mary Fabyan Windeatt
With pictures for you to color, drawn by Gedge Harmon

This book belongs to

*The pictures in this book can be colored
with crayons, markers or water colors.*

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CHAPTER ONE

IT was a bright summer day in the year 1858 as Father Louis Oldini set out from his rectory in Livagra (a village in northern Italy near the town of Lodi), with a favorite young visitor by the hand.

“Well, Francie, where are we going today?” he demanded jovially. “Surely not down to the river again?”

Eight-year-old Mary Frances Cabrini nodded eagerly. “Oh, yes, Uncle Louis! Please!”

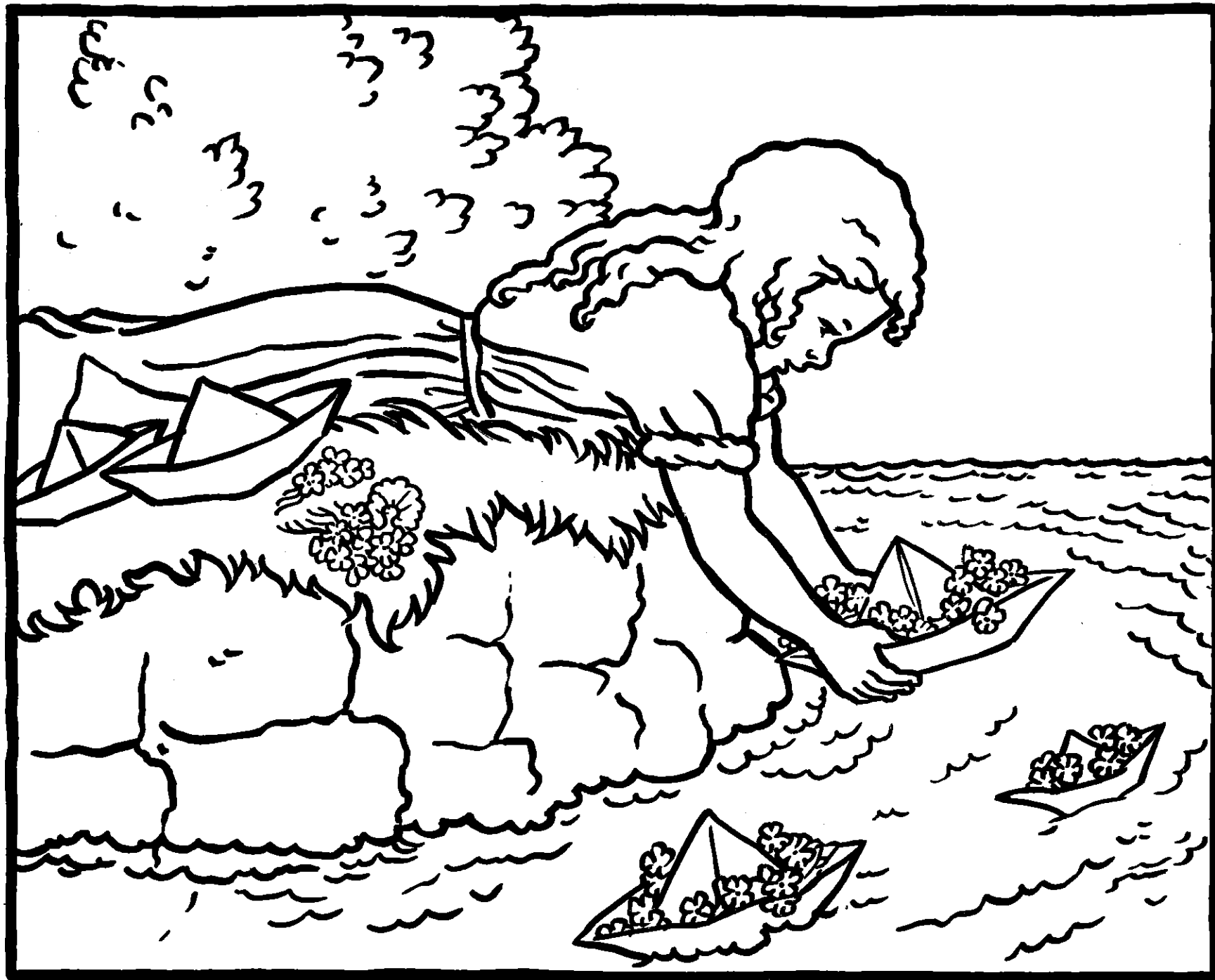
“But we were there yesterday, child. And the day before, too.”

“I know. But I want to sail my boats, and the river’s the only place.”

The priest chuckled. This young niece from nearby Sant’ Angelo surely had a way with her. “Very well, my dear,” he said cheerfully. “It’s down to the river again. I’ll read my Office while you sail your boats.”

Soon the little girl was happily lost in play. What did it matter if her boats were only paper ones piled high with violets from along the river bank? She would pretend the flowers were missionaries, and that the boats would take them safely down the swift waters of the Venera all the way to China.

“Some day I’ll be going to China, too,” she mused happily. “Some day I’ll be telling all the little pagan children there about Jesus.”



CHAPTER TWO

FRANCES' oldest sister Rose (who taught school in Sant' Angelo), only laughed at such a plan. "You, a missionary?" she scoffed one night. "Nonsense, child! You're much too frail for the religious life."

Twelve-year-old Francie lowered her eyes. She was the youngest of the thirteen Cabrini children and had always obeyed Rose as readily as her parents. But surely this time—

"Some day I'll be big and strong," she protested. "Just wait and see."

"So? And then what'll you do?"

"Why, I'll enter a convent, and ask the Sisters to let me work in China."

Rose's lips tightened. Was Francie growing up to be a stubborn young girl who wouldn't take anyone's advice? Worse still, was she beginning to be proud of her extraordinary good looks—the deep blue eyes and golden curls which set her apart from every other youngster in Sant' Angelo?

"Bring me your brush and comb," she ordered grimly.

The child looked up in surprise. "My brush and comb?"

"You heard me. I'm going to straighten out those silly curls of yours once and for all."

Trying not to be hurt at the harshness in her sister's voice, Francie hastened to obey. Poor Rose! What a hard day she must have had in school to be so cross tonight!



SAINT FRANCES CABRINI